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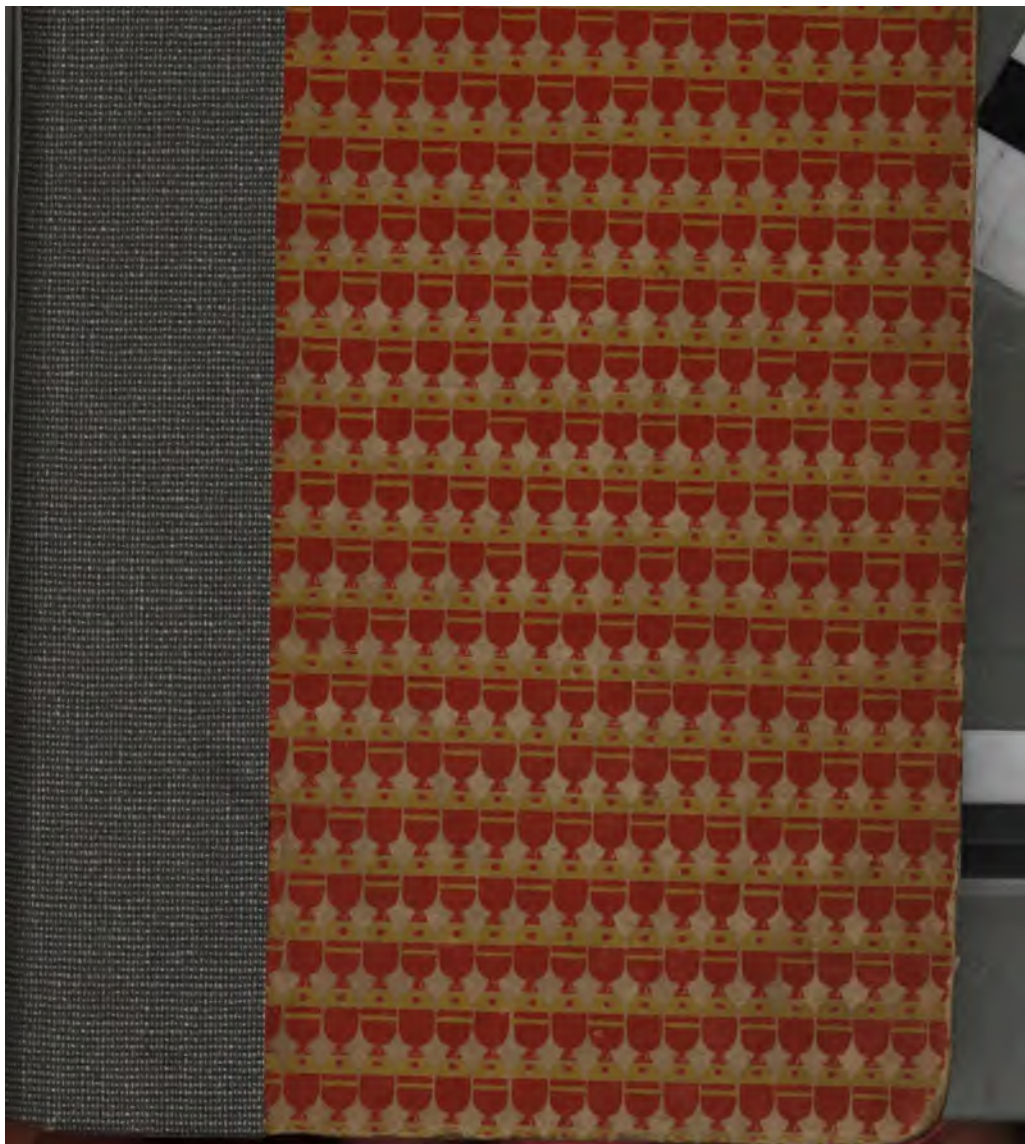
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# THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS

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Πρώτῳ ἐπεὶ τὸ Τεῦχος ἐκείνησι, ὅς τ' ὄλεθρον  
Εἶπες πῶς ἐν χερσὶν ἔχει πῦρ χρονοῦτον. Callim. fragm.

*Frontispiece from the 1895 Edition of the  
Letters of Pindar*

Handwritten text, mostly illegible due to fading and bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. Some faint characters and lines are visible.

Handwritten mark or signature, possibly a stylized letter or symbol.

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THE BATTLE OF THE  
BOOKS, BY JONATHAN  
SWIFT; WITH SELECTIONS  
FROM THE LITERATURE  
OF THE PHALARIS CON-  
TROVERSY. EDITED BY A.  
GUTHKELCH, M.A.

CHATTO AND WINDUS, PUBLISHERS  
LONDON, 1908

*M.S.*



Πρώτῳ ἐπεί τ' Ἰαῦρον ἐκείνισσι, ὅς τ' ὄλεθρον  
Εὖρος πῖν ἐν χερσὶν ἢ πῖναι γινόμενον. Callim. fragm.

*Frontispiece from the 1695 Edition of the  
Letters of Philario*





## INTRODUCTION<sup>1</sup>

### The Ancient and Modern Learning Controversy

The *Battle of the Books* is one of a large number of books and pamphlets written towards the end of the seventeenth century when both in England and in France men were eagerly debating whether the genius and achievements of their contemporaries or immediate predecessors were or were not greater than those of the ancients. It would be tedious and useless to tell again the history of the quarrel<sup>2</sup> farther than is necessary to explain the circumstances under which Swift wrote his book. This account of the quarrel in France, accordingly, begins at that point from which Sir William Temple appears to have known of it. But it must be remembered that the controversy was in no sense a new

<sup>1</sup> The abbreviations used in this Introduction are explained at p. 250.

<sup>2</sup> Told at full length in Rigault's *Histoire de la querelle des anciens et des modernes* (*Œuvres complètes de H. Rigault*, 1859, vol. i.).



one. The reader of Lucretius or Vergil, of Homer or Aristophanes, finds that even in the days of these writers, laments were heard of the degeneracy in physical strength, in mental power, in morality, of the men of their time: and from the time of Horace to the present day,<sup>1</sup> men have always been found to preach the doctrine that mankind, week by week, and month by month, is becoming more and more unworthy of the glorious past. In the present instance the quarrel was chiefly concerned with the literary and scientific attainments of the ancients and moderns, though it was impossible that reference should not be made to other subjects. It was said, for example, that the introduction of Christianity gave the moderns great advantages over the ancients, and one Desmarets de Saint-Sorlin, an official at the court of Louis XIV, tried to prove that Christian stories were more suited for poetical treatment than the fictions which formed the subject-matter of the epics of Greece and Rome. Not content with the peaceable possession of his convictions, Des-

<sup>1</sup> 'Tout est bien changé actuellement, et cette époque ne vaut pas les précédentes,' says Maître Mouche in *Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*.

marets wrote a number of poems, intended, by their pathos and sublimity, to demonstrate the truth of his theories; of the existence of which poems (to borrow Swift's phrase) the world has ever since been pleased to make a profound secret, so that their usefulness has been much circumscribed. After the death of Desmarets his ideas were taken up and elaborated by Charles Perrault.

### Perrault and Fontenelle

On the 27th of January, 1687, at a meeting of the French Academy called to celebrate the recovery of Louis XIV from a serious illness, Perrault recited a poem, which he had written for the occasion, called *Le siècle de Louis le Grand*. He maintained in it that the works of the ancients were not perfect: that men had not degenerated: that in many ways the moderns were greater than the ancients, for whom nevertheless it was only fitting that they should feel the greatest reverence. The audience was divided. Some received the reading of the poem with applause: others, chief among them Boileau, regarded it as a disgrace to the

Academy. Some one pointed out that Perrault had omitted Boileau's name from his poem, although he mentioned a large number of other French authors as the equals in genius of the ancients. Angered at the wrong done to his favourite authors, Boileau wrote bitterly against Perrault and his friends, and furious war raged between the advocates of the ancients and the advocates of the moderns.

A year before Perrault's poem was read, Fontenelle, in his *Entretiens sur la Pluralité des Mondes* (1686), had thrown out certain disrespectful insinuations touching the ancients, and a year after Perrault's poem had convulsed literary France, he again set forward his views in his *Poésies Pastorales : Avec un Traité sur la Nature de l'Eglogue, et une Digression sur les Anciens et [sur] les Modernes* (1688). In the *Traité* Fontenelle examines in some detail the pastoral poems of Vergil, of Theocritus, and of other pastoral poets, and comes to the conclusion 'entre la grossièreté ordinaire des bergers de Théocrite, et le trop d'esprit de la plupart de nos bergers modernes, il y a un milieu à tenir.' His own pastorals, printed in the same volume, are intended to show where the *via media* lies. The

*Digression* deals with the whole dispute. At the outset Fontenelle declares that the whole question comes only to this : were the trees which grew formerly, finer than those we have now ? If they were, Nature has evidently become enfeebled, and in these later ages we cannot hope to equal the works of the ancients : if they were not, it is clear that Nature is still the same, and men, too, must be as great as ever they were, and capable of producing works as fine as those of Homer or Plato or Demosthenes. To say that the ancients have made all the greatest discoveries proves nothing : the ancients made these discoveries because they lived before us, not because of their greater genius. The life of the world is the life of one man : a cultivated man now, has all the culture of the ages that went before him : so that like a being which has lived from the beginning of the world until the present day, having been once a child, thinking only of the most pressing needs of life, and then a youth, succeeding in the things of the imagination and beginning to reason for himself, mankind has become what it is now, a race reasoning with greater power and insight than ever before. But unlike the being to whom Fontenelle has compared

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it, the human race will never fall into dotage and lose its earlier powers—'les hommes ne dégénéreront jamais!' Such are some of the arguments Fontenelle advances.

In the year in which Fontenelle's *Poésies Pastorales* appeared, Perrault began issuing his *Parallèles des Anciens et des Modernes* (1688–1696), which dealt at large with the comparative claims of the ancients and moderns in literature and the arts. Only one or two of his arguments are interesting in connection with the *Battle of the Books*, and these are mentioned in the notes to this volume.

### Temple's Essay upon Ancient and Modern Learning (1690)

In 1690<sup>1</sup> Sir William Temple published the second part of his *Miscellanea*. It consisted of four Essays: I. Upon ancient and modern learning, II. Upon the gardens of Epicurus, III. Upon heroic virtue, IV. Upon poetry. The first of them introduced into England the quarrel raging in France. It is true that for many years<sup>2</sup> a controversy on the question had been going

<sup>1</sup> For the date, see the Bibliography to this volume (p. 298.)

<sup>2</sup> Dr Johnson mentions its existence in the time of Milton.

on in England, but it had not attracted general attention. Sir William Temple was one of the best-known men in England, and the public paid to his utterances that peculiar deference which is shown to a popular statesman when he leaves politics and turns to a subject of which he is profoundly ignorant. The greater part of his *Essay* is given in the Appendix to this volume (pp. 50-76), and the reader can judge its merits for himself. One paragraph in it involved Temple in a bitter dispute. There existed, among a large number of other such compositions, a series of 148 letters supposed to have been written by Phalaris, 'a shadowy figure in the early legends of ancient Sicily.' Of Phalaris the most important thing known is that he was wont to roast to death in a brazen bull those persons who incurred his displeasure. There is not the slightest doubt that the *Epistles* attributed to him were spurious compositions, written hundreds of years after his death: but when Temple wrote some eminent scholars regarded them as genuine.

Temple may have read the *Epistles* in one of the Latin translations enumerated in Boyle's Preface (see pp. 93 and 305-8), or in the English translation made by one

W. D. and published in 1634: that he could not have read them in the Greek in which they were written, seems quite certain. Nevertheless, in the paragraph of his Essay just referred to, writing as one who had moved as an equal among the greatest men of his time, and as one who had corresponded with kings, Temple asserted that the *Epistles* must be genuine, because no forger could possibly have imitated so perfectly the thoughts and language of a tyrant. By so choosing his ground Temple left himself no way of escape in case the *Epistles* should be proved spurious. Later he would have been happier if he had not written with such a show of conviction. For the time, however, all went well. His Essay was received with applause, and he had no suspicion that any hand would be raised against him.

### Charles Boyle

Charles Boyle (grand-nephew of Robert Boyle, the great scientist), a boy of seventeen, was in 1693 at Christ Church, Oxford. He seems to have been clever, and was very much liked. Dr Aldrich, then Dean of Christ Church, was, we are told, in the habit of asking

his best pupils to edit some classical author. In 1693, no doubt owing to Temple's Essay, he asked Boyle to prepare an edition of the *Epistles of Phalaris*. It was not to be expected that a boy of Boyle's age should be able to prepare, unaided, an edition of a Greek author; and it must have been understood in academic circles that Aldrich's young men relied upon their tutors for the learning to be put into their books: but no doubt many men resented the fraud of issuing, in the name of a boy, the work of his masters. During 1693 and 1694 Boyle worked at his edition.

### Wotton's 'Reflections' (1694)

Meanwhile an opponent to Sir William Temple's views was writing a book to demonstrate the folly of belittling the moderns in order to increase the reputation of the ancients. William Wotton had as a child exhibited the most wonderful precocity: at the age of six he knew Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; at ten he entered Cambridge; and at thirteen he obtained his degree. When Temple's Essay appeared he was about twenty-four years old. He proceeded to write



a book in which he compared the achievements of the ancients and moderns in Moral and Political Knowledge, in Eloquence and Poetry, in Grammar, in Architecture, Statuary, and Painting, in Logic and Metaphysics, in Geometry and Arithmetic, in Chemistry, in Anatomy, in Natural History, in Astronomy and Optics, in Music, in Physic, in Philology, and in Theology; and he wrote besides chapters on the learning of Pythagoras and the most ancient philosophers of Greece, on the History, Geometry, Natural Philosophy, Medicine, and Alchemy of the Ancient Egyptians, and on the learning of the Ancient Chaldæans and Arabians.

The book appeared in 1694, when Wotton was twenty-eight years old, and was called *Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning*. Although its style was not exhilarating, the book was quite readable, and it disposed decisively of the claims of the ancients in learning, though not of course in literature and the fine arts. Wotton's tone in speaking of Sir William Temple is extremely civil, though one detects here and there a suspicion of contempt, but he destroyed utterly the fabric of his vision. Temple had not thought that any

one would dare to answer him, still less that any one would refute him, and Wotton's book made him exceedingly angry. He was sufficiently mortified, Swift said later, at being called the adversary of Wotton.<sup>1</sup> But worse things were to come.

### Boyle's 'Phalaris' (1695)

In the course of his work upon Phalaris (which does not appear to have been very arduous) Boyle (or his tutors) wished to obtain the readings of a manuscript copy of the *Epistles of Phalaris* which was in the Royal Library at St. James's Palace. Accordingly in July or August 1693 he instructed his bookseller Thomas Bennet, who lived at the sign of the Half-Moon, in St. Paul's Churchyard, to obtain the manuscript for him. The Librarian (or Library-keeper as he was called) at St. James's was at this moment Henri Justel,<sup>2</sup> but Bennet does not seem to have made any application to him.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See p. lii.

<sup>2</sup> The date of Justel's death is uncertain; it is usually given as Sept. 1693.

<sup>3</sup> See the letter printed at p. 294 of this vol.

He knew as a customer (he says himself 'as a friend') Richard Bentley, who in the previous year (1692) had delivered in St. Martin's Church the first course of Boyle Lectures (founded by the great-uncle of Charles Boyle), and who had written in 1690 a Latin *Letter to Dr Mill* on the *Chronicle of Malelas*, which showed him to be one of the greatest classical scholars in England. There were rumours that Justel was about to resign his post and that Bentley would take his place. Accordingly Bennet asked Bentley if he would get the MS. for him, and Bentley seems to have promised to do so. It is clear that Boyle ought not to have expected to get the MS. merely by a request made through a third person, for Bentley knew nothing of Boyle, except that he was a relation of the great scientist who had founded the Lectureship which he had recently held: but this reason for not lending the MS. was not mentioned until later, and Bentley never suggested that it had influenced him in any way.

Despite his promise, Bentley did not get the MS. for Bennet, although Bennet reminded him frequently of the matter when he came to the shop: but

he seems to have spoken contemptuously of the *Epistles*, and of the members of a great College who proposed to issue a new edition of a worthless book. Bentley's manner and speech was always haughty and often insolent; and he may have said things which would have deeply offended Boyle and his friends at Christ Church had they been repeated. Bentley's reason for not getting the MS. at once (except the obvious one that he was not appointed Librarian until April 1694), was never given. One may suggest that this is what happened: Bentley promised the MS. at a time when he felt sure that he would succeed Justel, but difficulties arose about his appointment; and while they were being settled he felt that it would be unwise for him to act as though he had obtained the post. When his appointment was made he found that he had promised more than he should have done: hence the delay in getting the MS. and his anxiety not to let it remain long out of the Library.<sup>1</sup>

When Bentley took office he claimed under the Licensing Act of Charles II (which would soon

<sup>1</sup> See pp. 293 and 179-80 of this vol.

expire) a large number of books which had not been sent by the booksellers to the Royal Library, during the last year or two of Justel's rule. Among others Bennet had to send a number of volumes, and this probably did not increase his liking for Bentley.

Meanwhile Boyle had written several times to Bennet about the MS. and was becoming impatient. On May 1st, 1694, he wrote, 'I am almost ashamed to trouble you any more, Mr Bennet, about the MS. I wish I had it; but if at all I must have it very quickly. . .'<sup>1</sup> Bennet made another application to Bentley, and this time the MS. was delivered to him. Bentley said that he came and offered it voluntarily, but in this he seems to have been mistaken. Having obtained the MS., and knowing that Boyle was in great haste, Bennet sent the MS. to one George Gibson, a corrector of the press (what we should now call a 'proof-reader'), who could only work at nights, as he was engaged in his regular business all day; and told him to make a collation of the MS. with a printed copy of the *Epistles*; but fixed no time by which the work

<sup>1</sup> See the Appendix to the *Short Account* (for which see pp. xxxiii.-iv. below).

was to be completed. Gibson accordingly did not hurry.<sup>1</sup>

Bentley had to go to Worcester towards the end of May. He says that he told Bennet this, and instructed him not to lose any time in getting the collation made, but Bennet stoutly denied that Bentley gave him any such warning. However that may be, Bentley had to leave for Worcester at five o'clock on Monday morning towards the end of May (either on May 21st or May 28th). On the Saturday preceding he called about noon at Bennet's shop, and said that the MS. must be returned at once as he was going away and could not trust the MS. out of the Library until his return. Bennet sent a messenger to the collator, who returned with the answer that the collation was not yet finished. Bentley apparently waited until this message was received, and then said that the MS. must be returned that day. Bennet asked that he might keep it till Sunday morning, and engaged to make the collator (who had been working all day) sit up all night to finish the collation. For whatever reason,

<sup>1</sup> This is Bennet's account. It is flatly contradicted by Gibson's letter (see pp. 294-6 of this vol.).

Bentley refused, as he had a perfect right to do. By the same evening, therefore, the MS. was returned to Bentley, with no hint that the collation was not finished. When a quarrel broke out on this question Bentley tried how long the work should have taken, and found that he could have collated the whole book (which only contained 127 of the 148 *Epistles*) in four hours. The MS. had been in Bennet's hands about a week when Bentley asked for its return, and he had therefore no reason to think that between the noon and evening of Saturday, the work had not been completed.

However, Gibson had only collated 40 of the *Epistles* (and these so carelessly that Bentley noted 50 variant readings where Boyle's edition only recorded one), and the unfinished collation was sent to Boyle with the explanation that Bentley had refused the further use of the MS. No doubt Bennet thought the task a very much longer one than it really was, and no doubt Gibson worked very much more slowly at a Greek text than did the greatest Greek scholar in Europe, but this did not explain Bennet's explanation to Boyle of his failure to carry out his instructions.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> When Bennet died, Atterbury preached his funeral sermon

About four months later Bentley returned to town and heard not a word from any one about the MS.: before the end of the year (1694) he spent a fortnight in Oxford, where Boyle's *Phalaris* was then being printed; he even visited Christ Church, where Boyle and his tutors lived, and not a single complaint of any kind was made to him.

On January 1st, 1695, Boyle's edition of the *Epistles* appeared. It contained a dedication to Dr Aldrich, a preface, a life of Phalaris, a Greek text with a Latin translation at the foot of each page, and a few notes at the end. The whole book (except, of course, the text) was, according to the fashion of the time, in Latin. It was a feeble performance (though for this, Boyle's tutors, and not Boyle, must be held responsible) and would long ago have been forgotten but for the last paragraph but one in the Preface.

'I have collated the *Epistles* themselves (Boyle wrote) with two Bodleian MSS. from the Cantuar and Selden collection: and I have also had them collated, as far as the 40th *Epistle*, with a MS. in the Royal (Aug. 30, 1706), and spoke very highly of him. Atterbury would certainly have known if Bennet had acted dishonestly.



Library: the Librarian with the courtesy for which he is remarkable refused me the further use of it.'

In the Preface, which deals with the question of the genuineness of the *Epistles*, Boyle explicitly stated—or his tutors said for him—that there was great doubt about the authorship of the *Epistles*: but he adopted Temple's estimate of their literary value, and paraphrased his paragraph about them from the *Essay upon Ancient and Modern Learning*. A large number of copies of the book were distributed in Christ Church, according to Aldrich's custom, as a New Year's gift. Bentley did not see the book until January 26th, when copies were already in the hands of the booksellers. He wrote at once in terms of great civility to Boyle, and explained the circumstances under which he had withdrawn the MS. Boyle replied that he had written according to what he had heard from Bennet, that he should be much concerned if it proved that he had been misled, and that Bentley 'might do himself right' in what method he pleased.

Here, for the time, the matter rested.

**Bentley's first 'Dissertation' (1697)**

When Wotton was writing his *Reflections*, Bentley, who was one of his personal friends, told him that the *Epistles of Phalaris* and the *Fables of Æsop*, which Temple had praised so highly, were spurious: and he promised that on some other occasion he would prove his assertion.

In 1697 Wotton told Bentley that he was preparing a second edition of his *Reflections*, and asked him to fulfil his promise. Not very reluctantly, perhaps, Bentley wrote *A Dissertation upon the Epistles of Phalaris, Themistocles, Socrates, Euripides, and others; and the Fables of Æsop*: and the paper was printed with a separate title-page at the end of Wotton's volume. That there might be no mistake about his intentions, Bentley reprinted at the head of the *Dissertation* the passage from Temple already referred to. In the *Dissertation* Bentley examined the *Epistles* under sixteen different heads. He showed that Phalaris was made in them to speak of things that did not exist in his time, of towns that had not been built or thought of; to quote from books that had not yet been written; to use Attic Greek, although he could only have known

Doric Greek ; to use a form of Attic that did not exist until hundreds of years after his death ; to speak of the Sicilian talent (worth 1*s.* 10*d.*) as though it had been the Attic talent (worth £180) ; and to write in a style that might well come from a rhetorician but could not possibly belong to a tyrant.

He then passes to a word with the editors of the new edition and tells his story of the withdrawal of the MS.<sup>1</sup> The rest of the book is concerned with the other spurious Epistles mentioned in the title.

Throughout the *Dissertation* Bentley assumes that the edition of *Phalaris* is not the work of Boyle, but the work of his tutors : he speaks, not of 'the Editor' but of 'the Editors.' Bentley wrote his *Dissertation* in English, though replying to a Latin book, (as well, of course, as to Temple's *Essay*)—a thing which Boyle's friends seem to have resented<sup>2</sup>—and was therefore making his appeal to the general public. Whether he should, under these circumstances, have used the knowledge which he possessed of the way in which the book was prepared, is at least doubtful. But if he

<sup>1</sup> See pp. 115-8 of the Appendix to this volume.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 229 of Boyle's *Examination*.

had not done so, he would have been obliged to seem to attack publicly a young man of twenty (Boyle was eighteen when his *Phalaris* was published) for mistakes which he could not have been expected to avoid; for Bentley showed that the edition was extremely careless and revealed deplorable ignorance in its editors.

There were thus three disputes in progress at once—the first between Temple and Wotton about Ancient and Modern Learning; the second between Temple and Bentley about the genuineness of the Epistles of Phalaris; the third between Bentley, on the one side, and Boyle and his tutors, on the other, (*a*) about the withdrawal of the MS. of the *Epistles*, (*b*) about the value of the *Epistles* as literature, (*c*) about the scholarship exhibited in the new edition. This leaves out of the account the dispute about the *Fables of Æsop*<sup>1</sup> which hardly concerns us here.

<sup>1</sup> As an answer to Bentley's attack upon them, a new edition of the *Fables* was produced by Anthony Alsop in 1698. It refers to Bentley twice: once (in the Preface) as *Richardum quendam Bentleium virum in volvendis Lenicis satis diligenter*: and again in the last fable *Canis in praesepi* (p. 128), where allusion is made to Bentley's refusal of the MS. of Phalaris. The book was another of the Christ Church publications.

**Boyle's 'Examination' (1698)**

Boyle's tutors—of whom the most important was Atterbury, afterwards Dean of Christ Church—saw that for their own credit they must attempt an answer to Bentley: and some of the wits of Christ Church—Atterbury himself, Smalridge (who succeeded Atterbury as Dean), Alsop, Freind—joined in drawing up an answer to the *Dissertation*. In their reply (*Dr Bentley's Dissertations on the Epistles of Phalaris, and the Fables of Æsop, examin'd by the Honourable Charles Boyle, Esq. . . . 1698*) they attempted an answer to every one of Bentley's objections, and they even went so far as to say, that his attack on the *Epistles* tended to convince them that they were, after all, genuine. Although the book was issued in Boyle's name it was an open secret that he had very little indeed to do with it: and to judge from the tone of a letter<sup>1</sup> written by Atterbury when returning the proofs of the book to him, Boyle felt by no means satisfied with their performance. He only remarked, Atterbury says, that 'he hoped the book would do him no harm.' But Boyle showed considerable

<sup>1</sup> See Bibliography, p. 308.

generosity in allowing himself to be used as a stalking-horse for his tutors.<sup>1</sup> The book although full of every sort of blunder was also full of life, and had a kind of wit. Its success was immediate: every one, except a few obscure scholars, thought that Bentley was defeated, and as Budgell says, 'the world was pleased to see a young man of quality and fortune get the better of an old critic,'<sup>2</sup>—a sentence which exhibits the tone of the controversy. Bentley, it may be remarked, was thirty-six years of age.

Temple, who had suffered so severely at the hands of Wotton and Bentley, was delighted with Boyle's reply.<sup>3</sup> He had himself begun a reply to Wotton but abandoned it, evidently feeling that he was unequal to the task: and Swift took up the quarrel for him. But of this more will be said in its place.

Boyle's *Examination* advanced the quarrel about the

<sup>1</sup> In 1701 we hear that Bentley and Boyle have become friends and entertain a better opinion of one another than they did before. It was in this year that Atterbury issued the *Short Review*, (see p. xxxiv.).

<sup>2</sup> Budgell's *Memoirs . . . of the late Earl of Orrery . . .* (1732), p. 193.

<sup>3</sup> See *Courtenay* II. 186.

MS. another stage.<sup>1</sup> Bennet replied, through Boyle, to Bentley's remarks in the *Dissertation*, and tried to show that he was in no way to blame for the trouble that arose.

### Bentley's second 'Dissertation' (1699)

In the course of the year 1698 at least six other pamphlets were published, dealing more or less directly with the controversy that had arisen, but they are none of them important.<sup>2</sup>

Bentley, meanwhile, was preparing his reply. In his first *Dissertation* there had been one or two small mistakes which his enemies were able to expose. He determined that there should, if possible, be nothing at which they could cavil in his new work. Early in 1699 his second *Dissertation* appeared, this time as an independent volume. In a preface of 112 pages he replied to Bennet's representations, and to a number of new charges brought against him in Boyle's *Examination*. The body of the book consisted of a reprint,

<sup>1</sup> See pp. 119-29 of the Appendix to this volume.

<sup>2</sup> See Bibliography, pp. 299-301.

section by section, of his previous *Dissertation*; after each section he considered at full length the objections brought against it by his antagonists, so that the book was made up of a number of papers dealing with various disputed points in classical scholarship. And except in the cases of the small mistakes already mentioned, Bentley made an overwhelming reply to everything brought against him. The learning he showed was so stupendous as almost to defeat its own purpose, for there were, perhaps, hardly a dozen men in England fit to judge his work: those who understood saw not merely that he had demolished Phalaris and his supporters, but also that he had proved himself the greatest classical scholar of his day, one worthy to rank with the greatest who had ever lived.

But public opinion did not immediately acclaim his victory. Sir Richard Jebb has pointed out that for many years the idea remained current that Boyle had defeated Bentley. The publication of the *Battle of the Books* in 1704 is in itself sufficient evidence that popular feeling was on the side of Boyle and his friends.

Shortly after this *Dissertation* was published, the Christ



Church men produced another book against Bentley—*A Short Account of Dr Bentley's Humanity and Justice to those Authors who have written before him* . . . 1699. In an Appendix, perhaps written by Dr King, Bennet, the bookseller, answered Bentley's statements in his second *Dissertation*. This book was answered on Bentley's behalf by Solomon Whateley who had recently produced a new edition of the *Letters of Phalaris*.<sup>1</sup>

Three other books appeared during this same year (1699) containing references to the dispute: and then there was an interval of peace.

### Atterbury's 'Short Review' (1701)

In 1701 Atterbury, the person most concerned on the wrong side of the controversy, produced *A Short Review of the Controversy between Mr Boyle and Dr Bentley*, a violent attack on Bentley, concluding with a character of Dr Bentley, made up of extracts from Bentley's writings. Neither this book, nor those that preceded, prevented Bentley and Atterbury coming to have respect for one another in later years.<sup>2</sup>

In the same year Swift published the third part of

<sup>1</sup> See pp. 301-3.

<sup>2</sup> Jebb's *Bentley*, p. 85.

Temple's *Miscellanea* containing among other papers, that defence of his *Essay upon Ancient and Modern Learning* which Temple had begun but never completed : and in 1704 Swift published the volume containing the *Tale of a Tub*, and the *Battle of the Books*. Of these it remains to speak.

### Swift and Temple

Born in 1667, at a house in Hoey's Court, Dublin, Jonathan Swift was the child of English parents. His father died some months before the birth of this his only son (a daughter had been born some time before) ; and Swift was educated at Kilkenny Grammar School, and Trinity College, Dublin, at the expense chiefly of one of his uncles, Godwin Swift. He remained some time at Trinity College after taking a not very honourable degree, and then went to live with his mother at Leicester. Towards the end of the year 1689 he became a sort of amanuensis to Sir William Temple, whose wife, Dorothy Osborne, the writer of delightful letters, was distantly related to Swift's mother. He lived with Sir William first at

Sheen, and then at More Park<sup>1</sup> in Surrey, but on the advice of physicians 'who weakly imagined that his native air might be of some use to recover his health,' left him in May 1690 in order to return to Ireland.

He came back to Temple's house in the autumn of 1691 and remained with him until May 1694, when in a fit of anger he left his patron, went to Ireland in the following month, took Holy Orders four months later, and became Prebendary of Kilroot in the following year.

In May 1696 he came for the third time to Temple's house, this time as an independent man, and remained there until shortly after Temple's death, which took place on January 27, 1699. Swift was thus an inmate of Temple's house during three different periods—from the close of 1689 to May 1690; from the autumn of 1691 to May 1694; and from May 1696 to the opening of 1699. On his first visit Swift came to Temple as a poor relation;

<sup>1</sup> 'The two so-called Moor Parks—in Hertfordshire and Surrey—were respectively Moor Park and More Park. The house in which Temple last lived and died is written thrice in his (probably) holograph Will, and always as Moreparke, or More Parke.' See Mr Forbes Sieveking's *Sir William Temple Upon the Gardens of Epicurus*, &c. (pp. xx.—xxi.).

during his second visit Temple seems to have recognised that his amanuensis had something in him—to this period belong the stories of Swift's intimacy with William III; when he came to Temple for what proved to be the last time, he may well have felt that in accepting Temple's hospitality he was rather conferring an obligation than incurring one.

It was during (or soon after) Swift's first stay that Temple published the book containing his essay *Upon the Ancient and Modern Learning*. Wotton's *Reflections* and Boyle's edition of Phalaris appeared while Swift was in Ireland; and it may have been during this time that Temple began the reply to Wotton (which he never completed), of which Swift said, when he published it in 1701, 'I cannot well inform the reader upon what occasion it was writ, having been at that time in another kingdom.'<sup>1</sup>

Bentley's first *Dissertation*, and Boyle's *Examination* appeared during Swift's third stay with Temple. Bentley's second *Dissertation* appeared after Temple's death.

<sup>1</sup> Swift knew perfectly well upon what occasion the paper was written. By his own account, the *Battle of the Books* was completed by 1701, though it was not published.

**'The Battle of the Books'—(a) Date**

*The Battle of the Books* was the second of three of Swift's works issued together in one volume in 1704. The first was *A Tale of a Tub*; the third was *A Discourse Concerning the Mechanical Operation of the Spirit*. For reasons not now very evident, Swift was anxious to make it appear that all these works were written while he was still a young man. The publication of the volume undoubtedly destroyed his chances of a bishopric; and he may have anticipated some such result when the book was first issued. In any case it is noticeable that the same desire to give an early date for its composition is shown in the first edition as in the fifth edition of 1710, in which Swift pleads the rashness and inexperience of youth in palliation of any offence the book might have given.<sup>1</sup>

Leaving out of account the notice from the Bookseller to the Reader (see p. 251), the date of the composition of the *Battle of the Books* may be set down as 1697–1698. The first part<sup>2</sup> deals with the

<sup>1</sup> See the *Author's Apology* prefixed to the fifth edition (S. i. 13).

<sup>2</sup> pp. 1–37 of this edition.

general question of the superiority of the Ancients or the Moderns and refers to the work of Wotton and Bentley. As the second edition of Wotton's *Reflections* which contained Bentley's first *Dissertation* did not appear until after April 1697, this part of the book must have been written after that date; or if it was begun earlier (as is quite possible), it must have been considerably altered. The fact that Boyle is not mentioned in the first part of the *Battle* suggests that this part was written before the appearance of his *Examination* in 1698.

The second part<sup>1</sup> refers, among other things, to Boyle's reply to Bentley and Wotton, which as we have just seen appeared in 1698; and this part of the *Battle* must, accordingly, have been written in 1698 or later. As there is no reason to suppose a later date, we may safely accept 1698.

The date for the book as we have it would be, therefore, 1697-8. As the date of the *Battle* has sometimes been given as 1696, it is necessary, perhaps, to insist on this point.

<sup>1</sup> pp. 37-47 of this edition.

**(b) Relation to the 'Tale of a Tub'**

Section III of the *Tale of a Tub*, the *Digression Concerning Critics*, is largely an attack upon Wotton and Bentley; and there are, besides, many other references in the *Tale* to them, and to the Ancient and Modern Learning Controversy.<sup>1</sup> It has been suggested that the *Battle* was written after the *Tale*, and that the *Digressions* in the *Tale* grew out of the *Battle*.<sup>2</sup> There is very little evidence on the subject, and as both books were added to, at various times before publication, the difficulty of determining the order in which they were written is greatly increased. It may, however, be pointed out that Swift said in 1710 that the *Tale*<sup>3</sup> was intended to satirise the 'numerous and gross corruptions in Religion and Learning,' and that the greater part of it was written by 1696. If this is true the *Digressions* must have formed part of the original plan of the book;<sup>4</sup> and we

<sup>1</sup> e. g. S. i. pp. 37-8, 56, 90, 92, 103, 117, 126, 142.

<sup>2</sup> See Prof. Churton Collins's *Jonathan Swift*, p. 42.

<sup>3</sup> Swift says 'the book'; but he evidently refers to the *Tale* only.

<sup>4</sup> Curll's *Key* (see p. 304), which is suspected to have been

must suppose them to have preceded the composition of the *Battle*. According, again, to Swift's *Apology*, the references in the *Tale* to Bentley and Wotton were added later, when the *Battle* was written.<sup>1</sup>

It may be suggested that the *Battle* was originally intended to form a part of the *Tale of a Tub*; that Swift determined to make a separate book of it, and that he added later those parts of it which deal particularly with Bentley, Wotton, and Boyle.

### (c) Relation to Temple's Essay

Hawkesworth remarked in his edition of Vol. I of Swift's Works<sup>2</sup> that 'the account of the *Battle of the Books* is an allegorical representation of Sir William Temple's *Essay*.' A few points of resemblance between the two works have been noticed by Sir Walter Scott and other editors of Swift. These, and some other examples are referred to in the notes to this edition, and references to them are given below<sup>3</sup>

written by Thomas Swift, says that the *Digressions* were added later.

<sup>1</sup> See p. lii. below.

<sup>2</sup> 1753, p. 154.

<sup>3</sup> 4, 6; 13, 19; 17, 6; 17, 9; 21, 6; 22, 19; 25, last line; 28, 9; 30, 16-7; 32, 3.



so that the reader may judge for himself to what extent Hawkesworth's statement is accurate.

In addition to these smaller resemblances, it is worthy of remark that Swift's choice of combatants to represent the Ancients is plainly based upon that made by Temple in his *Essay*. If one makes a list of the Ancients mentioned in the *Battle* one is at once struck by the fact that the names of the ancient dramatists and orators are all omitted; neither Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Plautus, Terence, Demosthenes, nor Cicero, appears in it. The *Battle* is, of course, professedly incomplete, and if Swift had been asked why these names were omitted he might have replied that their deeds were recorded in those parts of the MS. which perished 'by the injury of fortune or weather.' But there is another explanation. If one makes a list of the Ancients mentioned by Temple one finds that he, too, omits the names of all the dramatists, and only mentions one orator — Cicero. In other respects Swift's list agrees sufficiently closely with that of Temple to make it seem most probable that Swift's list was based almost entirely on Temple's.

In the case of the Moderns the lists in the *Battle* and the *Essay* are not nearly so much alike; this is partly due to the fact that Temple had mentioned a large number of the Moderns in terms of praise. Swift had necessarily to omit these names, and substitute others. On the other hand Swift mentions nearly all those whom Temple had disparaged.

Surprise is sometimes expressed that Swift should have taken the wrong side in the dispute about the *Epistles of Phalaris*. In one sense the explanation is simple enough. He had to support the doctrines of his patron, who was deeply committed on the subject. But the account of the controversy which he gives in the *Episode of W-it-n and B-nt-l-y* shows that he did not trouble to discover either the real course of the dispute, or the merits of either side. If the story he tells were interpreted strictly it would appear that Boyle first attacked Wotton, because the latter had attacked Temple, that he next turned his attention to Bentley, that Wotton then came to Bentley's assistance, and that Boyle defeated them both. This, perhaps, is to consider too curiously; but Swift certainly appears to be only half-informed of the

facts. It will be seen that the note from the Book-seller to the Reader<sup>1</sup> gives the order of events perfectly accurately.

In another sense there is no doubt that Swift was in the right. In the matter of the *Epistles of Phalaris*, Temple and Swift were completely in the wrong; but Bentley's edition of *Paradise Lost* showed (much later, it is true) the absurdities into which even his acute intellect might be tempted by his self-sufficiency and lack of taste. Bentley's chief interest in the classics was philological and historical rather than literary; and so far as Swift's book was a protest against pedantry it was on the right side. But the protest would have come better from one who had some pretence to equal Bentley in scholarship.

#### (d) Suggested Sources

Writing in 1705 Wotton said, 'I have been assured that the *Battle* in St. James's Library is *mutatis mutandis* taken out of a French book entitled *Combat des Livres*, if I misremember not.'<sup>2</sup> The

<sup>1</sup> pp. lxiii.-iv. of this edition.

<sup>2</sup> *Reflections*, third edition, p. 540.

book referred to by Wotton is generally agreed to be de Callière's *Histoire poétique de la guerre nouvellement déclarée entre les Anciens et les Modernes* (Paris, 1688). In the *Apology* already referred to, Swift indignantly denied that he had borrowed so much as a hint from any one.<sup>1</sup> The parallels between the *Battle* and de Callière's book are very slight: Swift speaks of 'wit, without knowledge, being a sort of cream, which gathers in a night to the top, and by a skilful hand, may be soon whipped into froth' . . . ; in de Callière's book we are told that some of the French authors thought of Balzac 'que tous les discours de cet auteur ressembloient à de la crème fouettée, qui a beaucoup d'apparence et peu de substance.' Further, in both books the Ancients and Moderns occupy each one peak of the mountain Parnassus. But such resemblances may perfectly well be accidental.

In 1714, Boyer, in his life of Sir William Temple,<sup>2</sup> said that Swift took the hint for the *Battle* from 'an allegorical novel written in French by Monsieur de Furetière,' and in a footnote he gives the title: *Nouvelle allégorique des derniers arrivés au*

<sup>1</sup> See below, pp. liii.-iv.

<sup>2</sup> p. 405.

*royaume d'Éloquence*, &c. The book appeared in 1658 and is an account of the war between *le prince Rhétorique* and *le capitaine Galimatias*, in which the troops are figures of speech and the leaders great writers. There seems to be nothing in the book which could have suggested anything to Swift for use in the *Battle*.

It has been suggested also that Swift took the idea of the *Battle* from Chant V of Boileau's poem *Le Lutrin* (1674). The combatants in *Le Lutrin* use books as missiles; in the *Battle* the books themselves fight—plainly a different thing.

On the whole question one may say that the only book to which Swift is indebted in the *Battle* is Temple's *Essay*: there is not sufficient evidence to show that he took hints from any other book, except perhaps the main idea of a combat.

### (e) Publication

There seems at first sight to be no reason why Swift should not have published the *Battle* when it was written. He wrote the book to support Temple, and it would have seemed natural to publish it as a

reply to Wotton and Bentley. The following extract from a letter written by Temple (about Boyle's *Examination*) dated March 30, 1698, apparently gives the explanation.<sup>1</sup>

‘You needed no excuse for anything in your former letter, nor Mr —— for giving you the occasion for it. What he saw, was written to a friend —— who had undertaken —— without my knowledge: which I afterwards diverted, having no mind to enter the list with such a mean, dull, unmannerly pedant.’

It is impossible now to fill in the blanks with any certainty: but the date of the letter strongly suggests that the ‘friend’ was Swift, and that Temple refers to the *Tale of a Tub* or the *Battle of the Books*. If this is true, Swift postponed publication in deference to Temple's wishes, and waited for five years after his death before disregarding them. Considering his ignorance of the whole subject, Temple's feeling that it would be more dignified not to publish an answer to his opponents was undoubtedly justified.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The letter is printed in the Appendix to the *Short Account*.

<sup>2</sup> See also *Courtenay* II. 191.

**(f) The Notes (1704 and 1710)**

In the first, second, third, and fourth editions of the *Battle of the Books* there appeared the footnotes printed with the body of the text in the present edition. In the fifth and subsequent editions some other notes were added: these are printed, in this edition, among the notes at the end of the volume, with the indication that they are from the fifth edition.

The question who wrote this second set of notes is very interesting, but probably is now insoluble. The title-page to the whole volume of the fifth edition bears the words 'The Fifth Edition: With the Author's Apology and Explanatory Notes. By W. Wotton, B.D., and others.' At the end of the *Apology* Swift says, 'The Author is informed, that the Bookseller has prevailed on several Gentlemen, to write some Explanatory Notes, for the goodness of which he is not to answer, having never seen any of them, nor intends it, till they appear in Print, when it is not unlikely he may have the pleasure to find twenty meanings, which never entered into his Imagination.'

Wotton's notes only concern the *Tale of a Tub* and

the *Discourse Concerning the Mechanical Operation of the Spirit*, and they are taken from his *Defence* of 1705 (see below).

It is just possible that the notes which cannot be assigned to Wotton, came from Swift; but after all there is no evidence on the question.

### Wotton's 'Defence' (1705)

In 1705 Wotton published a third edition of his *Reflections* and added a paper,<sup>1</sup> dated May 21, 1705, in which he replied to Temple's *Thoughts upon Reviewing the Essay of Ancient and Modern Learning* (see p. xxxv.), issued by Swift in 1701. The last twenty pages of Wotton's *Defence* are occupied with a very hostile commentary upon Swift's volume of 1704 (see p. xxxviii.), and in them are to be found the explanations which, with cool effrontery, were added as notes to the fifth edition of the *Tale of a Tub, etc.* (1710). Wotton's reference to the *Battle of the Books* has already been quoted (p. xlv.).

<sup>1</sup> 'A Defense of the Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning, In Answer to the Objections of Sir W. Temple, and Others. With Observations upon *The Tale of a Tub*,



Some interest attaches to Wotton's conjectures at the authorship of the *Tale of a Tub*.<sup>1</sup> In one place<sup>2</sup> he says that 'a brother [he means 'cousin'] of Dr Swift's is publicly reported to have been the editor at least, if not the author [of the *Tale of a Tub*]' : in another<sup>3</sup> he says that Mr Swift [*i. e.* Thomas Swift] is under great obligations to clear himself from the imputation of having written the book. 'The world besides (he continues) will think it odd that a man should in a dedication play upon that great man, to whom he is more obliged than to any other man now living ; for it was at Sir William Temple's request, that my Lord Somers, then Lord-Keeper of the Great-Seal of England, gave Mr Swift a very good benefice in one of the most delicious parts of one of the pleasantest counties of England. It is publicly reported that he wrote this book : it is a story which, . . . I neither made, nor spread ; for it has been long as public as it can well be. The injury done to religion, that any of its ministers should lie under

<sup>1</sup> His remarks are intended to include the *Battle of the Books*.

<sup>2</sup> p. 519.

<sup>3</sup> p. 539.

the imputation of writing such a burlesque upon it, will be irreparable, if the person so charged does not do *it* and *himself* justice. I say *himself*, for *in my own conscience* I acquit him from composing it. The author, I believe, is dead, and it is probable that it was writ in the year 1697, when it is said to have been written.'

His remarks about the Dedication to Lord Somers show that Wotton's sense of humour was somewhat deficient.

### Swift's 'Apology' (1710)

For the fifth edition of the *Tale* and other pieces contained in the 1704 volume Swift wrote '*An Apology For the, etc.*'<sup>1</sup> It is an answer to Wotton's *Defence*. With those parts of it which concern the *Tale* we are not here concerned: but the following passages concern the *Battle of the Books* directly.

'It was determined by a fair majority that this answerer [Wotton] had, in a way not to be pardoned, drawn his pen against a certain great man then alive,

<sup>1</sup> This is the title printed; the pages are headed *An Apology*. It may be noticed that the correct title of the *Tale* is *A Tale of a Tub*, not *The Tale of a Tub*.

and universally revered for every good quality that could possibly enter into the composition of the most accomplished person ; it was observed how he was pleased and affected to have that noble writer called his adversary ; and it was a point of satire well directed ; for I have been told Sir W[illiam] T[emple] was sufficiently mortified at the term. All the men of wit and politeness were immediately up in arms through indignation, which prevailed over their contempt, by the consequences they apprehended from such an example ; and it grew Porsenna's case ; *idem trecenti juravimus*. In short, things were ripe for a general insurrection, till my Lord Orrery had a little laid the spirit, and settled the ferment. But his lordship being principally engaged with another antagonist [Bentley], it was thought necessary, in order to quiet the minds of men, that this opposer should receive a reprimand, which partly occasioned that discourse of the *Battle of the Books* ; and the author was farther at the pains to insert one or two remarks on him, in the body of the book.'<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> S. i. pp. 18, 19.

It will be noticed that the last sentence favours the theory that the *Battle* was written after, not before, the *Tale of a Tub* (see above, pp. xl. and xli.).

To Wotton's remark about the *Combat des Livres* (see p. xliv.) Swift replied :

'In [this] passage there are two clauses observable ; "I have been assured" ; and, "if I misremember not." I desire first to know whether, if that conjecture proves an utter falsehood, those two clauses will be a sufficient excuse for this worthy critic ? The matter is a trifle ; but would he venture to pronounce at this rate upon one of greater moment ? I know nothing more contemptible in a writer, than the character of a plagiary, which he here fixes at a venture ; and this not for a passage, but a whole discourse, taken out from another book, only *mutatis mutandis*. The author is as much in the dark about this as the answerer ; and will imitate him by an affirmation at random ; that if there be a word of truth in this reflection, he is a paltry, imitating pedant ; and the answerer is a person of wit, manners, and truth. He takes his boldness, from never having seen any such treatise in his life, nor heard of it before ; and he is sure it is impossible for two writers, of different times

and countries, to agree in their thoughts after such a manner, that two continued discourses shall be the same, only *mutatis mutandis*. Neither will he insist upon the mistake of the title, but let the answerer and his friend produce any book they please, he defies them to shew one single particular, where the judicious reader will affirm he has been obliged for the smallest hint ; giving only allowance for the accidental encountering of a single thought, which he knows may sometimes happen ; though he has never yet found it in that discourse, nor has heard it objected by any body else.'<sup>1</sup>

The judicious reader will put his own valuation upon this denial.

### Conclusion

Considerable interest attaches to the question, What was the real origin of the hostility of the Christ Church men to Bentley? In 1689 Bentley went to Oxford as tutor to James Stillingfleet, son of the Bishop of Worcester, becoming a member of Wadham College.

<sup>1</sup> S. i. pp. 20-1.

In all probability the origin of the quarrel is to be sought at this time. Benjamin Hody, tutor of Wadham, had already been appointed chaplain to the Bishop of Worcester, Bentley's patron; in 1690 Bentley took orders, and was given a second chaplaincy by the Bishop. In 1691, when the edition of *Malelas* (see p. xx.) was nearly ready, Bentley was asked by Hody why he always referred to the author as *Malelas* instead of *Malela*, his usual designation hitherto. In answer to the challenge Bentley added to his *Letter to Mill* an examination of the whole question of the form assumed by Greek names when Latinised. Hody was completely answered, and was angry at his defeat.<sup>1</sup> As Monk remarked,<sup>2</sup> 'There is too much reason to believe, that the offence given by this trivial cause was never afterwards healed.'<sup>3</sup> The Oxford scholars felt bound to put down the presumptuous Cambridge man. Some other possible grounds of offence may be mentioned: Bentley was a Whig and his opponents

<sup>1</sup> See Jebb's *Bentley*, pp. 15-16.

<sup>2</sup> *Life of Richard Bentley*, second edition (1833), Vol. I, p. 30.

<sup>3</sup> See p. 300 of the Bibliography to this vol.

were Tories : there may have been some ill-feeling in Oxford at the appointment of Bentley to deliver the first Boyle lecture ; for Robert Boyle, at least by residence, was an Oxford man : Bentley was not of high birth, and his overbearing manners tended to deepen the impression that he was ‘a sort of ploughboy who had been developed into a learned boor’—a great deal of this contempt for an upstart scholar will be noticed in Boyle’s *Examination* : lastly, Bentley knew the things that Boyle’s tutors professed to know, and they felt all the hatred of the fluent charlatan for the genuine scholar.

Recollecting, then, Bentley’s reputation for arrogance, and the dislike of him caused by his birth, his politics, and his learning, one may understand partly, at least, the feeling which dictated the phrase *tro singulari sua humanitate*.

### The Present Edition

The present reprint of the *Battle of the Books* is based upon a comparison of the first, third, fifth, and sixth editions. A list of the significant variants is given

at pp. 291-2. The notes printed with the text are those which originally formed part of the book ; the notes added to the fifth edition (see pp. xlvi.-ix.) are given at the end of the volume along with the editorial notes.

The Appendix consists of extracts from the literature of the Ancient and Modern Learning Controversy. The text followed is indicated at the head of each extract. Temple's *Essay* could not be given in full, or the Appendix, already long, would have been very much longer. The argument is, therefore, occasionally summarised, but the summaries are as nearly as possible in the words of the original text. The translation of the *Epistles of Phalaris* has been made from Boyle's text by Mr R. S. Bate, M.A. The text of Boyle's *Examination* has been made from a comparison of the first and third editions. The slight differences are indicated in the notes. In the extracts all marginal references have been omitted except those which seemed likely to interest the modern reader. Those which appeared interesting have been printed with the notes, in each case with an indication of their origin. The space thus saved has been used for a Bibliography.





A  
Full and True Account  
OF THE  
BATTLE  
Fought laſt *FRIDAY*,  
Between the  
*Antient* and the *Modern*  
BOOKS  
IN  
St. *JAMES'S*  
LIBRARY.

LONDON:  
Printed in the Year, MDCCIV.



THE  
BOOKSELLER  
TO THE  
READER

THE following discourse, as it is unquestionably of the same author, so it seems to have been written about the same time with the former: I mean the year 1697, when the famous dispute was on foot about Ancient and Modern Learning. The controversy took its rise from an essay of Sir William Temple's upon that subject, which was answered by W. Wotton, B.D., with an Appendix by Dr Bentley, endeavouring to destroy the credit of Æsop and Phalaris for authors, whom Sir William Temple had, in the essay before-mentioned, highly commended. In that Appendix the Doctor falls hard upon a new edition of Phalaris put out by the Honourable Charles Boyle (now Earl of Orrery) to which Mr Boyle replied at large with great learning and wit and the Doctor voluminously

lxiv      BOOKSELLER TO READER

rejoined. In this dispute the town highly resented to see a person of Sir William Temple's character and merits roughly used by the two reverend gentlemen aforesaid and without any manner of provocation. At length, there appearing no end of the quarrel, our author tells us that the Books in St James's Library, looking upon themselves as parties principally concerned, took up the controversy and came to a decisive battle: but the manuscript, by the injury of fortune or weather, being in several places imperfect, we cannot learn to which side the victory fell.

I must warn the reader to beware of applying to persons what is here meant only of books in the most literal sense. So, when Vergil is mentioned, we are not to understand the person of a famous poet called by that name, but only certain sheets of paper, bound up in leather, containing in print the works of the said poet, and so of the rest.

THE  
PREFACE  
OF THE  
AUTHOR

*SATIRE is a sort of glass wherein beholders do generally discover everybody's face but their own ; which is the chief reason for that kind of reception it meets in the world, and that so very few are offended with it. But if it should happen otherwise, the danger is not great, and I have learned from long experience never to apprehend mischief from those understandings I have been able to provoke, for anger and fury, though they add strength to the sinews of the body, yet are found to relax those of the mind, and to render all its efforts feeble and impotent.*

*There is a brain that will endure but one scumming : let the owner gather it with discretion, and manage his little stock with husbandry ; but of all things let him beware of bringing it under the lash of his betters, because that will make it all bubble up into impertinence and be*

*will find no new supply; wit, without knowledge, being a sort of cream which gathers in a night to the top, and by a skilful hand may be soon whipped into froth, but once scummed away, what appears underneath will be fit for nothing but to be thrown to the hogs.*

A FULL AND TRUE  
ACCOUNT  
OF THE  
BATTLE

FOUGHT LAST FRIDAY, &c.

WHOEVER examines with due circumspection into the *Annual Records of Time*,<sup>1</sup> will find it remarked that *War is the child of Pride*, and *Pride the daughter of Riches*; the former of which assertions may be soon granted, but one cannot so easily subscribe to the latter, for pride is nearly related to beggary and want, either by father or mother, and sometimes by both; and to speak naturally, it very seldom happens among men to fall out when all have enough, invasions usually travelling from North to South, that is to say from poverty

<sup>1</sup> *Riches produceth pride; Pride is war's ground, &c.* Vid. Ephem. de *Mary Clarke*; opt. Edit.



upon plenty. The most ancient and natural grounds of quarrels are lust and avarice, which though we may allow to be brethren or collateral branches of pride, are certainly the issues of want. For to speak in the phrase of writers upon the politics, we may observe in the republic of dogs (which in its original seems to be an institution of the many,) that the whole state is ever in the profoundest peace after a full meal, and that civil broils arise among them when it happens for one great bone to be seized on by some leading dog, who either divides it among the few, and then it falls to an oligarchy, or keeps it to himself, and then it runs up to a tyranny. The same reasoning also holds place among them in those dissensions we behold upon a turgescency in any of their females; for the right of possession lying in common, (it being impossible to establish a property in so delicate a case,) jealousies and suspicions do so abound that the whole commonwealth of that street is reduced to a manifest state of war, of every citizen against every citizen, till some one of more courage, conduct, or fortune than the rest, seizes and enjoys the prize; upon which naturally arises plenty of heart-burning, and envy, and snarling, against the happy dog. Again, if we look upon

any of these republics engaged in a foreign war, either of invasion or defence, we shall find the same reasoning will serve as to the grounds and occasions of each, and that poverty or want, in some degree or other, (whether real or in opinion, which makes no alteration in the case,) has a great share, as well as pride, on the part of the aggressor.

Now whoever will please to take this scheme and either reduce or adapt it to an intellectual state or commonwealth of learning, will soon discover the first ground of disagreement between the two great parties at this time in arms, and may form just conclusions upon the merits of either cause. But the issue or events of this war are not so easy to conjecture at, for the present quarrel is so inflamed by the warm heads of either faction, and the pretensions *somewhere or other* so exorbitant, as not to admit the least overtures of accommodation. This quarrel first began, as I have heard it affirmed by an old dweller in the neighbourhood, about a small spot of ground lying and being upon one of the two tops of the hill Parnassus, the highest and largest of which had, it seems, been time ~~out~~ of mind in quiet possession of certain tenants

called the Ancients, and the other was held by the Moderns. But these, disliking their present station, sent certain ambassadors to the Ancients, complaining of a great nuisance—how the height of that part of Parnassus quite spoiled the prospect of theirs, especially towards the East ; and therefore, to avoid a war, offered them the choice of this alternative : either that the Ancients would please to remove themselves and their effects down to the lower summity, which the Moderns would graciously surrender to them, and advance in their place ; or else that the said Ancients will give leave to the Moderns to come with shovels and mattocks, and level the said hill as low as they shall think it convenient. To which the Ancients made answer how little they expected such a message as this from a colony whom they had admitted, out of their own free grace, to so near a neighbourhood : that, as to their own seat, they were aborigines of it, and therefore to talk with them of a removal or surrender was a language they did not understand : that if the height of the hill on their side shortened the prospect of the Moderns, it was a disadvantage they could not help, but desired them to consider whether

that injury (if it be any) were not largely recompensed by the shade and shelter it afforded them : that as to the levelling or digging down, it was either folly or ignorance to propose it, if they did, or did not know, how that side of the hill was an entire rock which would break their tools and hearts without any damage to itself : that they would therefore advise the Moderns rather to raise their own side of the hill than dream of pulling down that of the Ancients, to the former of which they would not only give licence, but also largely contribute. All this was rejected by the Moderns with much indignation, who still insisted upon one of the two expedients ; and so this difference broke out into a long and obstinate war, maintained on the one part by resolution and by the courage of certain leaders and allies, but on the other by the greatness of their number, upon all defeats affording continual recruits. In this quarrel whole rivulets of ink have been exhausted, and the virulence of both parties enormously augmented. Now it must here be understood that ink is the great missive weapon in all battles of the learned, which conveyed through a sort of engine called a *quill*, infinite numbers of these are darted

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at the enemy by the valiant on each side, with equal skill and violence as if it were an engagement of porcupines. This malignant liquor was compounded by the engineer who invented it, of two ingredients, which are gall and copperas, by its bitterness and venom to suit in some degree, as well as to foment, the genius of the combatants. And as the Grecians, after an engagement, when they could not agree about the victory, were wont to set up trophies on both sides, the beaten party being content to be at the same expense, to keep itself in countenance, (a laudable and ancient custom happily revived of late in the art of war,) so the learned after a sharp and bloody dispute do on both sides hang out their trophies too, whichever comes by the worst. These trophies have largely inscribed on them the merits of the cause; a full impartial account of such a battle; and how the victory fell clearly to the party that set them up. They are known to the world under several names, as—Disputes, Arguments, Rejoinders, Brief Considerations, Answers, Replies, Remarks, Reflections, Objections, Confutations. For a very few days they are fixed up in all public places,

either by themselves or their representatives,<sup>1</sup> for passengers to gaze at, from whence the chiefest and largest are removed to certain magazines they call *libraries*, there to remain in a quarter purposely assigned them, and from thenceforth begin to be called *Books of Controversy*.

In these books is wonderfully instilled and preserved the spirit of each warrior, while he is alive, and after his death his soul transmigrates there to inform them. This, at least, is the more common opinion: but I believe it is with libraries as with other cemeteries, where some philosophers affirm that a certain spirit, which they call *brutum hominis*, hovers over the monument, till the body is corrupted and turns to dust or to worms, but then vanishes or dissolves; so we may say a restless spirit haunts over every book, till dust or worms have seized upon it, which to some may happen in a few days, but to others later; and therefore Books of Controversy, being of all others haunted by the most disorderly spirits, have always been confined in a separate lodge from the rest, and for fear of mutual violence against each other, it was thought

<sup>1</sup> Their title-pages.

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prudent by our ancestors to bind them to the peace with strong iron chains. Of which invention the original occasion was this : when the works of Scotus first came out, they were carried to a certain great library, and had lodgings appointed them ; but this author was no sooner settled than he went to visit his master Aristotle, and there both concerted together to seize Plato by main force and turn him out from his ancient station among the divines, where he had peaceably dwelt near eight hundred years. The attempt succeeded, and the two usurpers have reigned ever since in his stead, but to maintain quiet for the future, it was decreed that all polemics of the larger size should be held fast with a chain.

By this expedient the public peace of libraries might certainly have been preserved, if a new species of controversial books had not arose of late years, instinct with a most malignant spirit, from the war above-mentioned between the learned about the higher summit of Parnassus.

When these books were first admitted into the public libraries, I remember to have said, upon occasion, to several persons concerned, how I was sure they would

create broils wherever they came, unless a world of care were taken, and therefore I advised that the champions of each side should be coupled together, or otherwise mixed, that like the blending of contrary poisons, their malignity might be employed among themselves. And it seems I was neither an ill prophet nor an ill counsellor ; for it was nothing else but the neglect of this caution, which gave occasion to the terrible fight that happened on Friday last, between the Ancient and Modern books in the King's Library. Now because the talk of this battle is so fresh in everybody's mouth, and the expectation of the town so great to be informed in the particulars, I, being possessed of all qualifications requisite in an historian, and retained by neither party, have resolved to comply with the urgent importunity of my friends, by writing down a full impartial account thereof.

The guardian of the Regal Library—a person of great valour, but chiefly renowned for his *humanity*—had been a fierce champion for the Moderns, and in an engagement upon Parnassus had vowed with his own hands to knock down two of the Ancient chiefs, who guarded a small pass on the superior rock ; but



endeavouring to climb up, was cruelly obstructed by his own unhappy weight and tendency towards his centre, a quality to which those of the Modern party are extreme subject; for being light-headed, they have in speculation a wonderful agility, and conceive nothing too high for them to mount, but in reducing to practice, discover a mighty pressure about their posteriors and their heels. Having thus failed in his design, the disappointed champion bore a cruel rancour to the Ancients, which he resolved to gratify by showing all marks of his favour to the books of their adversaries, and lodging them in the fairest apartments; when at the same time, whatever book had the boldness to own itself for an advocate of the Ancients, was buried alive in some obscure corner, and threatened, upon the least displeasure, to be turned out of doors. Besides, it so happened that about this time there was a strange confusion of place among all the books in the Library; for which several reasons were assigned. Some imputed it to a great heap of learned dust which a perverse wind blew off from a shelf of Moderns into the Keeper's eyes. Others affirmed he had a humour to pick the worms out of the Schoolmen, and swallow them fresh

and fasting ; whereof some fell upon his spleen, and some climbed up into his head, to the great perturbation of both. And lastly, others maintained, that by walking much in the dark about the Library, he had quite lost the situation of it out of his head ; and therefore in replacing his books he was apt to mistake, and clap Descartes next to Aristotle : poor Plato had got between Hobbes and the *Seven Wise Masters* : and Vergil was hemmed in, with Dryden on one side, and Withers on the other.

Meanwhile, those books that were advocates for the Moderns, chose out one from among them to make a progress through the whole Library, examine the number and strength of their party, and concert their affairs. This messenger performed all things very industriously, and brought back with him a list of their forces, in all fifty thousand, consisting chiefly of light-horse, heavy-armed foot, and mercenaries ; whereof the foot were in general but sorrily armed, and worse clad, their horses large, but extremely out of case and heart ; however, some few by trading among the Ancients, had furnished themselves tolerably enough.

While things were in this ferment, discord grew

extremely high, hot words passed on both sides, and ill blood was plentifully bred. Here a solitary Ancient, squeezed up among a whole shelf of Moderns, offered fairly to dispute the case, and to prove by manifest reasons that the priority was due to them from long possession, and in regard of their prudence, antiquity, and above all, their great merits towards the Moderns. But these denied the premises, and seemed very much to wonder how the Ancients could pretend to insist upon their antiquity, when it was so plain (if they went to that) that the Moderns were much the more ancient<sup>1</sup> of the two. As for any obligations they owed to the Ancients, they renounced them all. "'Tis true," said they, "we are informed some few of our party have been so mean to borrow their subsistence from you, but the rest, infinitely the greater number, and especially we French and English, were so far from stooping to so base an example, that there never passed, till this very hour, six words between us. For our horses are of our own breeding, our arms of our own forging, and our clothes of our own cutting-out and sewing." Plato was by chance upon the next shelf, and observing

<sup>1</sup> According to the modern paradox.

those that spoke to be in the ragged plight mentioned a while ago, their jades lean and foundered, their weapons of rotten wood, their armour rusty, and nothing but rags underneath, he laughed loud, and in his pleasant way swore, By G——, he believed them !

Now the Moderns had not proceeded, in their late negotiation, with secrecy enough to escape the notice of the enemy, for those advocates who had begun the quarrel by setting first on foot the dispute of precedency, talked so loud of coming to a battle, that Temple happened to overhear them, and gave immediate intelligence to the Ancients, who thereupon drew up their scattered troops together, resolving to act upon the defensive ; upon which several of the Moderns fled over to their party, and among the rest Temple himself. This Temple, having been educated and long conversed among the Ancients, was of all the Moderns their greatest favourite, and became their greatest champion.

Things were at this crisis when a material accident fell out : for upon the highest corner of a large window there dwelt a certain spider, swollen up to the first magnitude by the destruction of infinite numbers of flies, whose spoils lay scattered before the gates of

his palace, like human bones before the cave of some giant. The avenues to his castle were guarded with turn-pikes and palisades, all after the Modern way of fortification. After you had passed several courts you came to the centre, wherein you might behold the constable himself, in his own lodgings, which had windows fronting to each avenue, and ports to sally out upon all occasions of prey or defence. In this mansion he had for some time dwelt in peace and plenty, without danger to his person by swallows from above, or to his palace by brooms from below, when it was the pleasure of fortune to conduct thither a wandering bee, to whose curiosity a broken pane in the glass had discovered itself, and in he went; where expatiating a while, he at last happened to alight upon one of the outward walls of the spider's citadel, which yielding to the unequal weight, sunk down to the very foundation. Thrice he endeavoured to force his passage, and thrice the centre shook. The spider within, feeling the terrible convulsion, supposed at first that Nature was approaching to her final dissolution, or else that Beelzebub, with all his legions, was come to revenge the death of many thousands of his subjects,

whom his enemy had slain and devoured. However, he at length valiantly resolved to issue forth and meet his fate. Meanwhile the bee had acquitted himself of his toils, and posted securely at some distance, was employed in cleansing his wings and disengaging them from the ragged remnants of the cobweb. By this time the spider was adventured out; when beholding the chasms, and ruins, and dilapidations, of his fortress, he was very near at his wit's end: he stormed and swore like a madman, and swelled till he was ready to burst. At length, casting his eye upon the bee, and wisely gathering causes from events (for they knew each other by sight), "A plague split you," said he, "for a giddy son of a whore! Is it you, with a vengeance, that have made this litter here? Could not you look before you and be d——n'd? Do you think I have nothing else to do (in the devil's name) but to mend and repair after your arse?" "Good words, friend," said the bee, having now pruned himself, and being disposed to droll, "I'll give you my hand and word to come near your kennel no more. I was never in such a confounded pickle since I was born." "Sirrah!" replied the spider, "if it were not for breaking

an old custom in our family, never to stir abroad against an enemy, I should come and teach you better manners." "I pray have patience," said the bee, "or you will spend your substance; and for aught I see, you may stand in need of it all, towards the repair of your house." "Rogue! rogue!" replied the spider, "yet methinks you should have more respect to a person whom all the world allows to be so much your betters." "By my troth," said the bee, "the comparison will amount to a very good jest, and you will do me a favour, to let me know the reasons that all the world is pleased to use in so hopeful a dispute." At this, the spider, having swelled himself into the size and posture of a disputant, began his argument in the true spirit of controversy, with a resolution to be heartily scurrilous and angry, to urge on his own reasons without the least regard to the answers or objections of his opposite, and fully predetermined in his mind against all conviction.

"Not to disparage myself," said he, "by the comparison with such a rascal, what art thou but a vagabond without house or home, without stock or inheritance, born to no possession of your own but a

pair of wings and a drone-pipe? Your livelihood is a universal plunder upon nature: a freebooter over fields and gardens: and for the sake of stealing will rob a nettle as readily as a violet; whereas I am a domestic animal, furnished with a native stock within myself. This large castle (to show my improvements in the mathematics,) is all built with my own hands, and the materials extracted altogether out of my own person."

"I am glad," answered the bee, "to hear you grant, at least, that I am come honestly by my wings and my voice; for then, it seems, I am obliged to heaven alone for my flights and my music; and Providence would never have bestowed on me two such gifts without designing them for the noblest ends. I visit, indeed, all the flowers and blossoms of the field and the garden, but whatever I collect from thence enriches myself, without the least injury to their beauty, their smell, or their taste. Now for you, and your skill in architecture and other mathematics, I have little to say: in that building of yours, there might, for aught I know, have been labour and method enough, but by woeful experience for us both, 'tis too plain the materials are naught; and I hope you will henceforth



take warning, and consider duration and matter as well as method and art. You boast, indeed, of being obliged to no other creature, but of drawing and spinning out all from yourself: that is to say, if we may judge of the liquor in the vessel by what issues out, you possess a good plentiful store of dirt and poison in your breast; and though I would by no means lessen or disparage your genuine stock of either, yet I doubt you are somewhat obliged, for an increase of both, to a little foreign assistance. Your inherent portion of dirt does not fail of acquisitions by sweepings exhaled from below, and one insect furnishes you with a share of poison to destroy another. So that, in short, the question comes all to this: whether is the nobler being of the two—that which by a lazy contemplation of four inches round, by an overweening pride, feeding and engendering on itself, turns all into excrement and venom, producing nothing at all but fly-bane and a cobweb: or that which by a universal range, with long search, much study, true judgement, and distinction of things, brings home honey and wax?"

This dispute was managed with such eagerness, clamour, and warmth, that the two parties of books in

arms below stood silent a while, waiting in suspense what would be the issue; which was not long undetermined; for the bee, grown impatient at so much loss of time, fled straight away to a bed of roses without looking for a reply, and left the spider like an orator collected in himself, and just prepared to burst out.

It happened, upon this emergency, that Æsop broke silence first. He had been of late most barbarously treated by a strange effect of the Regent's *humanity*, who had tore off his title-page, sorely defaced one half of his leaves, and chained him fast among a shelf of Moderns; where soon discovering how high the quarrel was like to proceed, he tried all his arts, and turned himself to a thousand forms. At length, in the borrowed shape of an ass, the Regent mistook him for a Modern, by which means he had time and opportunity to escape to the Ancients just when the spider and the bee were entering into their contest; to which he gave his attention with a world of pleasure, and when it was ended, swore in the loudest key, that in all his life he had never known two cases so parallel and adapt to each other, as that in the window and

this upon the shelves. "The disputants," said he, "have admirably managed the dispute between them, have taken in the full strength of all that is to be said on both sides, and exhausted the substance of every argument *pro* and *con*. It is but to adjust the reasonings of both to the present quarrel, then to compare and apply the labours and fruits of each, as the bee has learnedly deduced them, and we shall find the conclusion fall plain and close upon the Moderns and us. For pray, gentlemen, was ever anything so Modern as the spider, in his air, his turns, and his paradoxes? He argues in the behalf of you his brethren, and himself, with many boastings of his native stock and great genius, that he spins and spits wholly from himself, and scorns to own any obligation or assistance from without. Then he displays to you his great skill in architecture, and improvement in the mathematics. To all this, the bee, as an advocate retained by us the Ancients, thinks fit to answer: that if one may judge of the great genius or inventions of the Moderns by what they have produced, you will hardly have countenance to bear you out in boasting of either. Erect your schemes with as much method

and skill as you please, yet if the materials be nothing but dirt spun out of your own entrails (the guts of Modern brains), the edifice will conclude at last in a cobweb, the duration of which, like that of other spiders' webs, may be imputed to their being forgotten, or neglected, or hid in a corner. For anything else of genuine that the Moderns may pretend to, I cannot recollect; unless it be a large vein of wrangling and satire, much of a nature and substance with the spider's poison, which however they pretend to spit wholly out of themselves, is improved by the same arts—by feeding upon the insects and vermin of the age. As for us, the Ancients, we are content, with the bee, to pretend to nothing of our own beyond our wings and our voice: that is to say, our flights and our language; for the rest, whatever we have got has been by infinite labour and search, and ranging through every corner of nature. The difference is, that instead of dirt and poison, we have rather chose to fill our hives with honey and wax, thus furnishing mankind with the two noblest of things, which are sweetness and light."

'Tis wonderful to conceive the tumult arisen among the books upon the close of this long descant of *Æsop*.

Both parties took the hint, and heightened their animosities so on a sudden that they resolved it should come to a battle. Immediately the two main bodies withdrew under their several ensigns to the farther parts of the Library, and there entered into cabals and consults upon the present emergency. The Moderns were in very warm debates upon the choice of their leaders, and nothing less than the fear impending from their enemies, could have kept them from mutinies upon this occasion. The difference was greatest among the horse, where every private trooper pretended to the chief command, from Tasso and Milton to Dryden and Withers. The light-horse were commanded by Cowley and Despréaux. There, came the bowmen under their valiant leaders, Descartes, Gassendi, and Hobbes, whose strength was such that they could shoot their arrows beyond the atmosphere, never to fall down again, but turn, like that of Evander, into meteors, or like the cannon-ball, into stars. Paracelsus brought a squadron of stink-pot-fingers from the snowy mountains of Rhætia. There, came a vast body of dragoons, of different nations, under the leading of Harvey, their great Aga, part armed with

scythes, the weapons of death, part with lances and long knives, all steeped in poison ; part shot bullets of a most malignant nature, and used white powder which infallibly killed without report. There, came several bodies of heavy-armed foot, all mercenaries, under the ensigns of Guicciardini, Davila, Polydore Vergil, Buchanan, Mariana, Camden, and others. The engineers were commanded by Regiomontanus and Wilkins. The rest were a confused multitude led by Scotus, Aquinas, and Bellarmine ; of mighty bulk and stature, but without either arms, courage, or discipline. In the last place came infinite swarms of *calones*, a disorderly rout led by L'Estrange, rogues and ragamuffins that follow the camp for nothing but the plunder ; all without coats to cover them.

The army of the Ancients was much fewer in number. Homer led the horse, and Pindar the light-horse : Euclid was chief engineer : Plato and Aristotle commanded the bowmen : Herodotus and Livy the foot : Hippocrates the dragoons. The allies, led by Vossius and Temple, brought up the rear.

All things violently tending to a decisive battle, Fame, who much frequented and had a large apartment

formerly assigned her in the Regal Library, fled up straight to Jupiter, to whom she delivered a faithful account of all that passed between the two parties below, for among the gods she always tells truth. Jove in great concern convokes a council in the Milky Way. The Senate assembled, he declares the occasion of convening them—a bloody battle just impendent between two mighty armies of Ancient and Modern creatures called *books*, wherein the celestial interest was but too deeply concerned. Momus, the patron of the Moderns, made an excellent speech in their favour, which was answered by Pallas, the protectress of the Ancients. The assembly was divided in their affections; when Jupiter commanded the Book of Fate to be laid before him. Immediately were brought by Mercury three large volumes in folio containing memoirs of all things past, present, and to come. The clasps were of silver double gilt, the covers of celestial Turkey leather, and the paper such as here on earth might almost pass for vellum. Jupiter, having silently read the decree, would communicate the import to none, but presently shut up the book.

Without the doors of this assembly there attended a

vast number of light nimble gods, menial servants to Jupiter: these are his ministering instruments in all affairs below. They travel in a caravan, more or less together, and are fastened to each other, like a link of galley-slaves, by a light chain which passes from them to Jupiter's great toe, and yet in receiving or delivering a message they may never approach above the lowest step of his throne, where he and they whisper to each other through a long hollow trunk. These deities are called by mortal men *accidents* or *events*, but the gods call them *second causes*. Jupiter having delivered his message to a certain number of these divinities, they flew immediately down to the pinnacle of the Regal Library, and consulting a few minutes, entered unseen, and disposed the parties according to their orders.

Meanwhile, Momus fearing the worst, and calling to mind an ancient prophecy which bore no very good face to his children the Moderns, bent his flight to the region of a malignant deity called Criticism. She dwelt on the top of a snowy mountain in Nova Zembla; there Momus found her extended in her den, upon the spoils of numberless volumes half devoured. At her right hand sat Ignorance, her father and



husband, blind with age; at her left, Pride, her mother, dressing her up in the scraps of paper herself had torn. There, was Opinion, her sister, light of foot, hoodwinked, and headstrong, yet giddy and perpetually turning. About her played her children, Noise and Impudence, Dullness and Vanity, Positiveness, Pedantry, and Ill-Manners. The goddess herself had claws like a cat: her head, and ears, and voice, resembled those of an ass: her teeth fallen out before: her eyes turned inward, as if she looked only upon herself: her diet was the overflowing of her own gall: her spleen was so large as to stand prominent like a dug of the first rate, nor wanted excrescences in form of teats, at which a crew of ugly monsters were greedily sucking, and what is wonderful to conceive, the bulk of spleen increased faster than the sucking could diminish it. "Goddess," said Momus, "can you sit idly here, while our devout worshippers, the Moderns, are this minute entering into a cruel battle, and perhaps now lying under the swords of their enemies? Who then, hereafter, will ever sacrifice or build altars to our divinities? Haste, therefore, to the British Isle, and if possible, prevent their destruction,

while I make factions among the gods and gain them over to our party."

Momus, having thus delivered himself, stayed not for an answer, but left the goddess to her own resentment. Up she rose in a rage, and as it is the form upon such occasions, began a soliloquy. "'Tis I," said she, "who give wisdom to infants and idiots; by me children grow wiser than their parents; by me beaux become politicians, and school-boys judges of philosophy; by me sophisters debate and conclude upon the depths of knowledge; and coffee-house wits, instinct by me, can correct an author's style, and display his minutest errors, without understanding a syllable of his matter or his language. By me striplings spend their judgement, as they do their estate, before it comes into their hands. 'Tis I who have deposed wit and knowledge from their empire over poetry, and advanced myself in their stead. And shall a few upstart Ancients dare oppose me?— But come, my aged parents, and you, my children dear, and thou, my beauteous sister, let us ascend my chariot, and haste to assist our devout Moderns, who are now sacrificing to us a hecatomb, as I perceive by

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husband, blind with age; at her left, Pride, her mother, dressing her up in the scraps of paper herself had torn. There, was Opinion, her sister, light of foot, hoodwinked, and headstrong, yet giddy and perpetually turning. About her played her children, Noise and Impudence, Dullness and Vanity, Positiveness, Pedantry, and Ill-Manners. The goddess herself had claws like a cat: her head, and ears, and voice, resembled those of an ass: her teeth fallen out before: her eyes turned inward, as if she looked only upon herself: her diet was the overflowing of her own gall: her spleen was so large as to stand prominent like a dog of the first rate, nor wanted excrescences in form of teats, at which a crew of ugly monsters were greedily sucking, and what is wonderful to conceive the bulk of spleen increased faster than the suckers could diminish it. "Goddess," said Momus, "could you sit idly here, while our devout worshippers, Moderns, are this minute entering into a cruel and perhaps now lying under the swords of our enemies: Who then, hereafter, will ever build altars to our divinity? If you will, let us British Isles, and if you will, let us



that grateful smell which from thence reaches my nostrils."

The goddess and her train, having mounted the chariot, which was drawn by tame geese, flew over infinite regions, shedding her influence in due places, till at length she arrived at her beloved island of Britain: but in hovering over its metropolis, what blessings did she not let fall upon her seminaries of Gresham and Covent Garden! and now she reached the fatal plain of St James's Library, at what time the two armies were upon the point to engage, where entering with all her caravan unseen, and landing upon a case of shelves now desart, but once inhabited by a colony of virtuosoës, she stayed a while to observe the posture of both armies.

But here the tender cares of a mother began to fill her thoughts, and move in her breast; for at the head of a troop of Modern bowmen she cast her eyes upon her son W-tt-n, to whom the fates had assigned a very short thread: W-tt-n, a young hero, whom an unknown father of mortal race begot by stolen embraces with this goddess. He was the

darling of his mother, above all her children, and she resolved to go and comfort him. But first, according to the good old custom of deities, she cast about to change her shape, for fear the divinity of her countenance might dazzle his mortal sight, and overcharge the rest of his senses. She therefore gathered up her person into an octavo compass, her body grew white and arid, and split in pieces with dryness, the thick turned into pasteboard, and the thin into paper, upon which her parents and children artfully strowed a black juice, or decoction of gall and soot, in form of letters : her head, and voice, and spleen, kept their primitive form : and that which before was a cover of skin did still continue so ; in which guise she marched on towards the Moderns, undistinguishable in shape and dress from the divine B-ntl-y, W-tt-n's dearest friend. " Brave W-tt-n," said the goddess, " why do our troops stand idle here, to spend their present vigour, and opportunity of this day ? Away ! let us haste to the generals, and advise to give the onset immediately." Having spoke thus, she took the ugliest of her monsters, full glutted from her spleen,

and flung it invisibly into his mouth, which flying straight up into his head, squeezed out his eye-balls, gave him a distorted look, and half overturned his brain. Then she privately ordered two of her beloved children, Dullness and Ill-Manners, closely to attend his person in all encounters. Having thus accoutred him, she vanished in a mist, and the hero perceived it was the goddess his mother.

The destined hour of fate being now arrived, the fight began ; whereof before I dare adventure to make a particular description, I must, after the example of other authors, petition for a hundred tongues, and mouths, and hands, and pens, which would all be too little to perform so immense a work. Say, goddess that presidest over history, who it was that first advanced in the field of battle. Paracelsus, at the head of his dragoons, observing Galen in the adverse wing, darted his javelin with a mighty force, which the brave Ancient received upon his shield, the point breaking in the second fold. \* \* \* \*

*Hic pauca* \* \* \* \* \*  
*desunt.* \* \* \* \* \*

They bore the wounded Aga on their shields to his  
 chariot \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \* \* *Desunt non-*  
 \* \* \* \* \* \* *nulla.*  
 \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

Then Aristotle, observing Bacon advance with a  
 furious mien, drew his bow to the head, and let fly  
 his arrow, which missed the valiant Modern, and  
 went hissing over his head, but Descartes it hit :  
 the steel point quickly found a defect in his head-  
 piece : it pierced the leather and the pasteboard, and  
 went in at his right eye. The torture of the pain  
 whirled the valiant bowman round, till death, like a  
 star of superior influence, drew him into his own  
 vortex. \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \* \* \* *Ingens bia-*  
 \* \* \* \* \* \* \* *tus hic in MS.*  
 \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

when Homer appeared at the head of the cavalry,  
 mounted on a furious horse, with difficulty managed  
 by the rider himself, but which no other mortal durst



approach: he rode among the enemy's ranks and bore down all before him. Say, goddess, whom he slew first and whom he slew last. First *Gondibert* advanced against him, clad in heavy armour, and mounted on a staid sober gelding, not so famed for his speed as his docility in kneeling whenever his rider would mount or alight. He had made a vow to Pallas that he would never leave the field till he had spoiled Homer<sup>1</sup> of his armour. Madman! who had never once seen the wearer nor understood his strength. Him Homer overthrew, horse and man, to the ground, there to be trampled and choked in the dirt. Then with a long spear he slew Denham, a stout Modern, who from his father's side, derived his lineage from Apollo, but his mother was of mortal race. He fell, and bit the earth. The celestial part Apollo took and made it a star, but the terrestrial lay wallowing upon the ground. Then Homer slew *W-s-l-y* with a kick of his horse's heel: he took Perrault by mighty force out of his saddle, then hurled him at Fontenelle, with the same blow dashing out both their brains.

On the left wing of the horse, Vergil appeared, in

<sup>1</sup> *Vid. Homer.*

shining armour completely fitted to his body; he was mounted on a dapple grey steed, the slowness of whose pace was an effect of the highest mettle and vigour. He cast his eye on the adverse wing with a desire to find an object worthy of his valour, when, behold! upon a sorrel gelding of a monstrous size, appeared a foe issuing from among the thickest of the enemy's squadrons: but his speed was less than his noise, for his horse, old and lean, spent the dregs of his strength in a high trot, which though it made slow advances, yet caused a loud clashing of his armour, terrible to hear. The two cavaliers had now approached within the throw of a lance, when the stranger desired a parley, and lifting up the vizard of his helmet, a face hardly appeared from within, which, after a pause, was known for that of the renowned Dryden. The brave Ancient suddenly started as one possessed with surprise and disappointment together, for the helmet was nine times too large for the head, which appeared situate far in the hinder part, even like the lady in a lobster, or like a mouse under a canopy of state, or like a shrivelled beau from within the pent-house of a modern periwig, and the voice was suited to the

visage, sounding weak and remote. Dryden, in a long harangue, soothed up the good Ancient ; called him father ; and by a large deduction of genealogies made it plainly appear that they were nearly related. Then he humbly proposed an exchange of armour, as a lasting mark of hospitality between them. Vergil consented, for the goddess Diffidence came unseen and cast a mist before his eyes, though his was of gold,<sup>1</sup> and cost a hundred beeves, the other's but of rusty iron. However, this glittering armour became the Modern yet worse than his own. Then they agreed to exchange horses, but when it came to the trial, Dryden was afraid and utterly unable to mount. \* \* \*

*Alter hiatus* \* \* \* \* \*  
*in MS.* \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \* Lucan appeared upon

a fiery horse, of admirable shape, but headstrong, bearing the rider where he list over the field. He made a mighty slaughter among the enemy's horse ; which destruction to stop, Bl-ckm-re, a famous Modern, but one of the mercenarics, strenuously opposed himself, and darted a javelin with a strong hand, which falling

<sup>1</sup> *Vid. Homer.*

short of its mark, struck deep in the earth. Then Lucan threw a lance, but Æsculapius came unseen and turned off the point. "Brave Modern," said Lucan, "I perceive some god protects you, for never did my arm so deceive me before: but what mortal can contend with a god? Therefore let us fight no longer, but present gifts to each other." Lucan then bestowed the Modern a pair of spurs, and Bl-ckm-re gave Lucan a bridle.

\* \* \* \* \* *Pauca desunt.*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

Creech, but the goddess Dullness took a cloud, formed into the shape of Horace, armed and mounted, and placed it in a flying posture before him. Glad was the cavalier to begin a combat with a flying foe, and pursued the image, threatening loud, till at last it led him to the peaceful bower of his father Ogleby, by whom he was disarmed and assigned to his repose.

Then Pindar slew —, and —, and Oldham, and —, and Afra the Amazon, light of foot; never advancing in a direct line, but wheeling with incredible agility and force, he made a terrible slaughter among the enemy's light-horse. Him when Cowley observed,

his generous heart burnt within him, and he advanced against the fierce Ancient, imitating his address, and pace, and career, as well as the vigour of his horse, and his own skill would allow. When the two cavaliers had approached within the length of three javelins, first Cowley threw a lance which missed Pindar, and passing into the enemy's ranks, fell ineffectual to the ground. Then Pindar darted a javelin so large and weighty that scarce a dozen cavaliers, as cavaliers are in our degenerate days, could raise it from the ground; yet he threw it with ease, and it went by an unerring hand, singing through the air, nor could the Modern have avoided present death, if he had not luckily opposed the shield that had been given him by Venus. And now both heroes drew their swords, but the Modern was so aghast and disordered, that he knew not where he was; his shield dropped from his hands; thrice he fled and thrice he could not escape; at last he turned and lifting up his hands, in the posture of a suppliant, "God-like Pindar!" said he, "spare my life, and possess my horse, with these arms, besides the ransom which my friends will give when they hear I am alive and your

prisoner." "Dog!" said Pindar, "let your ransom stay with your friends! but your carcass shall be left for the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field." With that he raised his sword, and with a mighty stroke, cleft the wretched Modern in twain, the sword pursuing the blow, and one half lay panting on the ground, to be trod in pieces by the horses' feet, the other half was borne by the frightened steed through the field. This Venus took and washed it seven times in ambrosia, then struck it thrice with a sprig of amaranth; upon which the leather grew round and soft, and the leaves turned into feathers, and being gilded before, continued gilded still: so it became a dove, and she harnessed it to her chariot.

\* \* \* \* \* *Hiatus valde*  
 \* \* \* \* \* *deflendus in MS.*  
 \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

Day being far spent, and the numerous forces of the Moderns half inclining to a retreat, there issued forth from a squadron of their heavy-armed foot, a captain whose name was *The Episode of B-ntl-y and W-tt-n.* B-ntl-y, in person the most deformed of all the Moderns, tall, but without shape or comeliness,

large, but without strength or proportion. His armour was patched up of a thousand incoherent pieces, and the sound of it, as he marched, was loud and dry, like that made by the fall of a sheet of lead which an Etesian wind blows suddenly down from the roof of some steeple. His helmet was of old rusty iron, but the vizard was brass, which tainted by his breath, corrupted into copperas, nor wanted gall from the same fountain, so that whenever provoked by anger or labour, an atramentous quality of most malignant nature was seen to distil from his lips. In his right hand he grasped a flail, and that he might never be unprovided of an offensive weapon, a vessel full of ordure in his left. Thus completely armed, he advanced with a slow and heavy pace where the Modern chiefs were holding a consult upon the sum of things; who, as he came onwards, laughed to behold his crooked leg and hump shoulder, which his boot and armour, vainly endeavouring to hide, were forced to comply with and expose. The generals made use of him for his talent of railing, which kept within government, proved frequently of great service to their cause, but at other times did more mischief than good, for at

the least touch of offence, and often without any at all, he would, like a wounded elephant, convert it against his leaders. Such at this juncture was the disposition of B-ntl-y, grieved to see the enemy prevail, and dissatisfied with everybody's conduct but his own. He humbly gave the Modern generals to understand that he conceived, with great submission, they were all a pack of rogues, and fools, and sons of whores, and d-mn'd cowards, and confounded loggerheads, and illiterate whelps, and nonsensical scoundrels: that if himself had been constituted general, those presumptuous dogs, the Ancients, would long before this have been beaten out of the field.<sup>1</sup> "You," said he, "sit here idle, but when I, or any other valiant Modern, kill an enemy, you are sure to seize the spoil. But I will not march one foot against the foe till you all swear to me that whomever I take or kill, his arms I shall quietly possess." B-ntl-y having spoke thus, Scaliger, bestowing him a sour look, "Miscreant prater!" said he, "eloquent only in thine own eyes, thou railest without wit, or truth, or discretion. The malignity of thy temper perverteth nature: thy learn-

<sup>1</sup> *Vid. Homer. ae Theriite.*



ing makes thee more barbarous : thy study of humanity more inhuman : thy converse amongst poets more grovelling, miry, and dull. All arts of civilising others, render thee rude and untractable : courts have taught thee ill manners : and polite conversation has finished thee a pedant. Besides, a greater coward burtheneth not the army. But never despond ; I pass my word, whatever spoil thou takest shall certainly be thy own, though I hope that vile carcass will first become a prey to kites and worms."

B-ntl-y durst not reply, but half choked with spleen and rage, withdrew in full resolution of performing some great achievement. With him, for his aid and companion, he took his beloved W-tt-n, resolving by policy or surprise to attempt some neglected quarter of the Ancients' army. They began their march over carcasses of their slaughtered friends, then to the right of their own forces, then wheeled northward till they came to Aldrovandus's tomb, which they passed on the side of the declining sun. And now they arrived with fear towards the enemy's out-guards, looking about if haply they might spy the quarters of the wounded, or some straggling sleepers, unarmed and

remote from the rest. As when two mongrel curs whom native greediness and domestic want provoke and join in partnership, though fearful, nightly to invade the folds of some rich grazier, they, with tails depressed, and lolling tongues, creep soft and slow; meanwhile the conscious moon, now in her zenith, on their guilty heads darts perpendicular rays, nor dare they bark though much provoked at her refulgent visage, whether seen in puddle by reflection or in sphere direct, but one surveys the region round, while t'other scouts the plain, if haply to discover at distance from the flock, some carcass half devoured, the refuse of gorged wolves or ominous ravens: so marched this lovely, loving pair of friends, nor with less fear and circumspection; when at distance they might perceive two shining suits of armour hanging upon an oak, and the owners not far off in a profound sleep. The two friends drew lots, and the pursuing of this adventure fell to B-ntl-y. On he went, and in his van Confusion and Amaze, while Horror and Affright brought up the rear. As he came near, behold, two heroes of the Ancients' army, Phalaris and Æsop, lay fast asleep. B-ntl-y would fain have despatched them both, and

stealing close, aimed his flail at Phalaris's breast; but then the goddess Affright, interposing, caught the Modern in her icy arms, and dragged him from the danger she foresaw, for both the dormant heroes happened to turn at the same instant though soundly sleeping and busy in a dream. For Phalaris was just that minute dreaming how a most vile poetaster had lampooned him, and how he had got him roaring in his Bull. And Æsop dreamed that as he and the Ancient chiefs were lying on the ground, a wild ass, broke loose, ran about trampling, and kicking, and dunging in their faces. B-ntl-y, leaving the two heroes asleep, seized on both their armours, and withdrew in quest of his darling W-tt-n.

He, in the meantime, had wandered long in search of some enterprise, till at length he arrived at a small rivulet that issued from a fountain hard by, called in the language of mortal men, Helicon. Here he stopped, and, parched with thirst, resolved to allay it in this limpid stream. Thrice with profane hands he essayed to raise the water to his lips, and thrice it slipped all through his fingers. Then he stooped prone on his breast, but e'er his mouth had kissed the

liquid crystal, Apollo came, and in the channel held his shield betwixt the Modern and the fountain, so that he drew up nothing but mud. For although no fountain on earth can compare with the clearness of Helicon, yet there lies at bottom a thick sediment of slime and mud : for so Apollo begged of Jupiter, as a punishment to those who durst attempt to taste it with unhallowed lips, and for a lesson to all not to draw too deep, or far from the spring.

At the fountain head W-tt-n discerned two heroes ; the one he could not distinguish, but the other was soon known for Temple, general of the allies to the Ancients. His back was turned, and he was employed in drinking large draughts in his helmet, from the fountain where he had withdrawn himself to rest from the toils of the war. W-tt-n, observing him with quaking knees and trembling hands, spoke thus to himself, " Oh ! that I could kill this destroyer of our army ! What renown should I purchase among the chiefs ! But to issue out against him, man for man, shield against shield, and lance against lance, what Modern of us dare ? <sup>1</sup> For he fights like a god, and

<sup>1</sup> *Vid. Homer.*

Pallas or Apollo are ever at his elbow. But oh! mother, if what fame reports be true, that I am the son of so great a goddess, grant me to hit Temple with this lance, that the stroke may send him to hell, and that I may return in safety and triumph, laden with his spoils." The first part of his prayer the gods granted at the intercession of his mother and of Momus, but the rest, by a perverse wind sent from fate, was scattered in the air. Then W-tt-n grasped his lance, and brandishing it thrice over his head, darted it with all his might, the goddess his mother at the same time adding strength to his arm. Away the lance went hissing, and reached even to the belt of the averted Ancient, upon which lightly grazing, it fell to the ground. Temple neither felt the weapon touch him, nor heard it fall, and W-tt-n might have escaped to his army, with the honour of having remitted his lance against so great a leader, unrevenged, but Apollo, enraged that a javelin flung by the assistance of so foul a goddess, should pollute his fountain, put on the shape of —, and softly came to young Boyle, who then accompanied Temple. He pointed first to the lance, then to the distant Modern that flung it, and

commanded the young hero to take immediate revenge. Boyle, clad in a suit of armour which had been given him by all the gods, immediately advanced against the trembling foe, who now fled before him. As a young lion in the Libyan plains or Araby desart, sent by his aged sire to hunt for prey, or health, or exercise, he scours along, wishing to meet some tiger from the mountains, or a furious boar; if chance a wild ass, with brayings importune, affronts his ear, the generous beast though loathing to distain his claws with blood so vile, yet much provoked at the offensive noise, which Echo, foolish nymph, like her ill-judging sex, repeats much louder and with more delight than Philomela's song, he vindicates the honour of the forest, and hunts the noisy, long-eared animal. So W-tt-n fled, so Boyle pursued. But W-tt-n, heavy-armed and slow of foot, began to slack his course, when his lover B-ntl-y appeared, returning laden with the spoils of the two sleeping Ancients. Boyle observed him well, and soon discovering the helmet and shield of Phalaris his friend, both which he had lately with his own hands new polished and gilded, rage sparkled in his eyes, and leaving his pursuit after

W-tt-n, he furiously rushed on against this new approacher. Fain would he be revenged on both, but both now fled different ways, and as a woman in a little house, that gets a painful livelihood by spinning,<sup>1</sup> if chance her geese be scattered o'er the common, she courses round the plain from side to side, compelling here and there the stragglers to the flock ; they cackle loud and flutter o'er the champain : so Boyle pursued, so fled this pair of friends. Finding at length their flight was vain, they bravely joined, and drew themselves in phalanx. First B-ntl-y threw a spear with all his force, hoping to pierce the enemy's breast, but Pallas came unseen, and in the air took off the point and clapped on one of lead, which after a dead bang against the enemy's shield, fell blunted to the ground. Then Boyle, observing well his time, took a lance of wondrous length and sharpness, and as this pair of friends compacted stood close, side to side, he wheeled him to the right, and with unusual force darted the weapon. B-ntl-y saw his fate approach, and flanking down his arms close to his ribs, hoping to save his body, in went the point, passing through arm and side,

<sup>1</sup> *Vid. Homer.*

nor stopped or spent its force till it had also pierced the valiant W-tt-n, who going to sustain his dying friend, shared his fate. As when a skillful cook has trussed a brace of woodcocks, he with iron skewer pierces the tender sides of both, their legs and wings close pinioned to their ribs, so was this pair of friends transfixed, till down they fell, joined in their lives, joined in their deaths, so closely joined that Charon would mistake them both for one, and waft them over Styx for half his fare. Farewell, beloved, loving pair! few equals have you left behind, and happy and immortal shall you be if all my wit and eloquence can make you!

And now \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \* *Desunt cætera.*





## APPENDIX

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE

AN ESSAY

UPON THE

ANCIENT AND MODERN LEARNING

[1692]

[Temple's Works ed. 1814: III, pp. 444-446]

— *Juvat antiquos accedere fontes.*

WHOEVER converses much among the old books will be something hard to please among the new; yet these must have their part too in the leisure of an idle man, and have many of them their beauties as well as their defaults. Those of story or relations of matter of fact have a value from their substance as much as from their form, and the variety of events is seldom without entertainment or instruction, how indifferently soever the tale is told. Other sorts of writings have little of esteem but what they receive from the wit,

learning, or genius of the authors, and are seldom met with of any excellency, because they do but trace over the paths that have been beaten by the ancients ; or comment, critique, and flourish upon them : and are at best but copies after those originals, unless upon subjects never touched by them ; such as are all that relate to the different constitutions of religious laws or governments in several countries, with all matters of controversy that arise upon them.

Two pieces that have lately pleased me (abstracted from any of these subjects) are one in English upon the Antediluvian World, and another in French upon the Plurality of Worlds ; one writ by a divine, and the other by a gentleman, but both very finely in their several kinds, and upon their several subjects, which would have made very poor work in common hands. I was so pleased with the last (I mean the fashion of it rather than the matter, which is old and beaten) that I enquired for what else I could of the same hand, till I met with a small piece concerning poesy, which gave me the same exception to both these authors whom I should otherwise have been very partial to. For the first could not end his

learned treatise without a panegyric of modern learning and knowledge in comparison of the ancient : and the other falls so grossly into the censure of the old poetry, and preference of the new, that I could not read either of these strains without some indignation, which no quality among men is so apt to raise in me as sufficiency, the worst composition out of the pride and ignorance of mankind. But these two being not the only persons of the age that defend these opinions, it may be worth examining how far either reason or experience can be allowed to plead or determine in their favour.

The force of all that I have met with upon this subject either in talk or writings, is, first, as to knowledge : that we must have more than the ancients, because we have the advantage both of theirs and our own, which is commonly illustrated by the similitude of a dwarf's standing upon a giant's shoulders, and seeing more or farther than he : next, as to wit or genius, that nature being still the same, these must be much at a rate in all ages, at least in the same climates, as the growth and size of plants and animals commonly are. And if both these are allowed they think the

cause is gained. But I cannot tell why we should conclude that the ancient writers had not as much advantage from the knowledge of others, that were ancient to them, as we have from those that are ancient to us.

[The ancients had many books, perhaps more than we have : but books are not really necessary to learning.

In Eastern countries there seems to have been a general custom that the priests should keep a record of public events ; and in Æthiopia, Egypt, Chaldea, Persia, Syria, and Judæa they were equally diligent in the study of natural science and philosophy. From these sources Orpheus, Homer, Lycurgus, Pythagoras, Plato, and others of the ancients drew those depths of knowledge or learning which have made them so renowned in all succeeding ages.]

[*ibid.* pp. 449-452]

. . . to judge whether the ancients or moderns can be probably thought to have made the greatest progress in the search and discoveries of the vast region of

truth and nature, it will be worth enquiring what guides have been used, and what labours employed, by the one and the other, in these noble travels and pursuits.

The modern scholars have their usual recourse to the universities of their countries; some few it may be to those of their neighbours; and this in quest of books, rather than men, for their guides, though these are living, and those, in comparison, but dead instructors; which like a hand with an inscription, can point out the straight way upon the road but can neither tell you the next turnings, resolve your doubts, or answer your questions, like a guide that has traced it over, and perhaps knows it as well as his chamber. And who are these dead guides we seek in our journey? They are at best but some few authors that remain among us, of a great many that wrote in Greek or Latin, from the age of Hippocrates to that of Marcus Antoninus, which reaches not much above six hundred years. Before that time I know none, besides some poets, some fables, and some few epistles; and since that time, I know very few that can pretend to be authors rather

than transcribers or commentators of the ancient learning. Now to consider at what sources our ancients drew their water, and with what unwearied pains. It is evident Thales and Pythagoras were the two founders of the Grecian philosophy: the first gave beginning to the Ionic sect, and the other to the Italic; out of which all the others celebrated in Greece or Rome were derived or composed. Thales was the first of the Sophi, or wise men famous in Greece, and is said to have learned his astronomy, geometry, astrology, theology, in his travels from his country, Miletus, to Egypt, Phœnicia, Crete, and Delphos. Pythagoras was the father of philosophers, and of the virtues, having in modesty chosen the name of a lover of wisdom, rather than of wise; and having first introduced the names of the four cardinal virtues, and given them the place and rank they have held ever since in the world. Of these two mighty men remain no writings at all; for those golden verses that go under the name of Pythagoras are generally rejected as spurious, like many other fragments of Sibyls, or old poets, and some entire poems that run with ancient names: nor is it agreed, whether he ever left anything

written to his scholars or cotemporaries ; or whether all that learned of him did it not by the ear and memory ; and all that remained of him, for some succeeding ages, were not by tradition. But whether these ever writ or no, they were the fountains out of which the following Greek philosophers drew all those streams that have since watered the studies of the learned world, and furnished the voluminous writings of so many sects as passed afterwards under the common name of philosophers.

As there were guides to those that we call ancients, so there were others that were guides to them, in whose search they travelled far and laboured long.

There is nothing more agreed than that all the learning of the Greeks was deduced originally from Egypt or Phœnicia ; but whether theirs might not have flourished to that degree it did by the commerce of the Æthiopians, Chaldeans, Arabians, and Indians, is not so evident (though I am very apt to believe it), and to most of these regions some of the Grecians travelled in search of those golden mines of learning and knowledge : not to mention the voyages of Orpheus, Musæus, Lycurgus, Thales, Solon, Democritus,



Herodotus, Plato, and that vain sophist Apollonius, (who was but an ape of the ancient philosophers), I shall only trace those of Pythagoras, who seems, of all others, to have gone the farthest upon this design, and to have brought home the greatest treasures. He went first to Egypt, where he spent two and twenty years in study and conversation, among the several colleges of priests, in Memphis, Thebes, and Heliopolis, was initiated in all their several mysteries, in order to gain admittance and instruction in the learning and sciences that were there in their highest ascent. Twelve years he spent in Babylon, and in the studies and learning of the priests or Magi of the Chaldeans. Besides these long abodes in those two regions celebrated for ancient learning, and where one author, according to their calculations, says, he gained the observations of innumerable ages, he travelled likewise upon the same scent into Æthiopia, Arabia, India, to Crete, to Delphos, and to all the oracles that were renowned in any of these regions.

[We can judge what sort of men they were whom he visited, from the accounts we have of the Indian Brahmins.

From these Indians Pythagoras probably obtained most of his natural and moral philosophy. Probably the Egyptians also got much of their learning from them ; and it seems likely that in the first place all this knowledge came from China.

But even allowing the greatness of the ancients, we cannot be sure that we derive any advantage from it, for their great advances may have been due to the native genius of single men who have never been equalled since. The greatness of the ancients may even have been a hindrance to the moderns, who have been obliged to learn all that the ancients have discovered, and so may have had their inventive powers weakened. A dwarf sees less than the giant though he stands on his shoulders, if he is naturally shorter sighted, or does not look about him so much, or is dazzled with the height.

Many causes contributed to the decay of learning after the fall of the Roman Empire, and though learning and knowledge in Western Europe have much increased during the last

150 years, there is no proof that they have outgrown all that was ancient.]

[*ibid.* pp. 468-477]

But what are the sciences wherein we pretend to excel? I know of no new philosophers, that have made entries upon that noble stage for fifteen hundred years past, unless Descartes and Hobbes should pretend to it; of whom I shall make no critique here, but only say that by what appears of learned men's opinions in this age, they have by no means eclipsed the lustre of Plato, Aristotle, Epicurus, or others of the ancients. For grammar or rhetoric, no man ever disputed it with them; nor for poetry, that ever I heard of, besides the new French author I have mentioned; and against whose opinion there could, I think, never have been given stronger evidence, than by his own poems printed together with that treatise.

There is nothing new in astronomy, to vie with the ancients, unless it be the Copernican system; nor in physic, unless Harvey's circulation of the blood. But whether either of these be modern discoveries, or derived from old fountains, is disputed: nay, it is so

too, whether they are true or no ; for though reason may seem to favour them more than the contrary opinions, yet sense can very hardly allow them ; and to satisfy mankind, both these must concur. But if they are true, yet these two great discoveries have made no change in the conclusions of astronomy, nor in the practice of physic ; and so have been of little use to the world, though perhaps of much honour to the authors.

What are become of the charms of music, by which men and beasts, fishes, fowls, and serpents were so frequently enchanted and their very natures changed ; by which the passions of men were raised to the greatest height and violence, and then as suddenly appeased, so as they might be justly said to be turned into lions or lambs, into wolves or into harts, by the powers and charms of this admirable art ? It is agreed by the learned, that the science of music, so admired of the ancients, is wholly lost in the world ; and that what we have now, is made up out of certain notes that fell into the fancy or observation of a poor friar, in chanting his matins. So as those two divine excellencies of music and poetry are grown, in a manner, to be little

more but the one, fiddling, and the other, rhyming ; and are indeed very worthy the ignorance of the friar, and the barbarousness of the Goths, that introduced them among us.


What have we remaining of magic, by which the Indians, the Chaldeans, the Egyptians were so renowned, and by which effects so wonderful, and to common men so astonishing, were produced, as made them have recourse to spirits or supernatural powers for some account of their strange operations ? By magic I mean some excelling knowledge of nature and the various powers and qualities of its several productions, and the application of certain agents to certain patients, which by force of some peculiar qualities, produce effects very different from what fall under vulgar observation or comprehension. These are by ignorant people called magic, or conjuring, and such like terms, and an account of them, much about as wise, is given by the common learned from Sympathies, Antipathies, Idiosyncrasies, Talismans, and some scraps or terms left us by the Egyptians or Grecians of the ancient magic : but the science seems with several others to be wholly lost.

What traces have we left of that admirable science or skill in architecture, by which such stupendous fabrics have been raised of old, and so many of the wonders of the world been produced, and which are so little approached by our modern achievements of this sort that they hardly fall within our imagination Not to mention the walls and palace of Babylon, the pyramids of Egypt, the tomb of Mausolus, or colosse of Rhodes, the temples and palaces of Greece and Rome, what can be more admirable in this kind than the Roman theatres, their aqueducts, and their bridges? among which that of Trajan, over the Danube, seems to have been the last flight of the ancient architecture. The stupendous effects of this science sufficiently evince at what heights the mathematics were among the ancients; but if this be not enough, whoever would be satisfied, need go no further than the siege of Syracuse, and that mighty defence made against the Roman power, more by the wonderful science and arts of Archimedes, and almost magical force of his engines, than by all the strength of the city, or number and bravery of the inhabitants.

. The greatest invention that I know of, in latter ages,

has been that of the loadstone, and consequently the greatest improvement has been made in the art of navigation: yet there must be allowed to have been something stupendous in the numbers, and in the build, of their ships and galleys of old; and the skill of pilots, from the observation of the stars in the more serene climates, may be judged by the navigations, so celebrated in story, of the Tyrians, and Carthaginians, not to mention other nations. However, it is to this we owe the discovery and commerce of so many vast countries which were very little, if at all, known to the ancients; and the experimental proof of this terrestrial globe, which was before only speculation, but has since been surrounded by the fortune and boldness of several navigators. From this great, though fortuitous, invention, and the consequences thereof, it must be allowed that geography is mightily advanced in these latter ages. The vast continents of China, the East and West Indies, the long extent and coasts of Africa, with the numberless islands belonging to them, have been hereby introduced into our acquaintance, and our maps; and great increases of wealth and luxury, but none of knowledge brought among us, further than the extent

and situation of country, the customs and manners of so many original nations, which we call barbarous, and, I am sure, have treated them as if we hardly esteemed them to be a part of mankind. I do not doubt but many great and more noble uses would have been made of such conquests or discoveries, if they had fallen to the share of the Greeks and Romans, in those ages when knowledge and fame were in as great request as endless gains and wealth are among us now; and how much greater discoveries might have been made by such spirits as theirs is hard to guess. I am sure ours, though great, yet look very imperfect as to what the face of this terrestrial globe would probably appear, if they had been pursued as far as we might justly have expected from the progresses of navigation since the use of the compass, which seems to have been long at a stand. How little has been performed of what has been so often, and so confidently promised, of a North-West Passage to the east of Tartary, and north of China! How little do we know of the lands on that side of the Magellan Straits that lie towards the South Pole, which may be vast islands, or continents, for aught any can yet aver, though that passage was so





long since found out ! Whether Japan be island, or continent with some parts of Tartary on the north side, is not certainly agreed. The lands of Yedso, upon the north-east continent, have been no more than coasted, and whether they may not join to the northern continent of America is by some doubted.

But the defect or negligence seems yet to have been greater towards the south, where we know little beyond thirty-five degrees, and that only by the necessity of doubling the Cape of Good Hope in our East India voyages : yet a continent has been long since found out within fifteen degrees to south, and about the length of Java, which is marked by the name of New Holland in the maps, and to what extent none knows either to the south, the east, or the west ; yet the learned have been of opinion, that there must be a balance of earth on that side of the line in some proportion to what there is on the other, and that it cannot be all sea from thirty degrees to the South Pole, since we have found land to above sixty-five degrees towards the North. But our navigators that way have been confined to the roads of trade, and our discoveries bounded by what we can manage to a certain degree of gain. And I

have heard it said among the Dutch, that their East India Company have long since forbidden, and under the greatest penalties, any further attempts of discovering that continent, having already more trade in those parts than they can turn to account, and fearing some more populous nation of Europe might make great establishments of trade in some of those unknown regions; which might ruin or impair what they have already in the Indies.

Thus we are lame still in geography itself, which we might have expected to run up to so much greater perfection by the use of the compass, and it seems to have been little advanced these last hundred years. So far have we been from improving upon those advantages we have received from the knowledge of the ancients, that since the late restoration of learning and arts among us, our first flights seem to have been the highest, and a sudden damp to have fallen upon our wings, which has hindered us from rising above certain heights. The arts of painting and statuary began to revive with learning in Europe, and made a great but short flight, so as for these last hundred years we have not had one master in either of them, who deserved a rank with

those that flourished in that short period after they began among us.

It were too great a mortification to think that the same fate has happened to us even in our modern learning, as if the growth of that, as well as of natural bodies, had some short periods beyond which it could not reach, and after which it must begin to decay. It falls in one country, or one age, and rises again in others, but never beyond a certain pitch. One man, or one country at a certain time runs a great length in some certain kinds of knowledge, but loses as much ground in others that were perhaps as useful and as valuable. There is a certain degree of capacity in the greatest vessel, and when it is full, if you pour in still, it must run out some way or other, and the more it runs out on one side, the less runs out at the other. So the greatest memory, after a certain degree, as it learns or retains more of some things or words, loses and forgets as much of others. The largest and deepest reach of thought, the more it pursues some certain subjects, the more it neglects others.

Besides few men or none excel in all faculties of mind. A great memory may fail of invention : both

may want judgement to digest or apply what they remember or invent. Great courage may want caution : great prudence may want vigour : yet are all necessary to make a great commander. But how can a man hope to excel in all qualities, when some are produced by the heat, others by the coldness of brain and temper ? The abilities of man must fall short on one side or other, like too scanty a blanket when you are a-bed : if you pull it upon your shoulders, you leave your feet bare ; if you thrust it down upon your feet, your shoulders are uncovered.

But what would we have, unless it be other natures and beings than God Almighty has given us ? The height of our statures may be six or seven feet, and we would have it sixteen ; the length of our age may reach to a hundred years, and we would have it a thousand ; we are born to grovel upon the earth, and we would fain soar up to the skies. We cannot comprehend the growth of a kernel or seed, the frame of an ant or bee ; we are amazed at the wisdom of the one and industry of the other ; and yet we will know the substance, the figure, the courses, the influences, of all those glorious celestial bodies, and the end for

which they were made: we pretend to give a clear account how thunder and lightning (that great artillery of God Almighty) is produced, and we cannot comprehend how the voice of a man is framed—that poor little noise we make every time we speak. The motion of the sun is plain and evident to some astronomers, and of the earth, to others; yet we none of us know which of them moves, and meet with many seeming impossibilities in both, and beyond the fathom of human reason or comprehension. Nay, we do not so much as know what motion is, nor how a stone moves from our hand when we throw it cross the street. Of all these, that most ancient and divine writer gives the best account, in that short satire, “Vain man would fain be wise, when he is born like a wild ass’s colt.”

But, God be thanked, his pride is greater than his ignorance, and what he wants in knowledge he supplies by sufficiency. When he has looked about him as far as he can, he concludes there is no more to be seen. When he is at the end of his line, he is at the bottom of the ocean. When he has shot his best, he is sure none ever did, nor ever can, shoot better or

beyond it. His own reason is the certain measure of truth, his own knowledge of what is possible in nature, though his mind and his thoughts change every seven years, as well as his strength and his features. Nay, though his opinions change every week, or every day, yet he is sure, or at least confident, that his present thoughts and conclusions are just and true and cannot be deceived : and among all the miseries to which mankind is born and subjected in the whole course of his life, he has this one felicity to comfort and support him, that in all ages, in all things, every man is always in the right. A boy at fifteen is wiser than his father at forty, the meanest subject than his prince or governors, and the modern scholars, because they have for a hundred years past learned their lesson pretty well, are much more knowing than the ancients their masters.

But let it be so, and proved by good reasons, is it so by experience too? Have the studies, the writings, the productions of Gresham College or the late academies of Paris, outshined or eclipsed the Lycæum of Plato, the academy of Aristotle, the Stoa of Zeno, the garden of Epicurus? Has Harvey outdone Hippo-

crates, or Wilkins, Archimedes? Are D'Avila's and Strada's histories beyond those of Herodotus and Livy? Are Sleyden's commentaries beyond those of Cæsar? the flights of Boileau above those of Vergil? If all this must be allowed, I will then yield *Gondibert* to have excelled Homer, as is pretended, and the modern French poetry, all that of the ancients. And yet I think it may be as reasonably said that the plays in Moorfields are beyond the Olympic games; a Welsh or Irish harp excels those of Orpheus and Arion; the pyramid in London those of Memphis; and the French conquests in Flanders are greater than those of Alexander and Cæsar, as their operas and panegyrics would make us believe.

But the consideration of poetry ought to be a subject by itself. For the books we have in prose, do any of the modern we converse with, appear of such a spirit and force as if they would live longer than the ancient have done? If our wit and eloquence, our knowledge or inventions, would deserve it, yet our languages would not. There is no hope of their lasting long, nor of anything in them. They change every hundred years so as to be hardly known for the

same, or anything of the former styles to be endured by the latter, so as they can no more last like the ancients, than excellent carvings in wood like those in marble or brass.

[Moreover the modern languages are inferior to the ancient in dignity and beauty.]

[*ibid.* pp. 478-480]

It may perhaps be further affirmed in favour of the ancients, that the oldest books we have, are still, in their kind, the best. The two most ancient that I know of, in prose, among those we call profane authors, are *Æsop's Fables*, and Phalaris's *Epistles*—both living near the same time, which was that of Cyrus and Pythagoras. As the first has been agreed by all ages since for the greatest master in his kind, and all others of that sort have been but imitations of his original, so I think the *Epistles* of Phalaris to have more race, more spirit, more force of wit and genius, than any others I have ever seen, either ancient or modern. I know several learned men, or that usually pass for such, under the name of critics, have not esteemed them genuine, and Politian, with some others,



have attributed them to Lucian: but, I think, he must have little skill in painting that cannot find out this to be an original: such diversity of passions upon such variety of actions, and passages of life and government; such freedom of thought; such boldness of expression; such bounty to his friends; such scorn of his enemies; such honour of learned men; such esteem of good; such knowledge of life; such contempt of death; with such fierceness of nature, and cruelty of revenge, could never be represented but by him that possessed them, and I esteem Lucian to have been no more capable of writing, than of acting, what Phalaris did. In all one writ you find the scholar or the sophist, and in all the other, the tyrant and the commander.

The next to these in time are Herodotus, Thucydides, Hippocrates, Plato, Xenophon, and Aristotle; of whom I shall say no more than what I think is allowed by all: that they are in their several kinds inimitable. So are Cæsar, Sallust, and Cicero, in theirs, who are the ancientest of the Latin (I speak still of prose) unless it be some little of old Cato upon Rustic Affairs.

The height and purity of the Roman style, as it began towards the time of Lucretius, which was about that of the Jugurthin war, so it ended about that of Tiberius, and the last strain of it seems to have been Velleius Paterculus. The purity of the Greek lasted a great deal longer and must be allowed till Trajan's time, when Plutarch wrote, whose Greek is much more estimable than the Latin of Tacitus his contemporary. After this last I know none that deserves the name of Latin in comparison of what went before them, especially in the Augustan age: if any it is the little treatise of Minutius Felix. All Latin books that we have till the end of Trajan, and all Greek till the end of Marcus Antoninus, have a true and very estimable value. All written since that time seem to me to have little more than what comes from the relation of events we are glad to know, or the controversy of opinions in religion or laws, wherein the busy world has been so much employed.

The great wits among the moderns have been, in my opinion, and in their several kinds, of the Italian: Boccace, Machiavel, and Padre Paolo; among the Spaniards: Cervantes, who writ *Don Quixote*, and

Guevara; among the French : Rabelais and Montaigne ; among the English : Sir Philip Sidney, Bacon, and Selden. I mention nothing of what is written upon the subject of divinity, wherein the Spanish and English pens have been most conversant, and most excelled. The modern French are Voiture, Rochefoucauld's *Memoirs*, Bussy's *Amadis de Gaule*, with several other little relations or memoirs, that have run this age, which are very pleasant and entertaining, and seem to have refined the French language to a degree that cannot be well exceeded. I doubt it may have happened there, as it does in all works, that the more they are filed and polished, the less they have of weight and of strength, and as that language has much more fineness and smoothness at this time, so I take it to have had much more force, spirit, and compass, in Montaigne's age.

[Among other causes that have hindered the advancement of modern learning have been religious disputes, want or decay in kings and princes of favour to learning, avarice and greed of wealth, and the scorn of pedantry.]

[*ibid.* pp. 485-486]

An ingenious Spaniard at Brussels would needs have it, that the history of Don Quixote had ruined the Spanish monarchy; for before that time love and valour were all romance among them; every young cavalier that entered the scene dedicated the services of his life to his honour first, and then to his mistress. They lived and died in this romantic vein; and the old Duke of Alva, in his last Portugal expedition, had a young mistress to whom the glory of that achievement was devoted; by which he hoped to value himself, instead of those qualities he had lost with his youth. After *Don Quixote* appeared, and with that inimitable wit and humour turned all this romantic honour and love into ridicule, the Spaniards, he said, began to grow ashamed of both, and to laugh at fighting and loving, or at least otherwise than to pursue their fortune, or satisfy their lust: and the consequences of this, both upon their bodies and their minds, this Spaniard would needs have pass for a great cause of the ruin of Spain or of its greatness and power.

Whatever effect the ridicule of knight errantry might have had upon that monarchy, I believe that of

pedantry has had a very ill one upon the commonwealth of learning, and I wish the vein of ridiculing all that is serious and good, all honour and virtue, as well as learning and piety, may have no worse effects on any other state: it is the itch of our age and climate, and has over-run both the Court and the Stage; enters a House of Lords and Commons as boldly as a coffee-house; debates of Council as well as private conversation; and I have known in my life more than one or two Ministers of State, that would rather have said a witty thing than done a wise one, and made the company laugh, rather than the kingdom rejoice. But this is enough to excuse the imperfections of learning in our age, and to censure the sufficiency of some of the learned; and this small piece of justice I have done the ancients, will not, I hope, be taken any more than it is meant, for any injury to the moderns.

I shall conclude with a saying of Alphonus (surnamed the Wise), King of Arragon:

“That among so many things as are by men possessed, or pursued, in the course of their lives, all the rest are baubles, besides old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to converse with, and old books to read.”

REFLECTIONS UPON  
ANCIENT AND MODERN LEARNING

BY WILLIAM WOTTON, B.D.

[Second edn. 1697]

Chapter VIII]

*Of the learning of Pythagoras and the most ancient  
philosophers of Greece.*

IN my enquiries into the progress of learning during its obscurer ages, or those, at least, which are so to us at this distance, I shall begin with the accounts which are given of the learning of Pythagoras, rather than those of the more ancient Grecian sages; because his school made a much greater figure in the world than any of those which preceded Plato and Aristotle. In making a judgement upon the greatness of his performances, from the greatness of his reputation, one ought to consider how near to his time those lived, whose express relations of his life are the oldest we have.

Diogenes Laertius is the ancientest author extant

that has purposely written the life of Pythagoras : according to Menagius's calculations he lived in Marcus Antoninus's time : and all that we learn from Diogenes is only that we know very little certainly about Pythagoras. He cites, indeed, great numbers of books, but those so very disagreeing in their relations that a man is confounded with their variety. Besides, the Grecians magnified everything that they commended so much that it is hard to guess how far they may be believed, when they write of men and actions at any distance from their own time. *Græcia mendax* was almost proverbial amongst the Romans. But by what appears from the accounts of the life of Pythagoras, he is rather to be ranked among the law-givers, with Lycurgus and Solon, and his own two disciples Zaleucus and Charondas, than amongst those who really carried learning to any considerable height. Therefore as some other legislators had or pretended to have supernatural assistances, that they might create a regard for their laws in the people to whom they gave them ; so Pythagoras found out several equivalents which did him as much service. He is said, indeed, to have lived many years in Egypt, and to have

conversed much with the philosophers of the east ; but if he invented the XLVIIth proposition in the first book of Euclid, which is unanimously ascribed to him by all antiquity, one can hardly have a profound esteem for the mathematical skill of his masters. It is indeed a very noble proposition, the foundation of trigonometry, of universal and various use in those curious speculations about incommensurable numbers, which his disciples from him, and from them, the Platonists, so exceedingly admired. But this shows the infancy of geometry, in his days, in that very country which claims the glory of inventing it, to herself. It is probable, indeed, that the Egyptians might find it out, but then we ought also to take notice, that it is the only very considerable instance of the real learning of Pythagoras that is preserved ; which is the more observable because the Pythagoreans paid the greatest respect to their master of any sect whatsoever, and so we may be sure that we should have heard much more of his learning, if much more could have been said, and though the books of Hermippus and Aristoxenus are lost, yet Laertius who had read them, and Porphyry, and Jamblichus,



men of great reading and diffuse knowledge, who after Diogenes, wrote the life of the same Pythagoras, would not have omitted any material thing of that kind if they had anywhere met with it.

Amongst his other journeys Sir William Temple mentions Pythagoras's journey to Delphi. What that voyage of his is here remembered for, it is not easy to guess. Apollo's priestesses are not famous for discovering secrets in natural or mathematical matters, and as for moral truths, they might as well be known without going to Delphi to fetch them. Van Dalen in his *Discourses of the Heath.n Oracles* has endeavoured to prove that they were only artifices of the priests, who gave such answers to enquirers as they desired—when they had either power or wealth to back their requests. If Van Dalen's hypothesis be admitted, it will strengthen my notion of Pythagoras very much, since when he did not care to live any longer in Samos, because of Polycrates's tyranny, and was desirous to establish to himself a lasting reputation for wisdom and learning amongst the ignorant inhabitants of Magna Graecia, where he settled upon his retirement, he was willing to have them think that Apollo

was of his side. That made him establish the doctrine of transmigration of souls, which he brought with him out of India, that so those Italians might think that he had a certain reminiscence of things past since his first stage of life, and the beginning of the world, and upon that account admire him the more: for Laertius says that he pretended to remember everything that he had done formerly, whilst he was in those other bodies, and that he received this as an especial favour from Mercury, who gave him his choice of whatsoever he desired, except immortality. For these reasons also, he obliged his scholars to go through a trial of five years, to learn obedience by silence, and that afterwards it was granted to some few, as a particular favour, to be admitted into his presence. These things tended very much to impress a veneration of his person upon his scholars, but signified nothing to the advancement of learning; yea, rather hindered it. Those that live in the end of the world when everything, according to Sir William Temple, is in its declension, know no way so effectual to promote learning as much conversation and enquiry; and, which is more, they have no idea how it can be

promoted without them. The learned men of the present age pretend to no acquaintance with Mercury or Apollo; and can do as little in natural knowledge by such a sham revelation as they can by reminiscence. If a man should, for five years together, read lectures to one that was not allowed to make pauses or ask questions, another man in the ordinary road, by books and professors, would learn more—at least to much better purpose—in six months, than he could in all that time.

Pythagoras was, without question, a wise man, well skilled in the arts of civil prudence, by which he appeased great disturbances in those Italian commonwealths. He had much more knowledge than any man of that age in Italy, and knew how to make the most of it. He took great delight in arithmetical speculations, which as Galileo not improbably guesses, he involved in mysteries, that so, ignorant people might not despise him for busying himself in such abstruse matters, which they could not comprehend, and if they could have comprehended did not know to what use to put them. He took a sure way to have all his studies valued, by obliging his

scholars to resign up their understandings to his authority and dictates. The great simplicity of his manners, with the wisdom of his axioms and symbols, charmed an ignorant age, which found real advantages by following his peaceful measures, much above those that were formerly procured by rapine and violence. This seems to be a true account of Pythagoras, in the history of whose reputation there is nothing extraordinary, since civilisers of nations have always been as much magnified as the inventors of the most useful arts : but one can no more conclude from thence that Pythagoras knew as much as Aristotle or Democritus, than that Friar Bacon was as great a mathematician as Dr Barrow or Mr Newton, because he knew enough to be thought a conjurer in the age in which he lived, and no despicable person in any other.

But it may not be amiss to give a taste of some of the Pythagorean notions, such I mean as they first started in Europe, and chiefly valued themselves upon. Of this sort were their arithmetical speculations : by them they pretended to explain the causes of natural things. The following account of their explication of generation is taken out of Censorinus and Aristides :

“Perfect animals are generated in two distinct periods of time—some in seven months, some in nine. Those generations that are completed in seven months proceed in this order: in the first six days after conception, the humour is milky; in the next eight, it is turned into blood, which number 8 bears the proportion of  $1\frac{1}{3}$  to 6; in nine days more it becomes flesh, 9 is in a ses-cuple proportion to 6; in twelve days more the embryo is formed, 12 is double to 6: here then are these stages—6, 8, 9, 12. 6 is the first perfect number, because it is the sum of 1, 2, 3, the only numbers by which it can be divided; now if we add these four numbers 6, 8, 9, 12 together, the sum is 35, which multiplied by 6, makes 210, the number of days from the conception to the birth—which is just seven months, allowing 30 days to a month. A like proportion must be observed in the larger period of nine months; only 10, the sum of 1, 2, 3, 4, added together, must be added to 35, which makes 45; that multiplied by 6 gives 270, or nine times 30, the number of days in larger births.”

If these fine notions be compared with Dr Harvey's upon the same subject, no doubt but we shall all be

converts to Sir William Temple's opinion, and make a vast difference between the poor observations of these later ages and the sublime flights of the ancients.

Now though abstracted mathematical theories, which cannot be relished by one that has not a tolerable skill in mathematics before, might perhaps prudently be concealed from the vulgar by the Pythagorean school, and in their stead such grave jargon as this imposed upon them, yet even that shews how little knowledge of nature they could pretend to. Men that aim at glory will omit no probable methods to gain it that lie in their way ; and solid discoveries of a real insight into nature, would not only have been eternally true, but have charmed mankind at another rate, than such dry, sapless notions as seem at first view to have something of subtlety, but upon a second reflection appear vain and ridiculous.

From Pythagoras I shall go on to the ancient sages " who were so learned in Natural Philosophy that they foretold not only eclipses in the heavens, but earthquakes at land, and storms at sea, great droughts and great plagues, much plenty or much scarcity of certain sorts of fruits or grain ; not to mention the magical

powers attributed to several of them, to allay storms, to raise gales, to appease commotions of people, to make plagues cease."

One of the ancientest of these was Thales : he was so deeply skilled in astronomy, that by the sun's annual course, he found out the equinoxes and solstices ; he is said also first to have foretold eclipses ; some geometrical properties of scalene triangles are ascribed to him, and challenged by Euphorbus : nice we are sure they were not, because the theorem of Pythagoras was not then found out.

When Sir William Temple extolled the skill of these ancient sages in foretelling changes of weather, he seems to have forgotten that he was in England, and fancied that these old philosophers were there too. The climates of Asia Minor and Greece are not so various as ours, and at some stated times of the year, of which the recurrent winds give them constant warning, they are often troubled with earthquakes, and always with violent tempests ; so that by the conjectures that we are here able to make of the weather, at some particular seasons, though we labour under so great disadvantages, we may easily guess how much

certainer predictions may be made by curious men, in serener and more regular climates, which will take off from that admiration that otherwise would be paid to those profound philosophers, even though we should allow that all those stories which are told of their skill are exactly true.

Besides there is reason to believe that we have the result of all the observations of these weather-wise sages in Aratus's *Diosemeia* and Vergil's *Georgics*, such as those upon the snuffs of candles, the croaking of frogs, and many others quite as notable as the English farmer's 'living weather glass,' his 'red cow that pricked up her tail'—an infallible presage of a coming shower.

Sir William Temple's method leads me now to consider, what estimate ought to be made of the learning of those nations from which he derives all the knowledge of these ancient Greeks. I shall only, therefore, give a short specimen of those discoveries with which these ancient sages enriched the ages in which they lived, as I have already done of the Pythagoreans, and then proceed.

Diogenes Laertius informs us of Empedocles's skill in magic, by the instance of his stopping those pesti-



lential vapours that annoyed his town of Agrigentum. He took some asses, and flea'd them, and hung their hides over those rocks that lay open to the Etesian winds ; which hindered their passage and so freed the town. He tells another story of Democritus, that he was so nice in his observations, that he could tell whether a young woman were a virgin, by her looks, and could find it out, though she had been corrupted but the day before : and he knew, by looking upon it, that some goat's milk, that was brought him, was of a black goat, that had had but one kid.

These are instances very seriously recorded by grave authors, of the magical wisdom of the ancients : that is, as Sir William Temple defines it, of that "excellent knowledge of nature and the various powers and qualities in its several productions, and the application of certain agents to certain patients, which by force of some peculiar qualities, produce effects very different from what fall under vulgar observation and comprehension."

PHALARIDIS  
AGRIGENTINORUM TYRANNI  
EPISTOLAE.

EX MSS RECENSUIT,  
VERSIONE, ANNOTATIONIBUS,  
ET VITA INSUPER AÜTHORIS DONAVIT  
CAR. BOYLE EX AEDE CHRISTI

[1695]

[Translation of Boyle's Latin preface]

HE who takes up these Epistles will derive less benefit from an enquiry into their authorship than satisfaction from the discovery that they are worthy his perusal. For their authorship he must consult the conflicting opinions of the learned, perhaps without result ; for their value he may with greater profit consult his own. Yet, not to disappoint the curious, even though the importance of the controversy is not such as to justify an eager partisanship, I will set forth in a few words what seem to me to be the probabilities on both sides of the question.

That the Epistles were written by Phalaris is the opinion of the learned Thomas Fazellus, Jacques Cappel, and Sir William Temple, the ornament of our time and nation. With the latter, while I marvel at the freedom of thought shown by the writer of the Epistles, the boldness of expression, the vehemence and diversity of passions upon such variety of occasions, his bounty to his friends, his bitter hatred for his enemies, his regard for learned men, his esteem of the good ; when I observe his philosophy of life, his contempt of death, his high spirit, his subtlety in revenge ; I am struck by a kind of royal magnificence—I can hardly believe that I do not hear the tyrant speaking. What rhetorician could have painted such greatness of mind ? by what art could it be imitated ? What writer has ever so completely disguised himself in the character of a tyrant without at the same time showing his own, without letting the sophist appear under the robes of the king ?

Politian, on the other hand, Lilio Giraldi, and Bourdelot assign the letters to Lucian, but as they have not thought fit to give any reasons for their opinion, I do not know why they held it ; unless

indeed it is on account of the two speeches of Lucian which are named after Phalaris : but these seem to me to have nothing in common with the Epistles—the defence put forward by Phalaris is different, the style is dissimilar, and the story is diverse. Both in the Epistles and the Speeches Phalaris complains (as might be expected) that fame is unjust to him and pleads, for his crimes, the excuse of necessity. In the Speeches we have timid confession of guilt, cautious dissimulation, a bid for favour ; in the Epistles a bold and spirited avowal, complaints of fame, combined with contempt of it, a justification to himself, not to others. The Speeches are colourless, gentle, clear, even ; the Epistles vivid, headstrong, obscure, rugged. Moreover, if the same author wrote both, why in the Speeches should the embassy of Taurus to Delphi be of such particular importance, while in the Epistles there is no mention of it at all ? Why in the Speeches should it be said that no one except Perilaus was shut up in the brazen bull, and that he was taken out alive and still breathing, while in the Epistles it is said that both he and thirty-seven other persons were put to death in that contrivance ? Why, finally, in the Speeches, are

both Phalaris and Perilaus said to be natives of Agrigentum, while in the Epistles, Phalaris is said to come from Crete, and the other from Athens? These are the reasons why I do not attribute these Epistles to Lucian. There are other reasons which make me doubt whether they are really the work of Phalaris.

It was hardly possible that letters so perfect in their kind, and written by so renowned a man, should have remained unknown for more than a thousand years : and since the Sicilians always preferred the Doric dialect, the tyrant of Agrigentum, a Doric colony, ought not to have used any other. The style of the Epistles is in no way unworthy of a king except that it is too antithetical and sometimes rather frigid. I have noticed also (albeit this is possibly an accident) that, occasionally, the names which the Epistles bear, seem to have been invented to suit their contents. As to history, the ravages of time have rendered uncertain what was the condition of Sicily and the commonwealths in it, at the time of Phalaris, what wars were waged, and what alliances were formed ; and the men to whom the Epistles are written are mostly obscure, except Stesichorus, Pythagoras, and Abaris, who are of the same

time as Phalaris, so that we cannot find any reason for doubting the genuineness of the Epistles from the mention of them. But if Diodorus Siculus truly reports that Tauromenium (to the citizens of which town our author writes) was both founded and named after the destruction of Naxos by the younger Dionysius, then the claim of Phalaris to the letters is ended, and the whole conjectural ascription of the Epistles to him falls to the ground. This is what I have to say about the authorship of the letters though I have treated the matter rather too briefly: if more learned men take exception to any thing I have said I will gladly hear them. And now, before taking leave of my reader I will explain briefly what I have attempted in this edition.

I have used four printed editions of the Epistles which are all plainly derived from one text. Among these editions are two translations, one by Thomas Kirchmeier of Strasburg, published in 1557; and another, apparently by a Jesuit, for the use of the Jesuit schools (1614). There exists also a translation by Francesco Accolti, among the Miscellaneous Epistles collected by Gilbert Cousin, with a Greek

text, which as far as we know has never been printed. The Jesuit version is well written but too diffuse, so that it is always alien from the style of the original letters and often different in sense, with the result that the writer seems to be writing letters of his own, rather than translating those of Phalaris: the version of Kirchmeier is more concise and accurate, but not very elegant: while the version of Accolti is more felicitous than either. But since in each version there were things which I did not like, I have made a translation conforming as closely to the original as a Latin version could. Where (as often it is) I have found the text obscure and faulty, I have endeavoured to give a sense which if not the original is still sense, and this I have found wanting in the other versions.

I have collated the Epistles themselves with two Bodleian MSS. from the Cantuar and Selden collection: and I have also had them collated, as far as the 40th Epistle, with a MS. in the Royal Library: the Librarian with the courtesy for which he is remarkable [*pro singulari sua humanitate*] refused me the further use of it.

I have not noted every variation of the MSS. from

the printed texts—which would have been a long and useless task—but the reader will find my authority in the notes wherever I have departed from the usual reading. This little book owes to the printer more than usual elegance: I hope my labour may gain for it equal acceptance.



## EPISTLES OF PHALARIS

[Translated from Boyle's Greek text]

### EPISTLE 51

TO ETEONICUS

I could follow your advice, and forget the enmity of all who have injured me, except Pytho; for undying anger, we are told, is out of place in one who must die; but his hostility to me I shall never forget as long as I live, nor even after my death, though the end of life brings forgetfulness to all. It is he who did me the greatest of all injuries,—in poisoning my wife Erythia because she desired to follow me into exile and refused to marry him.

### EPISTLE 54

TO THE CITIZENS OF HIMERA

There is nothing I am not ready to do on behalf of Stesichorus; even though it were to take arms against

fate itself and fight to the death I would not shrink, if only I could preserve for you and for mankind the inspired and celebrated singer of sweet songs, whom the chaste muses preferred before all minstrels, by whose mouth they uttered songs and choral odes. But reflect that wherever Stesichorus be buried he is a citizen of Himera; and, while for his excellence he shall be called a citizen of the world, he shall yet always belong to you. Moreover count not Stesichorus as but one among the dead, but that he lives in the poems which he has made, a common possession for all mankind. Be content, men of Himera, since your hero was born and bred, was reared and lived his life among you, growing old in hymns and songs, that Catana should have had the will or the power to possess him when nature worked her changes on him and he passed away. Let Stesichorus have a temple at Himera, the deathless memorial of his excellence; at Catana the tomb they so eagerly desire. Take therefore such measures as seem good to you in this matter, and count on me not to fail you in the provision of money, arms, and men. Be warned of one thing;—to subdue a city in Sicily is unseemly for Siceliotæ like

you; to attempt it and fail is unsafe. As for him, do not mourn or lament him, nor seek to alter what fate has ordained for him. The body of Stesichorus is dead; but his name, glorious in life and blessed in memory, shall be received and consecrated by endless time. As for his songs and epics and poems of all kinds I recommend you to inscribe them publicly in all the temples and privately each in his own house. Stesichorus will be lost to our sight only when aught of his works is not remembered. Make it your care also to transmit those works to the rest of mankind, knowing that the admiration of all shall accrue even more to the city which produced him than to their author.

## EPISTLE 69

## TO ERYTHIA

If your fear of the life which a prince leads makes you afraid to send Paulolas to Agrigentum I sympathise with you, as a woman and a mother, in your anxiety for a loved son. If, however, you claim to keep him to yourself as though you had brought him into the world

by yourself, and without me, you are taking an unreasonable view of parental rights. According to the harshest theory indeed, a son belongs to the father rather than to the mother; a more reasonable theory is that he belongs equally to both. If you regard it as a deprivation to you that you should sometimes share your son with his father, how do you think a father feels who is allowed no share in him at all? Be more generous and send him to me for a short stay: he shall soon return to you, and bring what befits the son of Phalaris and Erythia, that you and he—though I am not with you—may live together in abundance. Who are bound to a man by a closer tie, that he should pray to have enough and to spare for their sake, if he neglects wife or child? My care as a husband and a father is for you; on you, my dearest ones, I wish to bestow no small share of my wealth, and to do so soon, for several reasons, but chiefly because of old age, which is coming upon me, and because of the grievous disease which has lately befallen me; for it warns me to regard each day as it comes as if it were the last day of my life, when the debt of mortality falls due. As for the voyage from Crete to Agrigentum, or back again, the

pledge of his safety shall come from his father's goodwill rather than from his mother's fear.

## EPISTLE 74

To ORSILOCHUS

If the refusal of Pythagoras the philosopher to come to me in spite of my repeated invitation was a reproach to me, as you affirmed when you panegyricised him for avoiding my society, the fact that he has arrived, and has now been living with me happily for more than four months must be all to my credit. Clearly, he would not have remained even part of a single day if he had not found my character conformable to his own.

## EPISTLE 78

To STESICHORUS

Nicocles of Syracuse—probably you know whom I mean; his family is too distinguished to make it possible for him to be unknown to Stesichorus—has lost his wife quite recently and is very deeply distressed,

and with reason, for she was not only his wife but also his niece. This Nicocles, knowing apparently how great is our mutual affection, sent his brother Cleonicus to me to ask me to beg of you to provide a poetical eulogy of the departed. The Syracusans, I hear, testify to her possession of every virtue, and in particular of chastity in the highest degree; so that she is not unworthy to be celebrated by your voice. I know that you have taken care not to write of your contemporaries, in order to avoid all suspicion of interested motives; but this woman, my faithful friend, has passed away in her appointed time, and is of us no more. Do not then make your deliberate practice an excuse to refuse my request. It is not fitting that Phalaris should ask of Stesichorus in vain; not that you are under any obligation to me, but that I would have you confirm my confident opinion of you. Grant me this grace openly, ungrudgingly, as your own nature will prompt you; I ask your gift for myself, but shall receive it for my friend. For the rest—if you think of gratifying me—her name is Clearista, and she is of Syracusan origin, daughter of Echekratides, niece and

wife of the man whom I mentioned; lived with him sixteen years; and had reached the age of thirty; she was the mother of two children, and died of a decline. These are the heads of your subject. May the gods by whom you are possessed inspire you in the several parts of your work; and may the sisterhood of the muses add this song for Clearista which I enjoin upon you to the crown of song which adorns your sacred and poetic head.

## EPISTLE 79

## TO THE SAME

Great and lasting is my gratitude to you for the poem on Clearista. You have spent yourself freely on the task to which I invited you, and have been extremely successful in the disposition of the parts. The general effect too has won remarkable applause, not only from me—I feel equal admiration for all the works of Stesichorus—but also from the many Agrigentines who were present at the reading of it; and it will be commended not only by those who have already heard it nor even by those only who now

exist, but by all who shall live after our day. I owe therefore, as I said, a debt of gratitude to you for the poem; and in writing this composition at my desire you have gratified the present and future generations. But as for me and mine—your letter revealed some such intention—I beg you by the God of friendship and by the social hearth to make no mention of me at all in your poetry for evil—if such I was—or for good. My fate has given to my name a discordant sound. Let Phalaris be written in the heart of Stesichorus, whether your idea of him be better than the report which prevails among men, or the reverse.

## EPISTLE 144

## TO NICOCLES

I wrote, as you asked, to Stesichorus about the elegy, and suggested the proper style; and he gladly granted me at the prompting of his own nature more than I asked, thinking that his art would be a consolation to you in your sorrow. Your loss, indeed, admits of little consolation; it is too heavy to be lightened by words—a twofold bereavement and under



either name a most intimate grief. You have lost at once a niece, the daughter of your mother's son, and a good wife, of pre-eminent beauty, and of such chastity as left no room for any other woman even to follow her. Naturally you are stunned, and have quite lost heart, and you give yourself up to lamentation without regard even for your health. But you must not overtax the endurance of the soul in your heavy grief. It is not the part of virtue to abandon yourself to sorrow and to treat your trouble as incurable. Nay, Nicocles, turn your thoughts a little from your own suffering and consider how man's wretched life is ordered. Each of us is born to countless ills; when a man has won through them, his troublesome sojourn is over and he is at rest; yet we deem such a life as this pleasant, inasmuch as we look forward to death as the worst ill that can come upon us. We pity the dead that goes first, though we follow him at no great distance and know not that our tears are shed for ourselves. This is the way of men, Nicocles; for this end are we all reared; there is no living man whom it does not await, there is no power more uncontrolled; it is the lot of every man, and

none can outwit it. You see that I, a sovereign, I whose violence the testimony of all men proves, can not overcome it—not though the men of this time proclaimed me more formidable still; no severity that I can inflict will set it aside; when the hour of my destined end is upon me, I shall go. Would that fate gave me sovereignty upon such terms, not that I might thrust death away from myself, (men may say perhaps that I at any rate deserve to die before my time, and even I myself do not controvert this judgement) but that I might keep back the end of the good who deserve the longest life. Since, however, experience shows that fate is lord over us, and not we over fate, we must be resigned, not only because there is no purpose in lamentations, but also because it is natural that it should vex her spirit to see you thus pining, natural that she who gave her husband so much happiness, and found her pleasure in his joys, should be troubled even in death; not indeed only because you have been bereaved of such a wife, but because she too has lost such a husband. You are not the first, you are not the only man who has suffered such a calamity; let reflection then help you to bear

man's lot with resignation, if not because my various misfortunes make me ready for death, yet because of the evenness of your own disposition. Death is common to all men, though some men fear it overmuch ; those get the greatest good out of life, who are not unduly troubled by the thought of death.

A DISSERTATION  
UPON THE EPISTLES OF  
PHALARIS, THEMISTOCLES,  
SOCRATES, EURIPIDES, AND OTHERS;  
AND THE FABLES OF ÆSOP,

BY  
RICHARD BENTLEY

[1697]

[pp. 55-63]

XV

BUT to let pass all further arguments from words and language, to me the very matter and business of the letters sufficiently discovers them to be an imposture. What force of wit and spirit in the style, what lively painting of humour, some fancy they discern there, I will not examine nor dispute: but methinks little sense and judgement is shewn in the ground-work and subject of them. What an improbable and absurd story is that of the fifty-fourth [Epistle]! Stesichorus was born at Himera; but he chanced to die at Catana,

a hundred miles distance from home, quite across the island. There he was buried, and a noble monument made for him. Thus far the sophist had read in good authors. Now upon this he introduces the Himerenses, so enraged at the others for having Stesichorus's ashes, that nothing less will serve them than denouncing of war, and sacking their city. And presently an embassy is sent to Phalaris, to desire his assistance, who, like a generous ally, promises them what arms and men and money they would : but withal, sprinkles a little dust among the bees, advising them to milder counsels, and proposing this expedient, that Catana should have Stesichorus's tomb, and Himera should build a temple to him. Now was ever any declamator's theme so extravagantly put? What! to go to war upon so slight an occasion, and to call in too the assistance of the tyrant? Had they so soon forgot Stesichorus's own counsel, who, when upon another occasion they would have asked succour of Phalaris, dissuaded them by the fable of the horse and his rider? Our sophist had heard that seven cities contended about Homer ; and so two might go to blows about another poet. But there's a difference between that contention, and this

fighting in earnest. He is as extravagant too in the honours he would raise to his poet's memory ; nothing less than a temple and deification. Cicero tells us, that in his days there was his statue still extant at Himera (then called Thermae), which, one would think, was honour enough. But a sophist can build temples in the air, as cheaply and easily as some others do castles.

What an inconsistency is there between the fifty-first and sixty-ninth Epistles ! In the former he declares his immortal hatred to one Pytho, who, after Phalaris's flight from Astypalaea, would have persuaded his wife Erythia to a second marriage with himself ; but seeing her resolved to follow her husband, he poisoned her. Now this could be no long time after his banishment ; for then she could not have wanted opportunities of following him. But in the sixty-ninth Epistle we have her alive again, long after that Phalaris had been tyrant of Agrigentum ; for he mentions his growing old there. And we must not imagine, but that several years had passed, before he could seize the government of so populous a city, that had two hundred thousand souls in it ; or, as others say, eight hundred thousand. For he

came an indigent stranger thither, according to the letters; and by degrees rising from one employment to another, at last had opportunity and power to effect that design. Besides, in the sixty-ninth letter, she is at Crete with her son; and in the fifty-first, she is poisoned (I suppose) at Astypalaea, for there her poisoner dwelt; and 'tis expressly said, she designed, but could not follow her husband: which seems an intimation, that the Sophist believed Astypalaea to be a city in Crete. 'Tis certain, our diligent editors, by comparing these two passages together, made that discovery in geography, for it could not be learned anywhere else; and 'tis an admirable token, both that the Epistles are old and genuine, and that commentators are not inferior to, nor unworthy of, their author.

What a scene of putid and senseless formality are the seventy-eighth, seventy-ninth, and hundred and forty-fourth Epistles? Nicocles, a Syracusan, a man of the highest rank and quality, sends his own brother a hundred miles with a request to Phalaris, that he would send to Stesichorus, another hundred miles, and beg the favour of a copy of verses upon Clearista his wife, who was lately dead. Phalaris accordingly sends

to Himera with mighty application and address, and soon after writes a second letter of thanks for so singular a kindness. Upon the fame of this, one Pelopidas entreats him, that he would procure the like favour for a friend of his; but meets with a repulse. Now, whether there was any poem upon Clearista among the works of Stesichorus, whence our sophist might take the plot and ground-work of this story, or whether all is entirely his own invention and manufacture, I will not pretend to guess. But let those believe that can, that such stuff as this busied the head of the tyrant: at least they must confess then, though the letters would represent him as a great admirer, and judge too, of poetry, that he was a mere *asinus ad lyram*. For, in the seventy-ninth epistle, he calls this poem upon Clearista μέλος and μελωδίαν, which must here (as it almost ever does) signify a lyric ode, since it is spoken of Stesichorus a melic or lyric poet. But in the hundred and forty-fourth he calls it an elegy, ἐλεγίον; which is as different from μέλος, as Theognis is from Pindar, or Tibullus from Horace. What! the same copy of verses both an ode and an elegy? Could not some years acquaintance



with Stesichorus teach him the very names? But to forgive him, or rather the sophist, such an egregious piece of dulness: why, forsooth, so much ado, why such a vast way about, to obtain a few verses? Could not they have writ directly to Stesichorus, and at the price of some present have met with easy success? Do not we know, that all of that string, Bacchylides, Simonides, Pindar, got their livelihood by the Muses? So that to use Phalaris's intercession, besides the delay and an unnecessary trouble to both, was to defraud the poet of his fee.

Nay certainly, they might have employed any hand rather than Phalaris's. For, begging pardon of the Epistles, I suspect all to be a cheat about Stesichorus's friendship with him. For the poet, out of common gratitude, must needs have celebrated it in some of his works. But that he did not, the letters themselves are, in this point, a sufficient witness. For, in the seventy-ninth, Phalaris is feigned to entreat him, not once to mention his name in his books. This was a sly fetch of our sophist, to prevent so shrewd an objection from Stesichorus's silence as to any friendship at all with him. But that cunning shall not serve

his turn. For what if Phalaris had really wished him to decline mentioning his name? Stesichorus knew the world well enough, that those sort of requests are but a modest simulation; and a disobedience would have been easily pardoned. In the seventy-fourth letter, he proclaims and glories to his enemy Orsilochus, that Pythagoras had stayed five months with him: why should he then seek to conceal from posterity the twelve years' familiarity with Stesichorus? Pindar, exhorting Hiero, the tyrant of Syracuse, to be kind to poets and men of letters, tells him how Croesus had immortal praise for his friendship and bounty to them, but the memory of that cruel and inhospitable Phalaris was hated and cursed everywhere. How could Pindar have said this, had he heard of his extraordinary dearness with Stesichorus? for their acquaintance, according to the letters, was as memorable and as glorious, as that of Croesus with Æsop and Solon. So that Pindar, had he known it, for that sole kindness to his fellow poet, would have forborn so vile a character. Plato, in his second Epistle, recounts to Dionysius some celebrated friendships of learned men with tyrants and magistrates: Simondes' with Hiero

and Pausanias, Thales' with Periander, Anaxagoras's with Pericles, Solon's and others with Croesus. Now, how could he have missed, had he ever heard of it, this of Stesichorus with Phalaris—being transacted in Sicily, and so a most proper and domestic example? If you say, the infamy of Phalaris made him decline that odious instance; in that very word you pronounce our Epistles to be spurious. For if they had been known to Plato, even Phalaris would have appeared as moderate a tyrant as Dionysius himself. Lucian, that feigns an embassy from Phalaris to Delphi for the dedication of the brazen bull, makes an oration in his praise, as Isocrates does of Busiris; where, without doubt, he has gathered all the stories he knew for topics of his commendation: but he has not one word of his friendship with Stesichorus. Nor, indeed, has anybody else. And do not you yet begin to suspect the credit of the letters?

It would be endless to prosecute this part, and shew all the silliness and impertinency in the matter of the Epistles. For, take them in the whole bulk, if a great person would give me leave, I should say, they are a fardel of common places, without any life or

spirit from action and circumstance. Do but cast your eye upon Cicero's letters, or any statesman's, as Phalaris was: what lively characters of men there! what descriptions of place! what notifications of time! what particularity of circumstances! what multiplicity of designs and events! When you return to these again, you feel by the emptiness and deadness of them, that you converse with some dreaming pedant with his elbow on his desk; not with an active, ambitious tyrant, with his hand on his sword, commanding a million of subjects. All that takes or affects you, is a stiffness, and stateliness, and operoseness, of style: but as that is improper and unbecoming in all epistles, so especially it is quite aliene from the character of Phalaris, a man of business and despatch.

[pp. 66-68]

I must now beg the favour of one word with our late Editors of this author [Phalaris]. They have told the world, in their Preface, that among other specimens of their diligence, they collated the King's MS. as far as the XLth Epistle, and would have done so throughout, but that the Library-keeper *out of his*

*singular humanity* denied them the further use of it. This was meant as a lash for me, who had the honour then and since to serve His Majesty in that office. I must own 'twas very well resolved of them, to make the preface, and the book, all of a piece; for they have acted in this calumny both the injustice of the tyrant, and the forgery of the sophist. For my own part, I should never have honoured it with a refutation in print, but have given it the neglect that is due to weak detraction, had I not been engaged to my friend to write this censure upon Phalaris; where to omit to take notice of that slander, would be tacitly to own it. The true story is this: a bookseller came to me, in the name of the Editors, to beg the use of the manuscript. It was not then in my custody, but as soon as I had the power of it, I went voluntarily and offered it him, bidding him tell the collator not to lose any time; for I was shortly to go out of town for two months. 'Twas delivered, used, and returned. Not a word said by the bearer, nor the least suspicion in me, that they had not finished the collation; for, I speak from experiment, they had more days to compare it in, than they needed to have hours. 'Tis

a very little book, and the writing as legible as print. Well, the collation, it seems, was sent defective to *Oxon*; and the blame, I suppose, laid upon me. I returned again to the Library some months before the edition was finished: no application was made for further use of the manuscript. Thence I went for a whole fortnight to *Oxon*, where the book was then printing, conversed in the very College where the Editors resided. Not the least whisper there of the manuscript. After a few weeks, out comes the new edition, with this sting in the mouth of it. 'Twas a surprise indeed, to read there, that our manuscript was not perused. Could not they have asked for it again, then, after my return? 'Twas neither *singular* nor common *humanity*, not to inquire into the truth of the thing before they ventured to print, which is a sword in the hand of a child. But there is a reason for everything; and the mystery was soon revealed. As for the King's manuscript, they had no want nor desire of it; for, as I shall show by and by, they had neither industry nor skill to use either that or their own. And for my part, I, it seems, had the hard hap, in some private conversation, to say the Epistles were a

spurious piece, and unworthy of a new edition. *Hinc illae lacrimae.* This was a thing deeply resented; and to have spoken to me about the manuscript had been to lose a plausible occasion of taking revenge.

*Pro singulari sua humanitate!* I could produce several letters from learned professors abroad, whose books our Editors may in time be fit to read, wherein these very same words are said of me, candidly and seriously. For I endeavour to oblige even foreigners by all courtesy and humanity: much more would I encourage and assist any useful designs at home. And I heartily wish that I could do any service to that young gentleman of great hopes, whose name is set to the edition. I can do him no greater, at present, than to remove some blemishes from the book that is ascribed to him; which I desire may be taken aright—to be no disparagement to himself, but a reproof only to his teachers.

DR. BENTLEY'S DISSERTATIONS ON THE  
EPISTLES OF PHALARIS,  
AND THE FABLES OF ÆSOP,  
EXAMIN'D BY THE HONOURABLE  
CHARLES BOYLE, ESQ.

[1698]

[pp. 2-10]

ABOUT four or five years ago, the worthy Dean of Christ Church, Dr Aldrich, of whose College I was then a member, desired me to undertake an edition of Phalaris. I could deny him nothing to whom I owed so much, and therefore, as unfit as I thought myself for such a task, I undertook it. In order to it, a manuscript Phalaris in the King's Library was to be consulted. It was of no age or worth, I heard, being written but just before the Restoration of Letters; however, it was a manuscript, and therefore not to be neglected, especially since we had no ancient copies, either in England or anywhere else, that I could hear of.



I sent to Mr Bennet, my bookseller in London, to get the manuscript, and desired him to apply himself to Dr Bentley, in my name, for the use of it, not doubting in the least a ready compliance with such a request from one of his station and order, and who besides was at that very time in a lecture of some honour and profit that had lately been set up by one of my family, especially since the book which I desired to borrow was of so little importance that it had scarce been a favour to have lent it me if I had not asked it. After an expectation of many months, Mr Bennet sent me at last a collation of part of the manuscript with this account : that he had with a great difficulty, and after long delays, got the manuscript into his hands ; that he had it but a very few days, when Dr Bentley came to demand it again, and would by no means be prevailed upon to let him have the use of it any longer, though he told him the collation was not perfected ; and that he denied this request in a very rude manner, throwing out several slight and disparaging expressions, both of me and the work I was about.

This I had reason to take very ill of Dr Bentley, and therefore in that part of my Preface where I gave

an account of the MSS. that were consulted in that edition, I inserted these words *collatas etiam curavi usque ad Epistolam 40 cum MS<sup>o</sup> in Bibliotheca Regia ; cujus mihi copiam ulteriorem Bibliothecarius, pro singulari sua humanitate, negavit* ; which considering the usage I had had from him, was as soft a thing as I could well allow myself to say. The Epistles were no sooner published but Dr Bentley sent me a letter, wherein after expressing himself with great civility to me, he represented the matter of fact quite otherwise than I had heard it. I returned him immediately as civil an answer, to this effect : that Mr Bennet, whom I employed to wait on him in my name, gave me such an account of his reception, that I had reason to apprehend myself affronted, and since I could make no other excuse to my reader, for not collating the King's MS., but because 'twas denied me, I thought I could do no less than express some resentment of that denial ; that I should be very much concerned, if Mr Bennet had dealt so ill with me as to mislead me in his accounts, and if that appeared, should be ready to take some opportunity of begging his pardon ; and, as I remember, I expressed myself so that the Doctor might understand

I meant to give him satisfaction as publicly as I had injured him. Here the matter rested, and I thought Dr Bentley was satisfied, especially since I found Mr Bennet persisted in his account, and supported it with further proofs, and the Doctor seemed willing to let the dispute drop, by his not writing to me any further about it, or discoursing Mr Bennet concerning it, to whom my letter plainly referred him. In this mistake was I for two years and a half after the edition of Phalaris; till at last Dr Bentley's Dissertation came out, and convinced me that he had had vengeance in his heart all the time, and suspended his blow only till he could strike, as he thought, to purpose. In this angry discourse of his, he tells the world the same story, bating a circumstance or two which he has altered, that he had told me before in his letter. . . .

Startled at these assertions thus revived after a long silence, and improved in print, I examined Mr Bennet again very strictly and particularly. He assured me that every word he had writ to me upon this occasion was punctually true, and that Dr Bentley's account, where it differed from his, was entirely false. He

drew up the matter of fact in writing, and set his hand to it, giving me liberty to make it public, and to assure the world that he was ready to justify the truth of what he had written, with his oath, when it should be duly required of him. He added that Mr Gibson, the collator, could confirm some circumstances of his account, and that his brother, who was his apprentice at that time, and was sent by him both to Dr Bentley and to the collator, would have attested the truth of the whole had he been alive ; but he died some months after this matter happened. However, if his own testimony and the collator's should be liable to suspicion, yet still there was a gentleman of known credit in the world—Dr King of the Commons—who was witness to all that passed at one meeting between him and Dr Bentley, and would, he hoped, be so just to him as to give an account of it. He was not mistaken : for Dr King, being applied to by a friend of mine, presently wrote him the following letter, which together with the several certificates of Mr Bennet and Mr Gibson, I here offer to the reader.

Whereas the Reverend Dr Bentley has thought fit, in the Appendix to Mr Wotton's *Reflections on Ancient and Modern Learning* (pp. 66 and 67), to insert the following words as matter of fact, viz., *A bookseller came to me in the name of the Editors &c.* : I think myself obliged to give the world the following account, wherein I have faithfully related what passed on that occasion.

I was employed by the Honourable Mr Boyle, and by him only, to borrow the MS. of Phalaris from Dr Bentley. After about nine months solicitation, it was delivered into my custody, without any time limited for the return of it. Within few days after, Dr Bentley called upon me to have it restored, and then told me that he was to go into the country. He stayed till I sent to the collator, and word was brought by the messenger that it was not collated. I then begged him to let me have it but till Sunday morning : it was Saturday noon when he came, and I engaged to oblige the collator to sit up all Saturday night to get it finished. But he utterly refused to leave it with me any longer, demanding to have it sent that day to Westminster, which was done accordingly ;

and not giving me any the least hopes that if I applied to him upon his return out of the country, I should have leave to get the collation perfected. These circumstances I am thus particular in, because I had occasion to recollect 'em not long afterwards, when Mr Boyle's book came out and letters passed between him and Dr Bentley concerning the passage in his Preface.

It may not be proper, considering my employment, for me to add an account of the reflections Dr Bentley was pleased to make from time to time, when I spoke to him, from Mr Boyle, for the use of the MS. He has represented me as having said too much on that subject. But, by good fortune, Dr King was present at one of the meetings, and heard all that passed there. I hope he will do justice on this occasion.

July 13, 1697.

THOMAS BENNET.

I very well remember that Mr Bennet sent his man to me for Phalaris's Epistles, whilst I was collating 'em, and being unwilling to part with them before I had gone through 'em, I sent the man back

without them. But he presently returned, and told me that the gentleman that owned them stayed at their shop for them, and could not spare them any longer. This is the true reason why I could collate no more of the abovesaid Epistles.

Witness my hand,

July 15, 1697.

GEO. GIBSON.

SIR,

I am bound in justice to answer your request by endeavouring, as far as I can, to recollect what passed between Mr Bennet and Dr Bentley concerning a MS. of the Epistles of Phalaris. I cannot be certain as to any other particulars than that, among other things, the Doctor said that if the MS. were collated it would be worth nothing for the future; which I took the more notice of, because I thought a MS. good for nothing, unless it were collated. The whole discourse was managed with such insolence, that after he was gone, I told Mr Bennet that he ought to send Mr Boyle word of it; that for my own part (I said then, what I think still) I did not believe that the various readings of any book were so

much worth, as that a person of Mr Boyle's honour and learning should be used so scurvily to obtain 'em. That scorn and contempt which I have naturally for pride and insolence, makes me remember that which otherwise I might have forgot.

Believe me, Sir, to be

Your faithful Friend

and humble Servant,

WILLIAM KING.

Doctors Commons, Octob. 13, 1697.

The case, then, between me and Dr Bentley stands thus: there is, on the one side, Dr Bentley's single assertion in his own cause; and these several concurring accounts from persons of probity and worth, on the other. The question now is (if it be a question), which of these ought to be credited? The point to me is so clear that I dare trust the most partial friend Dr Bentley has, to determine it.

Mr Bennet and Mr Gibson, I think, are so little interested in this dispute that they may be entirely depended upon. However, Dr King is a witness without exception, and the account he gives of one



of those free conferences Dr Bentley held with Mr Bennet is full and home : and I do assure our learned critic, that whatever becomes of Phalaris's Letters, this of Dr King's is not spurious. I have the original of it by me, under his own hand, as I have the originals, too, of the other papers ; which shall be at Dr Bentley's or any man's service, that pleases to command a sight of 'em.

And now had I not reason to say what I did, and much more than I did, of Dr Bentley, in my Preface to Phalaris? Could I resent the harsh treatment he had given me, in gentler terms than I there made use of? Since he had denied me so common a favour, and spoken of me with so much contempt, I was at liberty, I think, to have returned his civilities in what way I pleased, and to have given him any language whatever that it was not below me to give ; and that is a restraint which I hope I shall always be able to lay upon myself whatever the provocation be.

Dr Bentley, then, considering all things, was really obliged to me for using him with so much tenderness. What way did he take of owning his obligations? He immediately entered upon the honourable and

Christian design of exposing me, and resolved, whatever time or pains it might cost him, to prove that the Epistles I had put out, were a ridiculous cheat; and that I (or whoever the Editor was) was to be pitied for giving myself so much trouble about them.

I see Monsieur Rochefoucauld drew his observation from Nature when he said, "We often pardon those that injure us, but we can never forgive those that we injure."

[pp. 91-112]

Hitherto Dr Bentley has kept himself pretty well within his province, and criticised chiefly upon words, and phrases, and dialects: in his next general proof he ventures to criticise upon things, and to show the Letters an imposture, from the matter and business of 'em. "They are a fardle of commonplaces," he says, "without any life or spirit from action and circumstance. When you come to 'em, you find, by the emptiness and deadness of them, that you converse with a dreaming pedant with his elbow on his desk; not with an active, ambitious tyrant, with his hand on his sword, &c. All that takes or affects

you, is a stiffness, and stateliness, and operoseness, of style, &c. which is quite aliene from the character of Phalaris, a man of business and despatch.”

Stiffness, and stateliness, and operoseness, of style is indeed quite aliene from the character of a man of business and despatch; for which reason anybody that reads Dr Bentley, would easily guess that he is not a man of business. And not being a man of business, but a Library-keeper, it is not over-moderately done of him to oppose his judgement and taste, in this case, to that of Sir William Temple, who is certainly a man of business, and knows more of these things than Dr Bentley does of Hesychius and Suidas. For as his friend, Mr Wotton, has with great sagacity observed, “It is universally acknowledged, that he who has studied any subject, is a better judge of that subject than another man who did never purposely bend his thoughts that way, provided they be both men of equal parts.” Sir William Temple has spent a good part of his life in transacting affairs of state; he has written to kings, and they to him; and this has qualified him to judge how kings should write, much better than all Dr

Bentley's correspondence with foreign professors ; especially if they be such professors as have the judgement to admire him and his *humanity*. I shall not therefore offer a word, on the general part of this head, in justification of the Epistles : I shall barely set down the passage in which Sir William Temple expresses his sense of this matter, and shall then leave it to the reader whose opinion he'll think fit to take—either his, or the Library-keeper's at St James's. Sir William's admirable words are, “ I think he must have but little skill in painting that cannot find out this to be an original : such diversity of passions upon such variety of actions, and passages of life and government ; such freedom of thought ; such boldness of expression ; such bounty to his friends ; such scorn of his enemies ; such honour of learned men ; such esteem of good ; such knowledge of life ; such contempt of death ; with such fierceness of nature, and cruelty of revenge, could never be represented but by him that possessed 'em, and I esteem Lucian to have been no more capable of writing, than of acting, as Phalaris did. In all one writ you find the scholar or the sophist, and in all the other writ, the tyrant and the com-

mander." It is plain Sir William Temple does not write 'like a dreaming pedant, with his elbow on his desk,' and therefore the reader, perhaps, will be apt to take his judgement, when he tells him that Phalaris does not write like one neither.

I cannot but observe that Dr Bentley is here, and elsewhere, very liberal in distributing the reproach of pedantry; which is to me, I confess, a plain proof that he has no just notions of it: for if he had, it is so high an offence against good manners and good sense, that methinks he should impute it more sparingly. I will endeavour, therefore, to set him right; which perhaps I shall be the better able to do, because having conversed much a late with some writings where this beauty of style prevails, I have very strong and sensible impressions of it.

Pedantry is a word of a very various and mixed meaning, and therefore hard to be defined: but I will describe it to the Doctor as well as I can, by pointing out some of the chief marks and moles of it.

The first and surest mark of a pedant is to write without observing the received rules of civility and common decency, and without distinguishing the

characters of those he writes to or against; for pedantry in the pen is what clownishness is in conversation—it is written ill-breeding.

It is pedantry to affect the use of an hard word where there is an easy one, or of a Greek or Latin word, where there is an English one that signifies the very same thing. And these two meanings of the word my Lord Roscommon seems to have hinted in those fine verses of his, which are worth at least half a dozen pages of Dr Bentley's scraps of Callimachus, notes and all :

The soil intended for Pierian seeds  
 Must be well purg'd from rank pedantic weeds.  
 Apollo starts, and all Parnassus shakes,  
 At the rude rumbling Baralipton makes ;  
 For none were e'er with admiration read,  
 But who, beside their learning, were well bred.

*Essay on Translated Verse.*

How Dr Bentley will, on these articles, excuse his familiar treatment of Sir William Temple, and his coarse compliments to me, how he will bring off his Greek and Latin proverbs, his *aliene*, and *negoce*, and *concede*, and *repudiating a vernacular idiom*, with an

hundred other such elegances of speech, I leave him to consider at his leisure.

To over-rate the price of knowledge, and to make as great ado about the true rendering of a phrase or accenting of a word, as if an article of faith or the fortune of a kingdom depended upon it, is pedantry. And so is an assuming and positive way of delivering oneself, upon points, especially, not worth our concern, and not capable of being perfectly cleared. And whether Dr Bentley be guilty in this respect or no, the reader will be able to judge when he has cast his eye on the margin, and considered how many times the Doctor in his *Dissertation* has freely used the word *demonstrate* of his own performances<sup>1</sup>, and withal how fond he is of negatives, a very dangerous way of speech, and that in cases oftentimes where the contrary

<sup>1</sup>—even *demonstrated* that the Epistles of Phalaris are spurious, p. 5

—that *demonstrate* Anaxilaus to have lived—p. 26

—*Demonstrate* the Doric dialect to have been, &c., p. 42

—but which is plain *demonstration*, p. 48

—I'll *demonstrate* 'em by and by to be an imposture, p. 116

—I shall *demonstrate* ours to be of a modern date, p. 138

—is a *demonstrative* proof, p. 141

affirmative is most certainly true ; as it is and shall be proved to be, in all those instances, which this mark † refers to.

To depart from the common ways of writing or speaking, and such as have been used by the best pens, on purpose to show oneself more exact and knowing than the rest of the world, is a piece of affectation that savours of pedantry. *Tauromenium* is the word that is generally used by both ancient and modern writers. Dr Bentley has reformed our spelling, and will have it *Taurominium* because Pliny and Solinus

† There was *no such thing as Tragedy* while he tyrannised at Agrigentum, p. 40

*προδεδωκέντα* never used by the ancients in that sense, p. 52

By that time I have done with 'em it will be *no more* a controversy whether they are spurious, p. 89

There is *no MS* above CCC years old that has the Fables according to that copy, p. 146

In all that tract of time *not one single* author that has given us the *least hint* that Æsop was *ugly*, p. 149

Astypalaea, a city in Greece, *never* mentioned by any geographer, p. 44

A discovery in geography that *could not* be learnt anywhere else, p. 58

Eustathius, who *appears never* to have seen the true Athenæus, p. 20.



(and perhaps somebody else) have happened to call it so. And here I must beg the reader's excuse, if I go a little out of the way to do right to Sir William Temple, in a case of the like nature. Mr Wotton tells him, with great plainness of speech, that he, of all men, ought not to have arraigned the modern ignorance in grammar, who puts *Delphos* for *Delphi* everywhere in his *Essays*. A capital mistake, and worthy to be chastised by the acute pen of Mr Wotton! But is he sure that putting *Delphos* for *Delphi* is an offence against grammar? I thought always that what was according to propriety and the received use of a tongue, could not be against grammar. It may indeed be against some general rule of grammar, but so wise a man as Mr Wotton is, should have known that grammar has not only general rules, but particular exceptions too; and that the common custom and usage of a tongue is capable of creating an exception, at any time, and is as good a rule as any in the grammar. Now *Delphos* for the Latin word *Delphi* is used by all the finest writers of our tongue, and best judges of it, particularly by Mr Waller twice in some of his last copies, which though they are worse poetry than

the rest, yet are in correcter English; by Mr Dryden four or five times in his *Life of Plutarch*; by Mr Duke, and Mr Creech, often, in their several *Lives of Theseus* and *Solon*; and because, perhaps, one old divine may weigh more with Mr Wotton than all these modern witnesses, by the Reverend and learned Dr Jackson in his volumes on the Creed. Mr Wotton might have said indeed that *Delphos* in the singular number is not good Latin or good Greek: but when he says 'tis 'bad English' he only shows that he does not converse with so good authors as he ought to do. This digression might have been spared, but that Mr Wotton, when he was purging his book of some unbecoming passages in a second edition of it, thought fit still to retain this grammatical reflection there: perhaps in a third edition he'll take care that this too shall bear the rest company.

Dr Bentley will forgive me this short visit to his friend, now I return to him.

Pedantry consists also in low and mean ways of speech, which are a vicious affectation of what is natural and easy, as hard words are of learning and scholarship. And whether Dr Bentley has not

offended this way by those familiar expressions of *Mother Clito the Herb-woman*, and *going to pot*, and *setting horses together*, and *roasting the old woman*, and by his apt simile drawn from *bungling tinkers mending old kettles*, anybody but pedants can tell.

An itch of contradicting great men, or established opinions, upon very slight grounds, is another instance of pedantry, and (not to mention anything that relates to the present dispute,) something of this kind there was, I'm afraid, in Dr Bentley's brisk censure of Grotius and Scaliger for not knowing the measure of an anapaestic verse, when 'tis plain, as I shall show before I lay down my pen, that the Doctor would never have censured 'em if he had known it himself. Castelvetro, an Italian pedant, was famous for such a snarling faculty as this. "He was," as Balzac says very well of him, "a public enemy, that could not endure anybody should have merit or reputation, but himself."

The subject is fruitful, but I will confine myself to one particular more of the pedant's character, and that is, a love of quoting books or passages not extant, or never seen by him, in order to amaze and confound

his poor reader, and make himself terrible in the way of learning. "As Aristotle says in his lost *Treatise of the Sicilian Government*," says the Doctor: though that *Treatise* be so far lost that Aristotle did really never write it. And agen he tells us what Monsieur de Méziriac has done in his *Life of Æsop*, and yet owns, in the very next line, that he never met with this book, but only guessed what was in it. He produces the unknown authors Diodorus transcribed, as so many witnesses on his side, and in another place he gives a very particular account of what Aulus Gellius said in a *lost chapter*, not from any other writer that had quoted it, but merely by dint of conjecture.

These are all the marks and moles of pedantry that I can now stay to point out to the Doctor: if he be still at a loss to know what the pedant's character is, and where to apply it, I refer him to a passage in Bruyère where I think this matter is very succinctly and fully handled. "There are," says he, "in learning, as in war, a sort of inferior and subaltern officers, men who seem made only for registers and magazines to store up the productions of better writers. Collectors they are, transcribers, plagiaries; they

never think themselves; they tell you only what others have thought before them. They heap together matter in abundance, without choice or distinction, and care not how worthless it is, so there be but enough on't. They know nothing but just as they learn it from their books, and learn nothing but what everybody else desires to be ignorant of. They have a vain, dry, insipid sort of knowledge, that is disagreeable and useless; can neither enliven conversation, nor conduce to business. We are sometimes surprised at their reading, but always tired with their discourse or their writings. These are they, who, among all the little men and some great ones, go for scholars, but among the wise and sensible part of mankind, for pedants."

This account of pedantry has drawn me a little out of my way: I shall now return again into it, and consider the particular instances Dr Bentley has brought to justify his general assertion, that the matter and business of the letters betrays 'em not to be genuine.

The first is 'an improbable and absurd story' (as he thinks) about Stesichorus, who dying at Catana,

the Himereans desired to have his ashes brought back into his native city Himera : but the Cataneans would not part with them. This occasioned a fierce contest between the two towns, which Phalaris appeased by prevailing with the Himereans to let Stesichorus's ashes sleep in peace at Catana, and build a temple to the honour of him at home. Now what is there in this story either absurd or improbable? that the Himereans should be so concerned to get the ashes of Stesichorus, and the Cataneans to keep them? This very thing happened afterwards in the case of Euripides, whose bones the Athenians sent a solemn embassy to Macedonia to retrieve, as Aulus Gellius informs us, and that not in *a lost chapter*. And after the denial of this request, we learn from Pausanias, that the Athenians built a noble monument to the memory of Euripides, which continued even to his time. Somewhat of the same honour was paid to Hesiod's remains, which being buried where Hesiod was murdered, a great way off Ascra, the Orchomenians, Plutarch tells us, endeavoured all they could to get 'em into their possession : but they that had 'em would not be prevailed upon to

part with 'em. And if Euripides and Hesiod were honoured with such contentions as these, after their deaths, why might not Stesichorus ?

“Ay, but,” says the Doctor, “a temple and deification were a little too extravagant an honour to be paid to a poet’s memory.” I thought such things as these could not have surprised a man of the Doctor’s polymathy ; but I find he knows nothing of the several temples erected to Homer at Smyrna and in other places, as Strabo and Aelian expressly affirm, nor so much as remembers that known passage in Tully’s Oration *pro Archia poeta* which is no secret even to the first beginners in learning. “Homer,” says he, “the Smyrnaeans claim as a native of theirs, and therefore they have erected a temple to him.” From whence, also, Dr Bentley may please to learn the reason why Phalaris would have the Himereans content themselves with erecting a temple to Stesichorus, because that would declare to posterity that he was born there.

Nay it happens, a little unluckily, that an ancient marble is preserved to this day, which perhaps belonged to some temple erected to the honour of Homer,

in some of the places that contended for his birth, where the apotheosis, or deification, of that poet is described; and a learned man, Cuperus, has writ a large comment upon it, which methinks the Doctor should have been acquainted with, though he be not a foreign professor.

Ere I quit this particular I must observe a little slip of the Doctor's in telling us that Himera, in Tully's time, was called Thermae. I believe it was not, because Tully himself assures us that Himera and Thermae were two different towns, and the latter built at some distance from the ruins of the former; and without this distinction between Himera and Thermae, 'tis impossible to understand Diodorus where he says that after Himera was sacked, and rased by the Carthaginians, it continued altogether uninhabited even to his days; which could not be true if Himera and Thermae were the same, for that Thermae was well inhabited in Diodorus's time, is past dispute. I will not deny but that some careless passages may perhaps have dropped from the pens of old authors, where these two are not nicely distinguished, but it is not in works where they set up for



being severe upon other men's mistakes, and their want of exactness therefore may be forgiven them. But Dr Bentley, who professes to give no quarter, should take care not to want any.

His last objection happily arose from contemplating the matter of one single Epistle : the Doctor will now compare the Epistles together and confute one by another. "There is an inconsistency," he says, "between the LIst and the LXIXth, because, in the LIst, Phalaris's wife is dead, and in the LXIXth she is alive again." As if it were necessary that these Epistles should have been written just in the same order that they stand, which is different in the printed copies, from what it is in the MSS., and different in one MS. from what it is in another. Upon such an unreasonable supposition as this, how many inconsistencies might be found in Tully's Epistles ? or even in those of St Paul ? And yet, if this supposition do not take place, there is no manner of inconsistency between these two Epistles of Phalaris. The penetrating Dr Bentley seems to have had some suspicions that this argument was of itself a little too weak to stand its ground, and therefore has backed it with a

strong reserve of four other suppositions ; and if all these hold good, he will still prove the Epistles spurious. First he *supposes* that Erythia was poisoned by Python not long after Phalaris's banishment, because otherwise he *supposes* she could not want opportunities to follow him ; then he *supposes* Erythia was poisoned in the island Astypalaea, where he *supposes* that her poisoner dwelt. Here's more postulatum than Euclid required to build the whole body of his elements upon, and yet he must be very kind to Dr Bentley that will grant him any one of them, since there is nothing, either in the Epistles themselves or in any other history I have had the luck to meet with, that can give 'em the least countenance. At present, therefore, I take the same liberty to deny every one of these suppositions as he has to assume them : if hereafter he can prove them in another language, 'twill then be time enough to show that they are nothing to the purpose.

In some other Epistles the Doctor has discovered a ' scene of putid and senseless formality.' A man of quality, in Syracuse, whose wife was lately dead, sends his brother to Phalaris with a request that he would

endeavour to prevail with Stesichorus to write an elegy upon her. Phalaris tries and prevails ; but is not so successful in a second attempt of the same nature, that he makes at the instance of another Sicilian gentleman. I protest I can see no harm in all this : there may indeed, for aught I know, be ‘putid formality’ in it, because I can’t well tell what those hard words mean ; but I see nothing unnatural there, or misbecoming the character of Phalaris. “No !” says the Doctor, “What ? can anyone believe that such stuff as this busied the head of the tyrant ?” As low thoughts as the Doctor has of the Epistles, I find he has very high ones of Phalaris ; he seems to have represented him to himself as some mighty monarch that had vast dominions, and was too great, and too busy, to attend such trifles : whereas he was only a petty prince of one town in Sicily, and as such, I hope, the office here given him was no ways below him. Indeed the Doctor has, for the honour of Phalaris, represented that town as exceeding populous ; for Diodorus, he says, counts 200,000 souls in Agrigent, and others 800,000. Diodorus, I grant, in the place cited, says there were such numbers in it when the Carthaginians took it, Olymp.

LXXXIII. 3, when as he tells us in the same place, it was in its most prosperous and flourishing estate : but must there needs be as many inhabitants in it 150 years before in the reign of Phalaris ? As for his other witness, Laertius, his 800,000 are given up by the learned as a gross mistake, which Bochart supposes to have risen from the change of a numeral K into a II ; or however that may be, the account, he says, is ' incredible and utterly false.' Incredible as it is, the Doctor vouchsafes to take up with it, and it grows under his hands ; for by that time we are got to the end of this article, these 800,000 are a million of subjects—the 200,000 are thrown in carelessly to make it a round number. Let it be a million : yet there have been tyrants, with many millions of subjects at their command, who have thought fit to employ and entertain themselves much after this manner. Has the Doctor, who deals so much in fragments, never seen those of Augustus's letters to Horace ? Has he never heard that we owe the Fourth Book of Horace's *Odes*, and the finest of all his *Epistles*, to that Prince's importunity, who pressed, and obliged him to write, and to make mention of him in his poems ? And such

stuff, I presume, may very well be allowed to busy Phalaris's head, which found room in the thoughts of Augustus.

“ But why so much ado ? ” says our keen observer, “ could not the Syracusian have written to Stesichorus, and at the price of some present met with success ? ”

I agree with the Doctor that a present is sometimes an expeditious method of doing business. I have known several things, in my lifetime, stick for want of it. However here it was improper, for Stesichorus was not only the greatest poet but one of the greatest men in Sicily. His brother Helianax was a law-giver [*νομοθέτης*], Suidas tells us, and he himself probably in the government of Himera, or at least consulted by 'em in extraordinary cases, as appears by his apologue in Aristotle's *Rhetoric* : and the true way of prevailing with such a man to employ his excellent pen, was to offer him, not money, but a subject that deserved it. Some of his brother poets, indeed, were to be tempted this way ; but they were men of mean birth and education, and were to make their fortunes by their pens, and no wonder therefore that they were mercenary.

It is objected that if these letters about the elegy were Phalaris's he would have expressed himself properly, and not have called the same copy of verses μέλος and ἐλεγίον; which are as different from one another as Theognis is from Pindar: "an egregious piece of dulness says the Doctor, and which proves him to be a mere *asinus ad lyram!*" Now to see the different cast of men's heads: allowing the error in this case, so egregiously dull am I, that I should have reasoned just the other way from it—that if a sophist had writ these letters, he would never have confounded these two words, the distinct sense of which was so well settled before his time by the grammarians. But in Phalaris's time the meaning of these terms of art might not be so strictly marked out, or a Prince might not think himself obliged to take notice of it, and to write with all the exactness of a scholar. So that from this very mistake, if it were one, I should have inferred something in favour of the letters; but to our misfortune here is no mistake. Phalaris did but as a nicer man than he might have done: he calls the poem ἐλεγίον when he asks it of Stesichorus and did not know in what verse it would be composed by him, and

he calls it *μῆλος* afterwards when he had it, and found it was in lyric measures.

\**Ἐλεγος* and *ἐλεγίον* originally signified only a mournful or funeral song, an *elegy* as we say in English, referring to the subject of the song, and not to the measure. But elegies being generally writ in hexameters and pentameters, the word came afterwards to be applied purely to the measure, without any regard to the subject. However, this second sense of the word did not so far prevail as absolutely to extinguish the first: still *Ἐλεγος* and *ἐλεγίον* were now and then employed in a looser meaning than what the grammarians put upon 'em, and of this I will give the Doctor one plain instance from a darling author of his—Dion Chrysostome, who in his 4th book *De Regno* calls the heroic verses written on Sardanapalus's tomb *ἐλεγίον*, and Aristophanes, speaking of the nightingale, has this passage:

Φοῖβος ἀκούων τοῖς σοῖς ἐλέγοις  
Ἄντιψάλλει                      Ἰν' Ὀρνιθ.

where *ἐλέγοις* can signify nothing but a melancholy tune, or mournful song; unless our grammarian can

prove that the nightingales in that part of the world sung in elegiac measure. And the misfortune of it is that these very *ἔλεγοι* are called *μέλη* but a few verses before :

Τὸν ἕμὸν καὶ σὸν πολὺδάκρυν ἴτην  
Ἐλελιζομένην διεροῖς μέλεσι.

And I hope Aristophanes understood Greek, and was no *asinus ad lyram*. As strong proofs as these may seem, I have still behind one authority more, which will go farther with Dr Bentley than any I have yet brought: 'tis his own. He, p. 139 of his *Dissertation*, tells us that somebody made an edition of *Æsop's Fables*, in elegiac verse, and after giving us several instances of the kind, he adds that some of them (i. e. of the elegiac fables) were all in hexameters. I'd advise him, therefore, to call in this criticism, and his dirty proverb along with it, for fear it should stick where he has not a mind it should.

He has still one way left of disproving this piece of 'putid formality,' and that is by denying that Stesichorus and Phalaris were acquainted. 'Tis a negative, and therefore pretty hard to be made out; let us see how



he sets about it. He observes, that Lucian says nothing of this acquaintance. Lucian mentions it not by name indeed, but he speaks in general of Phalaris's conversation with learned men, and their great esteem of him; and then gives an instance in Pythagoras, the most celebrated scholar of his time, and after him there needed no other instances. Had a less skilful hand been employed in making this oration, he would probably have heaped up all he knew of Phalaris, and overacted his part by too great and circumstantial a nicety. But Lucian had more art: he knew when to leave off, that the piece might not look stiff and unnatural. Besides, if Lucian's silence be an exception to Stesichorus's acquaintance with Phalaris, it is to Abaris's too; which yet our critic has before, for the sake of Aristotle and Jamblichus, been graciously pleased to allow.

But Plato is silent, as well as Lucian, in this matter, and that in an Epistle written to a tyrant of Sicily, where he is reckoning up the friendships of learned men with tyrants and magistrates. Neither has Plato mentioned anything in that Epistle of the acquaintance between Phalaris and Pythagoras, which had been as

proper and as domestic an instance as the other. And yet the Pythagoreans all agree, that their master and Phalaris were acquainted, and Doctor Bentley grants it: why should Plato's ill memory be a proof against the one, and no proof against the other? But I rather think it was his good judgement than his ill memory that occasioned this omission. Phalaris's name was detested and infamous in Sicily, and to have brought him in, therefore, among his other instances, would have spoiled the compliment to Dionysius, who might like well enough to have the parallel drawn between him and Hiero, or Pericles, or Periander, or Croesus, but would not have thought it a civility, I believe, to have been compared with Phalaris, whose character when taken at the best, and as drawn in these Epistles, is not so amiable as that any man should be pleased with resembling him; especially one who could not but be conscious to himself, that he had made use of his methods, and had reason to expect his fate. Plato was a great master of decency, and he never showed it more than in this dexterous management, which I am not surprised to find that our Library-keeper has no relish of.

His last argument is from Pindar, who speaks of Phalaris's cruelty, with detestation. And what follows from thence? that he never heard of his extraordinary dearness with Stesichorus, for the sake of which, Pindar, had he known it, would certainly have forborn giving him so vile a character? This indeed is demonstration, and not to be withstood! I will not attempt to answer it: only I will put the Doctor in mind of one false colour that he has given to his argument; for it does not appear, from any expression in this Ode, that Pindar is there exhorting Hiero to be kind to poets and men of letters. There is not a word of being kind to poets and men of letters, mentioned in the verses themselves, whatever guess the Scholiast (who perhaps knew as little of Pindar's intentions as I, or Dr Bentley, do) may make at their remote meaning. Pindar only praises Hiero for his *humanity* and *hospitality* at large, and tells him Croesus was renowned for these virtues, and Phalaris infamous for the want of 'em. Which I would have observed, because if he be not speaking here of beneficence to poets and men of letters, Dr Bentley might as well have undertaken to prove his point from ἀριστον μὲν ὕδωρ as from the

passage he has produced. He has lamed it in his quotation; I will give it the reader entire, "Croesus," says he, "will always be renowned for his humanity and benevolence, but the memory of the savage and inhuman Phalaris is everywhere detested." Could a better panegyric be made upon Hiero, in fewer words? Could anything be more artful than the pitching upon these two opposite instances, to set out his character by? Were a man to compliment some person in Dr Bentley's station, could he do it more effectually than by saying of him, that he had all the humanity and good nature of the Library-keeper at Cambridge,<sup>1</sup> and none of the disobliging, rude qualities of him at St James's?

After all, the Dr's opinion and mine upon this point are not so very distant as he may imagine, for I agree with him, that there was no extraordinary dearness between Stesichorus and Phalaris; nor do the Letters themselves imply that there was. They say indeed that Phalaris obliged and courted Stesichorus, out of vanity, or a real esteem of his merit. And Stesichorus could not but pay some regard to Phalaris

<sup>1</sup> Mr Laughton.

on this account, though he could never love him or his character ; nor is there any proof from the Epistles that he did. Phalaris, after he had given him his life, desired only his friendship in return, and Stesichorus was obliged, both in gratitude and prudence, not to stand off, but to be in as good terms as he could with a man that was able to do him so much mischief. We have a lively account of just such a management as this between Julius Cæsar and Tully, in the Epistles of the latter. When Cæsar had got the better of Pompey, (whose side Tully took,) either out of a true esteem for Tully's virtues, or out of design, he took all methods of making him his own ; paid him a great many civilities ; and did him a great many services. Tully could never from his heart love a tyrant : but we may imagine how he behaved in this case : he accepted Cæsar's proffered friendship, wrote civilly to him, and lay still. No more than this, that I can see, ever passed between Stesichorus and Phalaris, to speak upon the foot of the letters ; and if so, what becomes of Dr Bentley's harangue about the silence of authors, in relation to this fancied intimacy and dearness ? Good writers must needs say nothing

of that which never happened. Stesichorus's love for Phalaris could no more be the subject of any of the pens that went before us, than Dr Bentley's *humanity* will be of any of the pens that shall come after us. . . .

A DISSERTATION  
UPON THE EPISTLES OF PHALARIS.

WITH AN ANSWER TO THE OBJECTIONS OF  
THE HONOURABLE CHARLES BOYLE, ESQUIRE.

By RICHARD BENTLEY, D.D.

[1699]

[pp. iii-xxxviii]

IN the former edition of this Dissertation, (A.D. 1697), I thought myself obliged to take notice of a certain passage in a preface to Phalaris's Epistles, published at Oxford two years before, which I did in these words :

“The late editors of Phalaris have told the world in their Preface, that, among other specimens of their diligence, they collated the King's manuscript, as far as the XLth epistle, and would have done so throughout, but that the Library-keeper *out of his singular humanity* denied them the further use of

it. This was meant as a lash for me, who had the honour then and since to serve His Majesty in that office. I must own 'twas very well resolved of them, to make the preface, and the book, all of a piece; for they have acted in this calumny both the injustice of the tyrant, and the forgery of the sophist. For my own part, I should never have honoured it with a refutation in print, but have given it that neglect that is due to weak detraction, had I not been engaged to my friend to write a censure upon Phalaris; where to omit to take notice of that slander, would be tacitly to own it. The true story is thus: a bookseller came to me, in the name of the Editors, to beg the use of the manuscript. It was not then in my custody, but as soon as I had the power of it, I went voluntarily and offered it him, bidding him tell the collator not to lose any time; for I was shortly to go out of town for two months. 'Twas delivered, used, and returned. Not a word said by the bearer, nor the least suspicion in me, that they had not finished the collation; for, I speak from experiment, they had more days to compare it in, than they needed to have hours. 'Tis a very little book, and the writing



as *legitimæ* as print. Well, the collation, it seems, was sent defective to *Ossæ*: and the blame, I suppose, laid upon me. I returned again to the Library some months before the edition was finished: no application was made for further use of the manuscript. Thence I went for a whole fortnight to *Ossæ*, where the book was then printing, conversed in the very College where the Editors resided. Not the least whisper there of the manuscript. After a few days, out comes the new edition, with this sting in the mouth of it. 'Twas a surprise indeed, to read there, that our manuscript was not perused. Could not they have asked for it again, then, after my return? 'Twas neither *singular* nor *common humanity*, not to inquire into the truth of the thing before they ventured to print, which is a sword in the hand of a child. But there's a reason for everything; and the mystery was soon revealed. For, it seems, I had the hard hap, in some private conversation, to say the Epistles were a spurious piece, and unworthy of a new edition. *Hinc illæ lacrimæ*. This was a thing deeply resented; and to have spoken to me about the manuscript had been to lose a plausible occasion of taking revenge."

This I then thought was sufficient to vindicate myself from that little aspersion. But I am now constrained, by the worse usage that I have since met with from the same quarter, to give an account of some particulars, which then I omitted, partly out of an unwillingness to trouble the public with complaints about private and personal injuries, but chiefly out of a tenderness for the honour of the Editor.

The first time I saw his new Phalaris was in the hands of a person of honour, to whom it had been presented; and the rest of the impression was not yet published. This encouraged me to write the very same evening to Mr Boyle at Oxford, and to give him a true information of the whole matter; expecting that upon the receipt of my letter, he would put a stop to the publication of his book till he had altered that passage and printed the page anew, which he might have done in one day, and at the charge of five shillings. I did not expressly desire him to take out that passage, and reprint the whole leaf: that I thought was too low a submission. But I said enough to make any person of common justice and ingenuity have owned me thanks for preventing him from doing a very ill action.

I am sorry I have not the letter itself to produce on this occasion ; but I neither took any copy of it, nor was I careful to keep the gentleman's letter which I received in answer. I had no apprehension at that time that the business could have been blown to this height. But the gentleman, it seems, had something at that time in his view, and was more careful to keep my letter, a part of which he has thus published, "Mr Bennet desired me to lend him the manuscript Phalaris to be collated; because a young gentleman, Mr Boyle of Christ Church, was going to publish it. I told him, that a gentleman of that name and family, to which I had so many obligations and should always have an honour for, might command any service that lay in my power." These he acknowledges to be civil expressions; and I dare trust my memory so far as to aver that all the rest were of the same strain. Nay, as the Examiner has given us this fragment of my letter, because he thought he saw a fault in't, which I shall answer anon; so, if there had been anything else in that letter, either in the words or the matter, that he could but have cavilled at, without doubt he would have favoured us with more of it; for we may

easily see his good will to me, both from his Preface and his Examination.

But what return did he make me for my expressions of great civility? After a delay of two posts, on purpose, as one may justly suspect, that the book might be vended (as it was) and spread abroad in the meantime, I received an answer to this effect: that what I had said in my own behalf might be true; but that Mr Bennet had represented the thing quite otherwise: if he had had my account before, he should have considered of it: and now that the book was made public, he would not interpose, but that I might do myself right in what method I pleased. This was the import of his answer, as I very well remember: there was not the least hint that he had or would stop the publication of his book till the matter was farther examined.

The gentleman himself, in his late treatise, has been pleased to give some account of the same letter; and he represents his expression thus: that if the matter appeared as I had told it, he meant to give me satisfaction as publicly as he had injured me. But I am sorry that his civility comes three years too late.

Less than this would have passed with me for good satisfaction. But it was not, that he would give me satisfaction, but that I had his free leave to take it: which was in answer to a paragraph of my letter, that perhaps I might think myself obliged to make a public vindication. And this, as I take it, was so far from being a just satisfaction, that it was plainly a defiance, and an addition to the affront.

The gentleman and I here differ a little about the expression in his answer; but I suppose the very circumstances will plainly discover whose account is the truer. For what probability is there that he should promise such fair satisfaction, and yet let the book be published, when it was in his power to stop it? If he had writ me word the very next post, that he had stopped the books in the printing-house, and would suffer no more to go abroad till the matter was fairly examined, this had been just and civil. And then, if he had found himself misinformed by his bookseller, he might have cut out the leaf, and printed a new one; which in all respects had been the fairest, and cheapest and quickest satisfaction.

Several persons have been so far misinformed by

false reports of this story that they think the Editor himself desired the MS. either by letter to me, or by a personal visit. I heartily wish it had been so; for then all this dispute had been prevented. But the gentleman was not pleased to honour me with his commands. If he had favoured me with one line, or had sent his desire by any scholar, I would not only have lent the book, but have collated it myself for him. But it was both our misfortunes, that he committed the whole affair to the care, or rather negligence, of his bookseller: and the first application himself made to me, was by that compliment in his printed Preface.

I am surprised to see an honourable person think he has fully justified himself for abusing me, by reasons that he has found out since the time of the abuse. For even take his own account, and when he printed that Preface, he had heard nothing but on one side. And was that like a man of his character, to put a public affront upon me, upon the bare complaint of a bookseller, who was the party suspected of the fault? What! never to inquire at all, whether he had not misinformed him, when there was such reason to

suppose that he might lay the blame upon me, to excuse his own negligence? when he had such opportunities of asking me, either directly, or by some common friends? Turn it over on every side, and the whole conduct of it is so very extraordinary, that one cannot but suspect there were some secret reasons for this usage, that are not yet brought above-board. Be it as it will, 'tis in vain to hope to justify that calumny in his Preface, by such testimonies as he knew nothing of, when he ventured to print it. He is fallen under his own reproof, that he wrote his Preface first, and finds reasons for it afterwards.

When his Phalaris came first abroad, 'twas the opinion of my friends (who were soon satisfied that the thing was a calumny), that it was the duty of my place, as Keeper of the Royal Library, to defend the honour of it against such an insult. But yet out of a natural aversion to all quarrels and broils, and out of regard to the Editor himself, I resolved to take no notice of it, but to let the matter drop.

'Thus it rested for two years; and should have done so for ever, had not some accidents fallen out, which made it necessary for me to give a public account of

it. I had formerly made a promise to my worthy friend Mr. Wotton, to give him a paper of some reasons, why I thought Phalaris's Epistles supposititious, and the present Æsopian Fables not to be Æsop's own. And upon such an occasion, I was plainly obliged to speak of that calumny: for my silence would have been interpreted as good as a confession: especially considering with what industrious malice the false story had been spread all over England; for as it's generally practised, they thought one act of injustice was to be supported and justified by doing many more.

The gentleman is pleased to insinuate, that all this is pure fiction; and that I writ that dissertation out of revenge, and purely for an occasion of telling the story: the very contrary of which is true; for I was unwilling to meddle in that dissertation, because I should be necessitated to give an account of that story: as it will plainly appear from Mr Wotton's own testimony, which I have by me under his hand:

I do declare, that in the year 1694, when my *Discourse about Ancient and Modern Learning* was



first put to the press, Dr Bentley, at my desire, undertook to write a dissertation about Phalaris and *Æsop*, to be added to my book. But being called away into the country, he could not at that time be as good as his word. Afterwards, when the second edition of my book was in the press, I renewed my request to him, and challenged his promise. He desired me to excuse him; because now the case was altered, and he could not write that dissertation without giving a censure of the late edition at Oxford. But I did not think that a sufficient reason, why I should lose that treatise to the world, by receding from the right and power that he had given me to demand it.

W. WOTTON.

The reader will please to observe, that Mr Wotton's *Discourse* was first printed 1694, and *Phalaris* the year after. A plain argument that the Examiner is quite out in his reckoning; when he pretends, that I first engaged in that dissertation, purely to fall foul on his book. I was so far from harbouring such vengeance in my heart, that if the Editor, or anybody

from him, had but given me leave to say in his name, that he had been misinformed; all this story, and all the errors of his edition had slept quiet in their obscurity.

About nine months after my Dissertation was printed, the editor of Phalaris obliged the world with a second piece, called *Dr Bentley's Dissertations examin'd*. He has begun that elaborate work with stating an account of this story in opposition to what I had said of it: and that he does upon the credit and testimonies of the bookseller and the collator, and of a third informant, who overheard some discourse of mine. I will give a clear and full answer to every part of their depositions; and I question not but to make it plain, that the Examiner has been imposed on, not only by the author of Phalaris's Letters, but by others that are every way of lower qualifications than he.

The bookseller avers, "that he was employed by the Hon. Mr Boyle, and by him only, to borrow the MS. of Phalaris from Dr. Bentley. And after about nine months solicitation, (says he,) it was delivered into my custody, without any time limited for the

return of it." I now perceive I had more reason than I was then aware of, when I said in my Dissertation, that a falsehood about time was the truest and surest method of detecting impostures. And Mr B. I hope, will allow that a chronological argument will be a good proof against his bookseller, though he will not admit it against his book. The bookseller, we see, is positive that I did not lend him the MS. "till after about nine months solicitation." And Mr B. himself repeats it that there was about nine months solicitation used to procure it: and in another place he affirms that the bookseller gave him liberty to assure the world that he was ready to justify it with his oath, when it should be duly required of him. Now, if instead of these nine months, I make it appear beyond contradiction, that from my very first admission to the office of Library-keeper, to the time that the bookseller not only had, but returned the MS., there was but one single month; I humbly conceive, the world will be satisfied that not the word only, but the very oath of this witness is little to be regarded.

The Royal Patent, which constitutes me Keeper of

His Majesty's Libraries, (which may be seen not only in my own hands, but in the Patent Office,) bears date the 12th day of April 1694. The words are, "In cujus rei testimonium has literas nostras fieri fecimus patentes, testibus nobis ipsis apud Westmonasterium, duodecimo die Aprilis, anno regni nostri sexto." Now, I may appeal to anybody, that has ever been concerned in a Patent, if by reason of the delays that necessarily attend a thing of that nature, it may not fairly be supposed that the remaining part of that month expired, before all could be finished. I find in a book of my private accounts, that I took the Patent out of the Patent Office the 18th day of that month: and the several offices to be attended after that, before I could have admission to the Library, may be allowed to take up the rest of the month. But I shall prove the thing directly by two witnesses beyond all exception, the worthy masters of St Paul's and St James's Schools, who gave me this account under their own hands:

Some time after the death of Mr Justell, late Library-keeper to His Majesty, we were desired by his

Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, then Lord Bishop of Lincoln, in pursuance of a command from the late Queen, of blessed memory, to take a catalogue of the Royal Library at St. James's. We began it in October 1693; finished, and had it transcribed, and presented to Her Majesty by the Easter following; during all which time we had the key of the said Library constantly in our keeping, as also some weeks longer. And then, as we were directed, we delivered it up to Sir John Lowther, now the Right Hon. the Lord Lonsdale, who was at that time Vice-Chamberlain to His Majesty.

JO. POSTLETHWAYT.

RICH. WRIGHT.

It is plain then, from the date of a public record, joined with Mr Postlethwayt's and Mr Wright's testimonies, that I had not actual custody of the Royal Library before May. For in that year Easter fell upon April the 8th. And it's deposed here, that the key of the library was not delivered to the Vice-Chamberlain, from whose hands I was to receive it, till some weeks after Easter. And in the same May

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I delivered the MS. to the bookseller ; for, as I had said before, as soon as I had it in my power, I went voluntarily to the bookseller and offered it him. The bookseller has not yet thought fit to deny, that the book was delivered to him in May ; and to save him from the temptation of denying it hereafter, I will prove by another record, that the book was used and restored to me again, and lodged in His Majesty's Library before the end of that month. For the reason why I insisted to have the MS. speedily returned, was because I was obliged to make a journey to Worcester, to keep my residence there as Prebendary of that church : and that I was at Worcester by the 1st of June following, the following certificate will prove, the original of which I have by me :

It appears by the Chanter's rolls kept to note the presence of the Dean and Prebendaries of the Cathedral Church of Worcester, that Dr Richard Bentley, Prebendary of the said Cathedral Church, was present at prayers in the quire there on the first day of June in the year 1694, and continued his attendance there till September the 26th following, not absenting more than

two days at any one time all the while. Witness my hand this 25th day of May, 1698.

ANDREW TRUBBICE, *Chamber.*

We have seen and examin'd the Chamber's rolls above mentioned, and do find them, as he hath above certified; and we did see him sign this certificate.

JO. PRICE, *Chancellor,*

CH. MOORE, *Pub. Not. Reg.*

THO. OLIVER, *Pub. Notary.*

I must crave leave to observe to the reader, that the residence-roll for the month of May, though diligently sought for, could not be found. But if it ever happen to come to sight, I make no doubt, but it will appear by it, that I was present at Worcester some part of that May. For it's great odds, that the first day of my being there would not fall upon the first of June. The last note of time, before I took my journey, that I can now find among all my papers, is the 15th day of May. And I find a letter to me out of Surrey, dated May the 10th, that then wishes me a good journey. All which makes me believe, that I left

London upon Monday, May the 21<sup>st</sup>, and that the MS. was returned to me the Saturday night before.

But not to insist upon that, I suppose it's sufficiently manifest from His Majesty's Patent, Mr Postlethwayt's and Mr Wright's testimonies, and the residence-rolls of the Church of Worcester, that the MS. was delivered, used, and returned, within the space of one month after I had the custody of the Library. So that the deposition of the bookseller, that he could not obtain the MS. till after about nine months solicitation, is demonstrated to be a notorious falsehood: and since he has further declared that it was in his intention a perjury, he has pilloried himself for't in print, as long as that book shall last.

I have been informed by several good hands, that when the starters of this calumny heard how I could disprove, from the very date of the Patent, this story of nine months solicitation, they betook themselves to this refuge, that though the Patent was not finished till about May, yet I had the power and trust of the Library for nine months before. But besides the folly of this evasion, which is visible at first view (for how could I demand the key of the Library before I had a



right to it?), Mr Postlethwayt and Mr Wright give a direct evidence, that they had the key constantly in their keeping all the time from October to May; so that I had not the MS. in my power, till the very time that I lent it. Nay, the very warrant, where His Majesty first nominated me to that employment, was but taken out of the Secretary's office, December 23, 1693. There were but five months, therefore, in all from the first rumour of my being Library-keeper to the time that they had the MS. And the bookseller even by this account was plainly guilty of an intended perjury; when he was ready to swear, 'that he used about nine months solicitation!' But suppose it were true, that nine months had elapsed from the date of the warrant to my admission to the Library; yet what an honest and ingenuous narrative is here, of 'nine months solicitation'! That word carries this accusation in't, that I could have lent them the book if I pleased; which appears now to be a mere calumny and slander, since it lays that to my charge, which was not in my power.

By his talking of solicitation, one would be apt to imagine, that he had worn the very streets with

frequent journeys to solicit for the MS. I had said in my former account, that a bookseller came to me in the name of the Editors: which is a word of more concession, than the pains he was at deserved. For to the best of my memory, he never asked me for the MS. but at his own shop, or as I casually met him. Neither can I call to mind, that either he or his apprentice came once to my lodgings or to the Library for't; till the time that he sent for't by my appointment, and received it.

I had said that I ordered him to tell the collator, not to lose any time, for I was shortly to go out of town for two months. Now this was to be denied by the bookseller, or else his whole deposition had signified nothing, for the blame would still lie at his own door. He resolutely affirms therefore, that no time was limited for the return of it. What can be done in this case? Here are two contrary affirmations; and the matter being done in private, neither of us have any witness. I might plead, as Aemilius Scaurus did against one Varius of Sucro. *Varius Sucronensis ait. Aemilius Scaurus negat; utri creditis Quirites?* I hope, upon any account, my credit will go further

that this bookseller's; especially after his manifest falsehood, in his story of the nine months.

But let us inquire into the nature of the thing. Is it likely, or probable, that I should put the MS. into his hands, to be kept as long as he pleased, without any intimating that after a competent time for using it he should restore it again? They must certainly have an odd opinion of their readers, that expect to make such stuff as this pass upon them for truth. Besides, it appears upon record that I took a journey soon after the lending of it: which was not a sudden and unexpected one: for the time of my residence had been fixed six months before. I must needs know then of my intended journey, when I lent the MS. to the bookseller: and 'tis very unlikely that I should omit to give him notice of it; unless it be supposed that I had then a private design to disappoint them of the use of the MS.

But that I had no such design, but on the contrary, a true intention and desire to give them full opportunity of using it, I conceive the very circumstances of the affair, besides my own declaration, which I here solemnly make, will put it out of all question. For

I pray, what interest, what passion, could I serve by hindering them? I could have no pique against the Editor, whom I had never seen nor heard of before; and who, as soon as I heard of him, both deserved and had my respect, upon account of his relation to a person of glorious memory. Neither could I envy him the honour of publishing the MS. or repine that such an opportunity of getting fame was taken out of my own hands; for I suppose my *Dissertation* alone is a convincing argument, that I myself had never any design of setting out Phalaris.

But I have a better proof still behind, of my sincerity in lending the MS. though I cannot produce it without accusing myself. For it's the duty of my place to let no book go out of the King's Library without particular order. This the learned Dr Mill and several others know, who having occasion for some books in the time of my predecessor, were obliged to procure His Majesty's warrant for them. If it were my design, then, to keep the book out of the Editor's hands, what fairer pretence, what readier excuse, could be wished than this? 'that I was ready to serve the gentleman to the utmost of my power; but it was a

rule with my predecessors to let no book go abroad without a Royal Warrant. And I durst not venture to transgress the rule at my very first entrance upon my office. If the gentleman would obtain an order in the usual method, I would wait upon him the first moment, and deliver the book.' I could have refused the MS. in this manner, with all the appearance of civility : but out of a particular desire of obliging the Editor, I ventured beyond my power, and lent the book privately without any order. I confess I have justly suffered for it since ; and the very men I aimed to oblige, were my enemies, (as they give it out), only on that account. Had I kept myself firm to the rules of my office, without straining a point of courtesy beyond the bounds of my duty, all their calumnies had been avoided. But I hope I shall have caution enough for the future, to know persons a little better, before I put myself in their power.

I had said that I had no suspicion that the collation was not finished. In opposition to this the bookseller deposes that I called upon him for the book upon Saturday at noon ; and stayed while he sent to the collator, and word was brought by the messenger,

that it was not collated. That I called then at the bookseller's shop, I believe may be true : for having business to despatch in St Paul's Churchyard, and some friends there to take leave of, before I began my journey, I took that occasion to call upon this bookseller, and to mind him of his engagement to restore the book on Saturday evening : but that I stayed there till his messenger returned from the collator, I do not remember. But suppose that I did stay ; what then ? the message he says was brought at noon, that the book was not then collated : but the bookseller well knows that I did not require the book till the evening, nor was it returned before. The collator indeed might be behind-hand at noon, and as I might suppose, want about two or three pages. But must I needs think him still behind-hand at nine a clock at night ? . That's a sort of consequence that I am not used to make : for if he had not done one page of the book at noon, yet he had time more than enough to have finished it by the evening. For, as I said before, it is as legible as print, being written in a modern hand, and without abbreviations ; and wants one-and-twenty Epistles that are extant in the printed copies,

which is a seventh part of the whole book ; so that the work of collating is so much the shorter. I had a mind, for the experiment's sake, to collate the first forty Epistles, which are all that the collator has done. And I had finished them in an hour and eighteen minutes, though I made no very great haste. And yet I remarked and set down above fifty various lections, though the Editor has taken notice of one only. Now, if forty Epistles can be collated in an hour and eighteen minutes, the whole MS. which contains but one hundred and twenty-seven Epistles, may be collated in four hours. The collator then, had he been diligent, might have finished the whole collation twice over between noon and the close of the evening, when the book was returned.

As for the collator, I am utterly a stranger both to his person and character, and have nothing to say to him but that his testimony is as useless and imperfect as his collations. Indeed it's hard to conjecture, to what purpose it is produced. The sum of it is that the MS. was sent for before he had finished ; which is confessed on all hands. It had been more to the purpose, if he had told us what he was doing all that

time that the MS. was in his hands. I say, "five or six days"; the bookseller says, "a few"; Mr Boyle, "not nine." By the shortest account it now appears, as I said before, that he had more days to compare it in, than he needed to have hours. And how did he spend the last afternoon, which was more than sufficient to do the whole work in? Whether he undertook it for a reward, or out of kindness, the Editor was not very much obliged to him.

The bookseller adds further that I utterly refused to leave the MS. with him beyond Saturday, though he begged but to have it till Sunday morning, and engaged to oblige the collator to sit up at it all Saturday night. How false and silly this is, the sagacious readers must needs see and acknowledge. This was spoken on Saturday at noon, by the bookseller's own confession. And he had then free leave to keep it, and did keep it till the evening. And the whole collation was but the work of four hours, as I have proved by experiment. And yet he has the face to tell the world that he would engage the collator to sit up all night to finish it: when the whole might be done from the beginning to the end,



twice over, before candlelight. Why I would not have spared it till Sunday morning, suppose I had been asked, there might be several good reasons. I was to take coach for Worcester by five a clock on Monday morning, and I could have no leisure on Sunday to put the book into the Library; for at that time I lived with the Right Reverend the Bishop of Worcester, at a good distance from the Library. The key, too, of the outward door, was then in custody of another, who perhaps might not be met with upon Sunday. Besides that there was time enough and to spare before Saturday evening: and what obligation had I to neglect my own business to humour others in their laziness?

But (he says) I gave him not the least hopes that if he applied to me upon my return out of the country, he should have leave to get the collation perfected. That I gave him not any hopes of it by an express promise, I verily believe. For how could I do that, when I was fully persuaded they would finish the collation before I went into the country? But what he saw in me that forbade him to hope it, if there should be occasion, I cannot imagine. He knew

the reason why I then demanded the book, was my journey into the country. I was to make so long a stay there that it was not fit to expose the book all that while to the hazard of being lost. I told the bookseller then that I was to be absent for two months: but it appears now upon record, that I was four months at Worcester. And how many accidents might have happened in that time? Should I, who was under a trust, and accountable to God and man, run such a risk without any warrant? The Editor and his witnesses may calumniate as they please; but I wish I could as well justify my lending the MS. out, as my calling it in.

The bookseller concludes that I made some reflections from time to time, when he spoke to me from Mr B. but, considering his employment, it may not be proper to add an account of them. So that he puts off that piece of work to one Dr King, of the Commons, as the Examiner styles him. Now, what he means by "reflections," or what harm there is in "making reflections," I do not understand. A great person, one of the Examiner's family, made a whole book of "Reflections," and I never yet heard it was counted a

crime in him. I am as much to seek, too, for his meaning, that his employment makes it not proper for him to add an account of those reflections. His employment as a bookseller I think a very reputable one, if he himself be not a disgrace to't. And if that make it "not proper" for him to bear false witness against his neighbour, by a pretended "account of those reflections," methinks the profession of the Doctor, to whom he refers himself, is more improper for that work. The Doctor indeed, by his profession, may be enabled to do it with more cunning, but he would do it with the greater crime. But let us hear the Doctor's testimony; the air and spirit of it is so very extraordinary; the virulency and insolence so far above the common pitch; that it puts one in mind of Rupilius King, a great ancestor of the Doctor's, commended to posterity by Horace under this honourable character—

Proscripti Regis Rupili pus atque venenum.

*Horat. Sat. 1. 7.*

The filth and venom of Rupilius King.

And if the Doctor do not inherit the estate of Rupilius, yet the whole world must allow that he is heir of his

virtues, as his own writings will vouch for him : his deposition here against me, his buffoonery upon the learned Dr Lister, and some other monuments of his learning and his morals.

“I have endeavoured,” (says the Doctor), “as far as I can, to recollect what passed between Mr Bennet and Dr Bentley concerning a MS. of the Epistles of Phalaris. I cannot be certain as to any other particulars than that, among other things, the Doctor said that if the manuscript were collated, it would be worth nothing for the future.” Now the reader may please to take notice, that the Doctor here publicly owns that he cannot be certain as to any other particulars ; and yet he endeavoured to recollect, as far as he could ; and the scorn (he says) and contempt which he has naturally for pride and insolence, made him remember that, which otherwise he might have forgot. Now if the Doctor, even whetted with his “scorn and contempt,” could but call to mind one particular, and if that particular have nothing at all in’t about Mr B. nor anything that borders upon “pride and insolence,” what pretence has he for traducing me here as a proud and insolent man, and an abuser of

Mr Boyle? If the Doctor, as he owns, has but one particular from his memory, the rest he must have from his invention. I am obliged, indeed, to the Doctor; for he has effectually disproved himself in his own deposition. For he first declares he knows but one particular; and yet presently runs into a charge, whereof nothing can be made out from that particular. And would such an evidence as this is, pass in Doctors' Commons? I am much mistaken, if the worthy persons that preside there would dismiss such a witness as this without marks of their dissatisfaction.

To account, then, for that one particular that the Doctor is certain of, the reader must give me leave to tell him a short story. After I was nominated to the Library-keeper's office, (before the Patent was finished), I was informed that one copy of every book printed in England, which were due to the Royal Library by Act of Parliament, had not of late been brought into the Library, according to the said Act. Upon this I made application to the Master of the Stationers' Company, to whom the Act directed me, and demanded the copies: the effect whereof was, that I procured near a thousand volumes, of one sort or

other, which are now lodged in the Library. While this was transacting, I chanced to call upon Mr Bennet (whom I had several times obliged), and acquainted him with it, not questioning but he would be very ready to comply as far as his share went, which was then but very little. But, to my surprise, he answered me very pertly that he knew not what right the Parliament had to give away any man's property ; that he hoped the Company of Stationers would refuse, and try it out at law ; that they were a body, and had a common purse ; and more to this purpose. Some little time after, calling there again, upon a fresh discourse about the MS. Phalaris, which I had formerly promised to lend him, as soon as I had power, I asked him upon what account he could refuse to give the Royal Library its due settled on it by Act of Parliament ; and at the same time expect a favour out of it that would make his own book more vendible, and the MS. less valuable ? For after the various lections were once taken and printed, the MS. would be like a squeezed orange, and little worth for the future. Since, therefore, he was resolved to try the law against the Library, he ought in justice to present to

it some book of competent value, to make amends for the damage it would sustain by his using the MS.

This discourse I very well remember, and I believe I can bring a witness that heard me relate it, long before the Doctor's deposition came abroad ; and I take it for certain, that this was the very same conversation which Dr King overheard. 'Tis true, there is some small difference in the account : I said that the MS. would be "worth little for the future," and the Doctor says, "worth nothing." But that is no material change, and may be excused in the Doctor, who is not over nice in his expressions. But do I remember that the Doctor was present then ? No, nor any time else ; for I know him not, if I meet him ; and perhaps my "pride and insolence" might lie in that, that I did not know a person of such known credit in the world. Allowing, then, that this was the "free conference" (as the Examiner calls it) which the Doctor overheard, I have a few things to observe in the narrative that he has made of it.

It appears first, that his pert reflection which he thought carried such a sting in it, is very silly and insipid—"Which I took the more notice of," (says

he), “because I thought a MS. good for nothing, unless it were collated.” Wonderful remark! and worthy of such eaves-droppers, that are prolling after that which does not concern them, and catch at little scraps of other men’s discourses. ’Tis true, Sir, a MS. not collated is upon that account worth nothing to the rest of the world; but to the owner, ’tis the better for it, if a price was to be set on’t. And I think, with submission, that a fresh MS. newly brought out of Greece, and never yet printed, would sell for more, *ceteris paribus*, than another already printed. Do you think the Alexandrian MS. of as great a value now, since the edition of the English Polyglot, as when Cyril the Greek Patriarch first presented it to King Charles the First? But what do I talk to him of MSS. who has so little relish and sense of such things as to declare deliberately that he does not believe the various readings of any book are so much worth, as that Mr Boyle should be used so scurvily to obtain them. And this he says when he is giving evidence; where all declaimings and rhetorical aggravations above the naked and strict truth are unlawful, and border near upon perjury. But we must not expect from the Doctor



that he should know the worth of books ; for he is better skilled in the catalogues of ales, his Humty Dumty, Hugmatee, Three-threads, and the rest of that glorious list, than in the catalogues of MSS.

But, pray, what was that scurvy usage that I gave to Mr Boyle ? The Doctor remembers but one particular, and that has no relation to Mr Boyle. I am almost persuaded that Mr Boyle's name was not once mentioned in that conversation. For this talk was not had the last time, when I called for the MS., but long before, when my Patent was not yet passed, and before I had the custody of the Library. But suppose Mr B. was named then, I am sure it must be with respect. For how could I use him scurvily in denying him a MS. which was not then in my power to give ? Before the time of that discourse, I had promised that the MS. when I could come at it, should be at Mr Boyle's service ; and in such words as Mr Boyle himself owns to be expressions of great civility : that a gentleman of that name and family, to which I had so many obligations, and should always have an honour for, might command any service that lay in my power. That I really used these expressions, even

the bookseller himself is my witness : for if it had not been true, he would never have let it be printed, without contradicting it. Now, how is it credible that I should use a man so “civilly,” and yet so “scurvily” too? A man must be dosed with Humty Dumty, that could talk so inconsistently. And how could I abuse a young gentleman whom I had never heard of before, without any provocation, in a public place, and before his own friends? I dare appeal to any that ever was acquainted with me, if he think me capable of doing so.

All the discourse, then, that the Doctor overheard, had relation only to the bookseller. Mr Boyle was sure of the MS. which I had promised before. But I had a mind to make the bookseller sensible of his ill manners in denying justice to the King’s Library, at the same time that he asked favours. And I do further declare, that I was but in jest when I told him that he should give a book to the Royal Library, to recompense for the use of the MS. And I had no design in’t, but to mortify him a little for his pertness about going to law. For when the time came that I could lend him the MS. he had it freely, without giving to the

Library the value of a printed sermon. Though I remember, when I once told this story to a very great man, his answer was, that if I was not in earnest I ought to have been so.

The bookseller says his employment makes it not proper for him to give an account of the reflections I made, as we talked about Phalaris. But I'll help him out for once, and give an account of one that I very well remember. The bookseller once asked me privately that I would do him the favour to tell my opinion, if the new edition of Phalaris, then in the press, would be a vendible book: for he had a concern in the impression, and hoped it would sell well, such a great character being given of it in . . . *Essays* as made it mightily inquired after. I told him he would be safe enough, since he was concerned for nothing but the sale of the book: for the great names of those that recommended it, would get it many buyers. But however, under the rose, the book was a spurious piece, and deserved not to be spread in the world by another impression. His "employment," it seems, could suffer him to betray this discourse to some concerned in the edition, as I was informed from a

very good hand ; and this I meant, when I said in my former account that it was my hard hap in some private conversation to say the Epistles were spurious, and unworthy of a new edition. What influence this might have towards the civility in the preface to Phalaris, I leave others to judge. But I dare say this was all the “reflection” that I had ever made at that time to Mr Boyle’s disadvantage. *Si hoc peccare est, fateor.* If there be no way of gaining his good opinion, but to believe Phalaris a good writer, I must needs submit to my fate, that has excluded me from his friendship.

Mr B. is pleased to observe that Mr Bennet is so little interested in this dispute, that he may entirely be depended on. So very little, that the best part of his interest and his trade lay at stake. For is not this the plain state of the case? Mr Boyle commits the affair of collating the King’s MS. to his bookseller. The bookseller, by his own neglect, having failed in his trust, for fear of losing the gentleman’s favour and custom, lays the fault upon me. This occasioned a private grudge against me, which terminated in an affront in print. I verily believe that the bookseller

did not think at first that Mr Boyle would have carried his resentment so high, otherwise perhaps he would have invented some other excuse of his negligence. But the business was afterwards past recalling ; and he must go on of necessity, being once engaged in the cause. The whole of his trade and business seemed to depend upon Mr B. and his friends. The temptation indeed was strong, and I pray God forgive him.

Having now, as I humbly conceive, given a full and satisfactory answer to all the matters of fact that the Examiner's witnesses lay to my charge, I am very little concerned at the inferences he draws from them, or the satire and grimace that he plentifully sprinkles. All these must drop of themselves, and fall down upon the author of them, when the foundation that they stood on is taken away . . . .

[pp. lxxxii-xciv]

The Examiner has given two descriptions, one of a pedant, and another of a good critic ; designing to draw the first as my picture, and the latter as his own. But perhaps, if we compare the pictures with the

originals, he may be forced by his readers to change one of the places here with me, as he voluntarily did with the sophist in the case of Leucon and his ass.

1. His "first and surest mark of a pedant is, to write without observing the rules of civility or common decency, and without distinguishing the characters of those he writes against." Upon this article he accuses two expressions of mine, and yet both of them are both civilly worded and truly said. Then he mentions some coarse compliments upon himself, which I have already accounted for: only here he says I compare him with "Lucian's ass," which, were it true, would be no "coarse compliment," but a very obliging one; for "Lucian's ass" was a very intelligent and ingenious ass, and had more sense than any of his riders. He was no other than Lucian himself in the shape of an ass; and had a better talent at kicking and bantering, than ever the Examiner will have, though it seems to be his chief one. Let the reader too observe, by the way, that Mr B. in this place has it "Lucian's ass"; but in another he cites it truly, "Leucon's ass": and yet we are told the very same hand wrote both the passages.

BUT in iring the Examiner near to the picture, if perhaps it may have some little resemblance to himself. Has he observed the rules of "civility," in writing the most scurrilous and virulent book that the age has yet seen? Has he kept to the measures of "decency," in raking up so many tales and hearsays, that a man of honour would scorn to repeat? Has he distinguished the "character of him he wrote against," in abusing and vilifying upon the falsest surmises a man in Holy Orders, a Doctor in Divinity, a domestic servant to one of the greatest of Kings, and the first that was employed to preach the Lecture established by the great Mr Boyle, a relation of the Examiner's? If these be against all rules of civility, and decency, and distinction of characters, then I suppose his first and surest mark of a pedant, will be thought to hit himself.

2. "A second mark is to use a Greek or Latin word, when there is an English one that signifies the very same thing." Now if this be one of his marks, himself is a pedant by his own confession: for in this very sentence of his, *signify* is a Latin word, and there's an English one that *means* the very same thing. We shall do the Examiner therefore no injury in

calling him *pedant* upon this article. But if such a general censure as this forward author here passes, had been always fastened upon those that enrich our language from the Latin and Greek stores, what a fine condition had our language been in! 'Tis well known it has scarce any words, besides monosyllables, of its native growth: and were all the rest imported and introduced by pedants? At this rate, the ignominy of pedantry will fall upon all the best writers of our nation; and upon none more heavily than the Examiner's great relation, the incomparable Robert Boyle, whose whole style is full of such Latin words. But when the Examiner is possessed with a fit of rage against me, he lays about him without consideration or distinction, never minding whom he hits, whether his own relation or even himself. The words in my book, which he excepts against, are *commentitious*, *repudiate*, *concede*, *aliene*, *vernacular*, *timid*, *negoce*, *putid*, and *idiom*, every one of which were in print before I used them; and most of them before I was born. And are they not all regularly formed, and kept to the true and genuine sense that they have in the original? Why may we not say *negoce*, from *negotium*, as well



as *concessit*, from *concessionem*, and *pedare*, from *pedalium*? Has not the French nation been before hand with us in espousing it? And have not we *argutiate* and *negutiationis*, words that grow upon the same root, in the commonest use? And why may not I say *cième*, as well as the learned Sir Henry Spelman; who used it eighty year since, and yet was never thought a pedant?—But he says my words will be hissed off the stage as soon as they come on. If so, they would have been hissed off long before I had come on. But the Examiner might have remembered, before he had talked thus at large, who it was that distinguished his style with *ignore* and *recognosce*, and other words of that sort, which nobody has yet thought fit to follow him in; for his argument, if it proved any thing, would prove perhaps too much; and bring the glory of his own family into the tribe of pedants: though I must freely declare, I would rather use, not my own words only, but even these too, (if I did it sparingly, and but once or twice at most in one hundred and fifty-two pages), than that single word of the Examiner's—*cotemporary*, which is a downright barbarism. For the Latins never use *co* for *con*, except before a vowel, as

*coequal, coeternal*: but before a consonant they either retain the *n*, as *contemporary, constitution*; or melt it into another letter, as *collection, comprehension*. So that the Examiner's *cotemporary*, is a word of his own coposition, for which the learned world will cogratulate him.

3. "Another token of a pedant, is the use of Greek and Latin proverbs."

But, however, I'll run the risk of it once more, and make bold to use one proverbial saying—

Homine imperito nunquam quicquam injustius,  
Qui nisi quod ipse fecit, nihil rectum putat.

Why, forsooth, is it more pedantry in me, to use Latin proverbs in English discourse, than in Cicero to use Greek ones in Latin? Nay, do not even Greek proverbs make as good a figure now in English, as then they did in Latin? If Mr B. can spare any time from his Phalaris's Epistles to look into Cicero's, he will find him in every page among the herd of pedants. If I had used proverbs in my Sermons against Atheism, or upon any solemn argument or occasion, the Examiner's censure had been more just: but to blame the use of them in an epistle or a dissertation, which

have been always allowed to be their proper places, is itself a very ill mixture of ignorance and pedantry. For if they cannot be used there without pedantry, they must be banished out of all sorts of writings. So that Aristotle, Theophrastus, Chrysippus, Aristarchus, and some others of the best wits of old, and among the moderns, the great Erasmus, and the great Scaliger, made collections of proverbs, merely to serve pedants. Erasmus's own writings are full of them; and he will be thought to have had as much wit, and as little pedantry, as Mr B. and his Directors. And the great treasuries from whence he collected them, are the writings of Plato, Plutarch, and Lucian; who "among some little men may go for" pedants, "but among the wise and sensible part of mankind" will pass for men of wit.

4. "To over-rate the price of knowledge is another sign of pedantry." And let the world judge between the Examiner and me, whether of us is most concerned in this character of a pedant. I have never published anything yet, but at the desire of others: my Sermons in Mr Boyle's Lecture were required for the press by the Honourable the Trustees; my

Epistle about Jo. Antiochensis was desired by the Right Reverend the Bishop of Lichfield; my Notes on Callimachus by Mr Graevius; and my Dissertation upon Phalaris, by Mr Wotton. The only book that I have writ upon my own account, is this present answer to Mr B.'s objections: and I assure him I set no great price upon't; the errors that it refutes are so many, so gross and palpable, that I shall never be very proud of the victory.

But then, a man that over-rates the price of his performances, acts the very reverse of this: he engages in matters where he has no concern; he obtrudes his notions upon the world, though neither his friends desire him nor the business oblige him to meddle. And is not this the picture of the Examiner? He has writ a large book in behalf of Phalaris's Epistles, which has hitherto been the public diversion, and will be so too hereafter, but in a different way; and yet he professes that he was not IN THE LEAST concerned to vindicate them.

5. "But an assuming and positive way of delivering one's self, upon points, especially, that are not capable of being perfectly cleared, is pedantry." Now to take

no notice of the rest of his book, which is nothing but heaps of errors delivered in the most arrogant and insulting language, I'm content to be tried by this very paragraph of his, which of us two seem to have sat for this picture. He has cited here fifteen passages out of my whole Dissertation, which he pretends are delivered in an "assuming and positive" way, and yet (he says) are "certainly false." Whereas every one of them are true, and may be "perfectly cleared," except one small mistake about *προδεδωκότα*, and that, too, is delivered without any "assuming" expression. But let us see Mr B.'s behaviour: "Where the contrary (says he) is MOST CERTAINLY true; as it is, and shall be proved to be, in ALL those instances here referred to." Now if this be not an "assuming and positive way," what is? And yet in fourteen of his fifteen instances he is miserably mistaken.

6. "To depart from the common ways of writing, on purpose to shew exactness, is a piece of affectation that savours of pedantry." Upon which article he accuses my spelling *Taurominium*; for he says, "it's GENERALLY writ *Tauromenium*, both by ancients and moderns." Now if the contrary of this be "certainly

true," who will then be the pedant? The learned Cluverius, who made it his business to search all the books and MSS. that relate to Sicily, says "It's sometimes spelt Tauromenium, and sometimes Tauro-  
menia, but GENERALLY Taurominium." And Mr B. must write at another rate than yet he has done, before the world will prefer his testimony before that of Cluverius.

Mr B. here goes a little out of his way to do right to . . . against Mr Wotton, who had taken notice of an absurd usage of *Delphos* for *Delphi*. And because it lies a little in my way, I will do right to Mr Wotton: for indeed the case is my own; because I too have called it *Delphi*, and rejected the common error. Mr B. defends his *Delphos* upon this only pretence that it has been the "common custom" of our English writers, five of whom he names there, to call it so. An admirable reason, and worthy to be his own! As if the most palpable error that shall happen to obtain and meet with reception, must therefore never be mended. One would think he had borrowed it from the popish priest, who for thirty years together had read *Mumprimus* in his Breviary

instead of *Sumpsimus*; and when a learned man told him of his blunder, "I'll not change" (says he) "my old *Mumpsimus* for your new *Sumpsimus*." 'Tis a known story, but I will give it him in the words of Sir Richard Pace who was "a man of business, and an ambassador too," and upon those accounts will have more authority with the Examiner. If Mr B. then, will not change his old *Delphos* for our new *Delphi*, he shall have leave to keep his *Mumpsimus* as long as he pleases. But when he would put it upon us for good English, for that we must beg his pardon. The word is not yet so naturalized in England, but it may, and certainly will, be sent back again to Barbary, its native country. We have instances of other words that had both longer continuance and more general reception than he can plead for his *Delphos*; and yet they were "hissed off the stage" at last. In the old editions of the English Bibles in Henry the Eighth's time it was printed *Asson* and *Milton*; afterwards, under Queen Elizabeth, it was changed into *Asson* and *Miletum*; but in the last review, under King James the First, it was rectified *Assos* and *Miletus*. Here's a case that's exactly parallel with

this of our Examiner: *Miletum* and *Asson* were at first supposed to be nominative cases; just as *Delphos* was mistaken to be like Argos, Samos, and Delos. But we see, upon better information the words were discarded. Neither the stamp of royal authority, nor the universal use in every parish, nay, almost every family of England, for two or three generations, could protect them from being exploded. A most certain argument that the whole kingdom then believed that analogy and reason ought to have a greater force than vulgar error, though established by the longest and commonest custom. In the old translation of Vergil set out by Phaer and Dr Thyne, they are called the twelve books of Vergil's *Æneidos*; and the running title of every page is, the first, or second, or third book of Vergil's *Æneidos*. Without question, that was the language in those days all over the nation. So that if the Examiner's *Mumpsimus* should pass for an argument, the *Æneidos* should be the current language at this day; and those that call it *Æneis* must be run down for pedants. I dare venture to foretell the Examiner, that his *Delphos* in a few years will be thought as barbarous as *Æneidos*: and if his



book shall happen to be preserved anywhere as an useful common-place book for ridicule, banter, and all the topics of calumny, this very page about *Delphos* may, perhaps, before he grows an old man, be made an unwelcome evidence against himself. I see here that the excellent Bishop of Lichfield (who, as appears by his most admirable dictionary to the great Bishop Wilkins's *Real Character*, has the largest and nicest knowledge of the English language, of any man living) calls it *Delphi* in his printed, though unpublished, Chronology which I had the honour to see; and so did the learned gentleman Mr Stanley long ago, in his *Lives of the Philosophers*. I do not here disparage those excellent pens that have, unawares, fallen into the common error; but to defend it against manifest reason, and to vilify those that would reform it, is a plain instance of a positive and pedantic genius.

I must take hold of this occasion to do another "piece of right" to Mr Wotton. For the Examiner says it is hoped Mr W. will publicly declare, that he neither assisted nor approved my *Dissertation*. But I myself can save him half that labour; and therefore here I do aver that neither Mr Wotton nor any one

else assisted me, either in that work, or in this : so that I alone am accountable for the errors in them both . . .

[pp. xcvi and xcvi]

7. Another mark, he says, of a pedant, is “an itch of contradicting great men upon very slight grounds.” I must own, that I am sometimes forced in my writings to contradict great men, by correcting such oversights as they made through inadvertency or want of information. But then I do it without any diminution to their character ; and if that modesty be observed, the contradicting them in this way deserves the highest commendation, and is such a sort of pedantry as the Examiner and his Director will never be accused of. But the instance he charges me with, is my brisk censure of Grotius and Scaliger, for not knowing the measure of an anapæstic verse : and whether I did that upon very slight grounds, this very answer will shew. But let us see the Examiner’s words here, if perhaps this last character of a pedant may not prove to be his own picture : “When ’tis PLAIN,” says he, “as I shall SHEW BEFORE I LAY DOWN MY PEN, that the Doctor would never have censured ’em if he had

known it himself." What a formidable threat, and what a miserable performance! The stuff that he has brought there, is so shameful and scandalous, so inexcusable in a very school-boy, betrays such ignorance of the commonest rules of prosodia and syntax, that if he has but learning enough to know when he's confuted, (which is not everybody's case,) he may have the wisdom to take his leave of the press as long as he lives, for that part of learning.

[pp. cii-cxii]

Mr B. is pleased to bestow his next favour upon Lodovico Castelvetro, whom he calls "an Italian PEDANT, famous for his snarling faculty, and contradicting great men upon very slight grounds;" and he thinks "Balzac says very well of him that he was a public enemy." But whether somebody else will not be "infamous for his snarling faculty," we may predict from this very instance. This PEDANT, as our modest author calls him, was one of the most ingenious, and judicious, and learned writers of his age; and his books have at this present such a mighty reputation that they are sold for their weight in silver

in most countries of Europe. I will mention but three testimonies of him. The famous Lilius Giraldus says he had seen some of his pieces, which fully satisfied him that he was “*Judicio sane quam acerrimo, et eruditione non vulgari.*” Henricus Stephanus dedicated a book to him; “and (says he) I refer the censure of a piece of poetry—*Sagaciae et emunctae tuae nari, Ludovice κριτικώτατε et ποιητικώτατε.*” And he has this character given him by Menagius—“*Ludovicus Castelvetrius in Commentariis illis suis eruditissimis et acutissimis;*” and again—“*Omnium optime acutissimus Castelvetrius.*” I am persuaded our Examiner has never read one line of this author, whom he abuses thus out of Balzac, a writer, without undervaluing him, many degrees inferior to Castelvetro. I had the fortune some years ago to meet with most of the pieces of Castelvetro and his antagonists; and I find that the sole occasion of all his troubles in Italy was a copy of verses made by Annibal Caro in praise of the House of France: so that the very subject of it was enough to bias the judgements of Balzac and some others of that nation. These verses were dispersed over Italy and France, and received with mighty applause; and being

sent to Castelvetro by a private friend at Rome, who desired his judgement of them, he returned him some short censures, desiring they should neither be published, nor shewn to any one as his. But by chance they got abroad and were printed, and brought such a violent faction against him as made the poor man weary of Italy. The very first lines of Caro's verses are—

Venite à l'ombra de' gran gigli d'oro.  
Care muse, devote a' miei giacinti :

where the Muses are invited to come under the shade of flower-de-luces. Upon which Castelvetro remarked that the Muses must be less than pigmies, if they could be shadowed by flower-de-luces, which were scarce shelter enough for little insects. Who can have the folly to deny that this censure was just?—“*Quis tam Lucili fautor ineptus Ut neget hoc?*” And yet this fault, and others as plain as this, were stoutly maintained by Caro and his party. For the advantage of Caro was that he was member of an Academy, and a whole College was engaged for him; and when neither reason nor truth was of their side, they confided in their numbers—

*Defendit numerus, junctaeque umbone phalanges.*

Their way of refuting Castelvetro was by pasquils, lampoons, burlesque dialogues, public speeches in the Academy, declamations of school-boys, and, in the close of all, “A short account of Messer Lodovico Castelvetro, by way of index,” full of the most virulent abuses. These were the fair and honourable methods of managing their controversy: and though their adversary, while he lived, suffered much from their malice, yet posterity has been just to him, and has set an extraordinary value upon all his performances; while theirs upon this argument, (for in other things they were men of some worth), have nothing that now makes them inquired after, but the great reputation of the man they abuse. And such a man will never be called “an Italian PEDANT,” but by those that copy after his adversaries in their infamous way of writing.

It’s now time to draw towards a conclusion of this preface, which I shall do by informing the reader that when these papers were put to the press, I designed to have brought into this volume the Dissertations about *Æsop* and the rest; but this of *Phalaris* alone taking up more paper than I expected, I am obliged to put

off the others to another opportunity. There are a few things, therefore, referred to in this part, which do not appear here; but they shall be all made out in the next. I have it already by me, and when I can have leisure to transcribe it for the press, the Examiner shall have it.

He has been pleased to say more than once that I spent two or three years of my life in writing my first dissertation; and yet he owns he never once saw my face; much less can he have any knowledge of the course of my studies. But he has a singular way of talking, as he says, "at a venture." I drew up that dissertation in the spare hours of a few weeks, and while the printer was employed about one leaf, the other was a-making. 'Tis now, I think, about forty weeks since his Examination came abroad, eight of which I spent in the country, where I had no thoughts of him and his controversy. And if in the rest of that time I have published this book, and have the second ready for publication, I conceive the world will be satisfied that I could not spend three years in the other book of nine sheets only. And yet I'll assure him, but for the delays of the press, which I

could not remedy, he had had this answer some months ago. In a small part of the last of those three years which he says were all laid out upon Phalaris, I wrote my notes on Callimachus; and Mr Graevius, perhaps, will thank Mr B. if in six years time he will send him the like upon any other author. But suppose his accusation true; I had rather have spent all that time in discovering truth, than have spent three days in maintaining an error.

But he says the whole thing is “a very inconsiderable point, which a wise man would grudge the throwing away a week’s thought upon.” And I doubt not but many others, whose designs and studies are remote from this kind of learning, will follow this censure. To such men as these I must answer that if the dispute be quite out of their way, they have liberty to let it alone: it was not designed for them, but for others, that know how to value it; who, if the principal point about Phalaris were quite dropped, will think the other heads, that are here occasionally handled, not unworthy of a scholar. But that the single point, whether Phalaris be genuine or no, is of no small importance to learning, the very learned Mr Dodwell



is a sufficient evidence; who, espousing Phalaris for a true author, has endeavoured by that means to make a great innovation in the ancient chronology. To undervalue this dispute about Phalaris, because it does not suit to one's own studies, is to quarrel with a circle because it is not a square. If the question be not of vulgar use, it was writ, therefore, for a few: for even the greatest performances upon the most important subjects are no entertainment at all to the many of the world.

I will venture here before-hand, and to give this character of Mr. B.'s performance upon *Æsop*, that though it is not wholly unworthy of its author, yet it seems a little below him. The style of it is something worse than that of the defence of Phalaris; and the learning of it, which he ought to take for a compliment, a great deal worse. If there be one thing which he's said right in his Phalaris, about *προδίδουμι* and *δαίνας*, I'll pass my word, there will not be one good thing in his *Æsop*, when I call it to account. His observations there about Babrius's verses, will be found worse than those here about the anapæsts of *Æschylus* and *Seneca*; his accusing me there as a

plagiary from Nevelettus and Camerarius, will appear much more unjust, than what he says here about my pillaging Vizzanius and his own poor notes; his grimace there about Socrates will be shewn more impertinent, if possible, than his long banter here, "that Dr B. cannot be the author of the *Dissertation.*" Which insipid banter seems rather to have been writ in a tavern than in a study; and is not fit to be answered by me. But if another should answer him in his own way, and pretend to prove that Mr B. is not the author of the Examination, from the variety of styles in't, from its contradictions to his edition of Phalaris, from its contradictions to itself, from its contradictions to Mr B.'s character, and to his title of Honourable, and from several other topics; it would be taken perhaps for no railery, but too serious a repartee; or at least might pass for a true jest, though intended only for a merry one.

Mr B. has been pleased to threaten me with the resentments of "a whole society," and "a great body of learned men." I must own I do not well know what apprehensions to have of this threat. For as I have done no injury to any society, so I think I have

no reason to be afraid of their resentments. It does not appear to me, that Mr B. has any commission to threaten thus in their name : and if he has not, his making use of their authority is a sort of libel upon them, which would represent a great body of learned men as the partakers and patrons of the faults of his book. I have a true honour and great esteem for that noble and flourishing society which is supposed to be meant here ; and I should think I did them a great injury to suspect they will interpose in Phalaris's behalf. For when a cause cannot be defended, the numbers of those that engage in't make it only the more scandalous.

But since Mr B. has been so free as to threaten a reply, even before he sees what I say in my defence ; though I will not prescribe to so great a genius any method of his answer, yet I think I may make bold to tell him what I shall look upon to be no answer.

1. If he pretends that he did not maintain that his Phalaris is genuine ; but only that my arguments do not prove him to be otherwise, I shall look upon this as a shuffle, and no answer at all. For if he suspects whether he's genuine, and yet allows none of my

arguments, the world desires to have his reasons, why he has that suspicion of him. I observe, indeed, that there's one argument against him, proposed by Mr B., which I had not taken notice of—that the names of those whom the Epistles are directed to, seem sometimes to be feigned on purpose, according to the subject of those Epistles. Till Mr B. shall think fit to give us other grounds of his suspicion, the world will take the liberty to think that this is all he has. So that we are to take the measure of his great judgement by this scale: that all my reasons go for nothing with him, and his own single and substantial one goes for all.

But perhaps he will now be more loyal than ever to his Sicilian prince, and have no scruples at all about his true title to the letters. For he “assures the reader, that his doubts about the authority of the Epistles, since he read my *Dissertation*, are much lessened; and if I write once more upon that subject, perhaps the point will be clear to him.” Agreed and contented on both sides! I have writ once more against them, and Mr B. for that reason will more firmly believe them. I desire no greater punishment

to him for all his ill usage of me, than that he would maintain them to be genuine as long as he lives.

2. Or if he comes with more testimonies of his bookseller or his Humty Dumty acquaintance; I shall take those for no answer. For a man that is once convicted of an intended perjury, is no longer a lawful witness: and a man that has declared publicly that "his memory could but serve him for one particular," can have no benefit in law allowed him of strengthening it afterwards either with Three-threads or Four-threads.

3. Or if he brings any new stories and hear-says about me, that are foreign to the business, I shall look upon those as no part of an answer. For after I have so fully disproved his capital accusations about the King's MS. and that of Sir Edward Sherburn, I shall not think myself concerned at any calumnies that he shall start hereafter.

4. Or if he thinks fit, or any friend for him, to reply to me in Latin, (for he threatens me with a Latin book, in the imperious style of Festus—Hast thou appealed to foreign universities? to foreign universities thou shalt go), I may look perhaps upon

that as an answer, but such a one as will need no answer from me. For if I may guess at what's to come, by the present performance; a Latin book from any hand, that has been yet concerned in the defence of Phalaris, will carry its own answer in itself.

5. But if he chooses to reply in English, and meddle once more with the matter of learning; if he do not mend his hand a little, and bring a piece with fewer faults in't than the last, I shall not take that for an answer. For my whole life might be spent at that rate in refuting the merest trash. And he has clearly the advantage of me in this point; for he may commit more mistakes in five weeks time, and in five sheets of paper, than can be thoroughly refuted in fifty sheets, and in a whole year.

Besides this, I may justly expect that if he proceeds further upon the subject of Phalaris, he should freely acknowledge those faults, that I have refuted in his last work. I have done the like myself; and I here sincerely declare, that I am not conscious of one error, that he observed in my *Dissertation*, which I do not own in my answer. I design nothing but a search after truth, and will never be guilty of that mean dis-

ingenuity, to maintain a fault that I am convinced of. I require therefore the same candour from him; and if he does not perform it, I shall not reckon it as an answer. For if he has not either judgement enough to know when he's confuted, or sincerity enough to confess it, it is to no purpose at all to continue the controversy.

6. But if he thinks to drop the main subject, or but slightly to touch upon it; and to give, as he says, "a view of the Doctor's picture in miniature," by way of burlesque, and ridicule, and banter, which his genius is so strongly bent to; I shall look upon that to be least of all an answer; because 'tis no part of the dispute; for I will never contest that point with him, but allow that he has no ill talent at farce and grimace. And if there be neither truth, nor learning, nor judgement, in his book, it shall be cried up for those other accomplishments, as much as he pleases.

Mr B. thought fit in his second edition to rake up all his affronts upon me together, under the title of "A short account of Dr B. by way of index." And in an imperfect imitation of so great an example, I had

drawn up an "account," not of Mr B. but "of his performance, by way of synopsis." But when I saw such a multitude of errors concentrated together, the sight was so deformed and disagreeable, *miseranda vel hosti*, that no resentment could prevail with me to return him his own compliment.

[pp. 487-506]

Mr B. begins the examination of this article [XV], with a pedantic digression and common place about pedantry; which I will not now meddle with, but reserve for a more proper place; that I may not, as he has done, interrupt the business of this section with an impertinent excursion, that has no manner of relation to't.

The first absurdity that I noted in the matter of the Epistles, was the Himeraeans going to war with the Catanacans about Stesichorus's ashes, and calling in Phalaris to their assistance, against Stesichorus's own advice in a case exactly like it. Now the Examiner pretends to answer this; but, with greater craft than ingenuity, he drops the principal part of it. "What is there," says he, "in this story either absurd or improbable, that the Himeraeans should be so con-



cerned to get the ashes of Steichorus, and the Catanacans to keep them?" What I, from the Epistles, called a war and sacking of a city, and a dependence upon the most brutal of tyrants, our Honourable Examiner styles 'a concern,' and says not one word about the going to war. But he tells us, this very thing happened afterwards in the case of Euripides, whose bones the Athenians sent a solemn embassy to Macedonia to retrieve, but their request was denied. And is this the very thing, and the same case with that in the Epistles? It's so far from being the very thing, that one can hardly pick out a more proper instance to refute the Epistles. For as the Athenians met with a denial when they demanded Euripides's ashes, and yet declared no war upon that account, nor committed the least hostilities; so likewise the Himeraeans would never go to war upon so slight an occasion, especially against a powerful city, that had the same original with their own, both colonies being founded by the Chalcidians of Euboea. After this he informs us from Pausanias, that the Athenians built a noble monument to Euripides: but neither Pausanias nor Thomas Magister, who are the only authors,

I suppose, that speak of it, say a word of its nobility ; but the one calls it barely *μνήμα Εὐριπίδου κενόν*, and the other *κενοτάφιον*, without a word in its commendation. Then he tells us out of Plutarch, that the Orchomenians endeavoured all they could to get Hesiod's bones, but the Locrians, that had 'em, would not be prevailed upon to part with 'em. And here again he puts a force upon his author, and makes him say more than he really does : but though the case were so as he represents it, it would be, as the most of his are, a good argument against himself. For as the Orchomenians did not go to war upon't, though the very oracle advised them to fetch Hesiod's bones ; so the Himeraeans would not have run that hazard for the sake of Stesichorus's.

I had blamed the epistles for raising a temple to Stesichorus ; which the Examiner justifies from the several temples erected to Homer at Smyrna and in other places ; “which the Doctor,” says he, “knew nothing of, though it be no secret even to the first beginners of learning.” 'Tis a good proof indeed, that the first beginners may know this thing because our Examiner knows it. But there's another thing,

that I perceive even he knows nothing of, that Homer's case and Stesichorus's have no relation to one another. For, I pray, at what time were the temples built to Homer? 'Twas a long time before he was honoured with so much as an epitaph. He was buried, says Herodotus, in the island Ios, καὶ ὕστερον πολλῷ χρόνῳ, and a LONG TIME after, when his poems became famous, they made an epitaph upon him. As for his temple at Smyrna, which Strabo, Cicero, and others mention, it must needs be as recent as the city itself, and that was built by Antigonus and Lysimachus six or seven hundred years after the poet's time, the old city having been ruined and desolate for four hundred years together. And then the temple at Alexandria, that Ptolemee Philopater erected to his memory, was later than that at Smyrna: and the marble of Homer's apotheosis which is published with an ample commentary by the very learned Cuperus, may be reasonably supposed to be later than them both. What has the Examiner got therefore by his instances of Homer's temples? They are all near three hundred years younger than Phalaris and Stesichorus; and if a custom obtained in this latter age, will he infer, that it was

used too in the former? or will he compare the fame of Stesichorus with the glory of Homer? or will he suppose that Stesichorus could immediately obtain those honours, which Homer did not, 'till his books had lasted six centuries, when he was numbered among the ancient heroes? This is so poor an excuse for the sophist, that it's a further detection of him. For since he lived after Ptolemee's time, and had heard of Homer's temples at Alexandria and Smyrna, it might easily come into his head to build the like for Stesichorus: but the true Phalaris, in whose days even Homer himself had no temple erected to him, would never have thought on't.

But what a morose piece of critic is that, where he will not give me leave to say, as others have done, that Himera was afterwards called Thermae because, forsooth, Diodorus and Cicero say they were not built upon the same spot of ground? And yet Diodorus himself expressly calls the inhabitants of Thermae, Himeraeans: and Scipio, when he gave them the statues that formerly belonged to Himera; and Cicero, when he tells that story of Scipio, do both as good as declare, that they looked upon them as

the same city. Polybius therefore, joins both words together, and calls them *Θερμῶν τῶν Ἱμεραίων*; and so Ptolemæe, *Θερμαὶ Ἱμεραι πόλις*, which Cluverius corrects *Ἱμεραῖαι*; and so an inscription in Gruter, “COL. AUG. HIMERAËORUM THERMIT.” And if I may not say Himera was called Thermae, because they were not upon the same spot, I must not say neither, what everybody has said, that Naxos was called Taurominium; nor that Sybaris was called Thurii; no, nor that Smyrna was called Smyrna, nor Magnesia called Magnesia; for the new towns of those names were as remote from the old ones, as Thermae from Himera.

I had charged the letters with an inconsistency, because the fifty-first makes Phalaris’s wife to have been poisoned at Astypalaea, soon after her husband’s flight, but the sixty-ninth makes her alive in Crete many years after, when Phalaris was grown old in the monarchy at Agrigentum. Mr B. is pleased to reply, that here I make an unreasonable supposition, that the letters must have been written in the same order that they now stand; for if that do not take place, there’s no manner of inconsistency between these two Epistles. Now what name ought to be given to such a writer as

this is, who prevaricates so notoriously in a case as plain as the sun? Did I ever make such a supposition, that the letters were written in the order they are printed? Had I not expressly supposed in the fourth article, that the eighty-fifth letter might be written before the eighty-fourth, nay before the twentieth, nay before the very first of all? And is it not visible and plain to any man of sense, that I place the inconsistency here, not upon the order of the Epistles, but upon the differences of place and time? I would ask him now in his own language, was the pleasure of forging this imaginary supposition, which is worthy of himself, and none of mine, an equivalent to the shame of being told on't?

But he tells me, I make four other suppositions; which have not the least countenance from the Epistles, or any other history. What the Examiner will grant or deny, to me is indifferent: but I appeal to others, if every particular that I said there, may not be fairly gathered from the letters themselves. Phalaris fled from Astypalaea; his wife endeavouring to follow him, was poisoned by Python, who courted her to a second marriage. Again, his wife is alive in Crete, when Phalaris had long possessed the government of Agri-

gentum. All this is plainly affirmed in the letters. Now if Astypalaea was not a town of Crete, but an island of the Sporades, as I have proved already against Phalaris's Editors; then, if she was poisoned at Astypalaea, she could not afterwards be alive in Crete. And if she was poisoned for endeavouring to follow her husband, which cannot reasonably be supposed to be very long after his flight, she could not be yet alive, when he was grown old in Sicily. I must confess, that these two accounts are still in my opinion inconsistencies. But Mr B. and I may have very different notions of what deserves to be called by that name. For his Examination flatly contradicts his own index to Phalaris; and his margin, in more places than one, is directly opposite to his text; and yet he seems not to apprehend them to be inconsistent one with another: for he has made no retraction of his index to Phalaris; and has made his margin keep company with his text, as if they were very good friends.

My other exception against the Epistles was the Sophist's absurd conduct about Nicocles's address to Phalaris to obtain by his intercession a copy of verses from Stesichorus. But the Examiner protests, he can

see no harm, nor any thing unnatural in't. Now this being a matter of mere judgement, and no controversy of fact, I am not surpris'd to see Mr B. and myself have such different opinions about it. And when a thing is once brought to that issue, 'tis in vain to dispute further about it; but we must refer the whole matter to the readers that have taste and skill. I shall only take some short notice of the particulars that his argument is built on. He says, "Phalaris was not successful in a second attempt upon Stesichorus, at the instance of a Sicilian gentleman." But it's plain from the Epistle itself, that Phalaris refused to make a second attempt; so that the gentleman was unsuccessful with Phalaris, not Phalaris with Stesichorus. Mr B., it seems, does not know his own favourite book; and yet if I, that despise it, and believe it not worth the reading, had made such a mistake about it as this is, he would have given us two whole pages in aggravation of the fault, and have poured out his grimace and banter profusely upon so worthy a subject.

But he finds I have high thoughts of Phalaris, because I said that such stuff as Stesichorus's verses did not busy his head. They were not high thoughts



of his great monarchy, but hard ones of his cruelty and barbarity, that made me suppose such matters did not busy his head. Mr B., then, might have saved that diminishing character that he gives here of Phalaris's power. One may guess it was much against his mind, to depress his Sicilian prince; but his anger against his antagonist was stronger here than his sense of loyalty. But let us see how he manages! "He was only a petty prince," he says, "of one town in Sicily." I perceive, he has not lost all his former respect for him; he will make him a prince still, though it be but a petty one. But why so ill natured as to allow him but one single town—Agrigentum; and in that single town, too, to take away half of his subjects? What will he do therefore with Suidas, who makes him tyrant of all Sicily? or with Diogenianus, who affirms, that he subdued the city and country of Leontini? or with Polyænus, who makes him conquer the Sicanians and take Ouessa (or rather Inessa) their capital city? or with Diodorus, who informs us, that he had two castles, Ἐκνομος λόφος, and Φαλάριον, in the territories of Gela, a day's journey from Agrigentum? or lastly, what will he do with the Epistles themselves,

which pretend he vanquished the Leontini, and the Tauromenites, and Zancleans their allies? If Mr B. pleases to take all these into the account, he may allow his prince to have been master of a million of subjects; though Agrigentum should not be so populous as Laertius represents it. And why now would Mr B. deal so unkindly with him, to make him a petty prince of one city only, when such credible authors assign him many more? Is there not, as I have often observed, a certain fatality in this gentleman's errors, so that whether he talks for Phalaris or against him, on both sides he is always mistaken?

He goes on and tells me, that there have been tyrants with many millions of subjects that have employed themselves about poems. "Has not the Doctor seen," says he, "the fragments of Augustus's letters to Horace, pressing and obliging that poet to write?" Never was piece of history more aptly applied: I can heartily now forgive him all he has said about me, when I see how judicious and exact he is in bestowing names and characters. Phalaris is a Sicilian prince with him, and Augustus is a tyrant. Methinks that Dionysius, tyrant of Syracuse, had been

a nearer and properer comparison; for he was so concerned with poets and poems, that he not only had several poets in his court, but himself made several tragedies, though even this or any other such instance had been wholly impertinent; for, as I said, 'twas not Phalaris's greatness, but his barbarity and ignorance, (being an illiterate publican, before he usurped the tyranny,) that makes his dealings with Stesichorus for copies of verses to be so improbable and absurd.

But "a present," he says, "had been an improper means to obtain verses of Stesichorus; for he was one of the greatest men of Sicily." This is a new piece of history, and to be sure he takes care to make it out well. Yes, by two very good arguments; first, because, as Suidas tells him, his brother Helianax was *νομοθέτης*, a lawgiver. Ay, no doubt on't, if he was a lawgiver, he must consequently be a Member of Parliament. But it falls out unfortunately, that the legislative power was not always in such great hands, as it's nowadays. The best law-makers, says Aristotle, were of the MIDDLE rank of citizens; for Solon was such a one, as appears by his poems; and Lycurgus, for he was no king; and Charondas, and most of the

rest. Even Aristotle himself, whose nobility was not extraordinary, made laws for the Abderitans. Zaleucus, as we have seen above, was but a shepherd and a slave. Eudoxus the Cnidian made laws to his own citizens; and yet he was so poor, that Theomedon a physician bore his charges at Athens; and his friends made a purse for him, when he was to travel to Egypt. And Protagoras was lawgiver to the Thurians, and yet at first he was no better than a porter to carry burdens. Why then must Stesichorus be one of the greatest men in Sicily, because he had a brother a lawgiver? The Examiner, we see, will still be true to his old way of reasoning: for one may fairly infer the very contrary from it, that he was but of middle and ordinary quality. Well, but he must needs be one of the greatest men there; because he made an apologue to the Himeraeans against Phalaris, about the horse and his rider, and the stag. And is that such a proof of his wealth and greatness above the low temptations of money and presents? Menenius Agrippa made such another apologue to the Romans, and yet he was so very poor that he left not enough to bury him. There's another apologue too of Æsop's, mentioned by

Aristotle in the very place where he tells Stesichorus's. And if Æsop, a poor slave, could make apologues at Samos, relating to public affairs, why must Stesichorus's apologue at Himera prove him one of the greatest men in Sicily? The Arundel marble gives us a date, when Stesichorus the poet *εἰς τὴν Ἑλλάδα ἀφίκετο*, *went into Greece*. Now *εἰς Ἑλλάδα ἀφικέσθαι*, means to travel into Greece to get money, as his brother poets did, who were to make their fortunes by their pen. When Homer was very poor, says Herodotus, some persuaded him *εἰς τὴν Ἑλλάδα ἀπικέσθαι* to go into Greece; and he designed it, but died in Ios, before he began the voyage. And the readers will be apt to suspect, for all the greatness that Mr B. dreams of, that Stesichorus had no other errand to Greece, than Homer had before him, and Simonides and others after him.

I had made another censure upon the Epistles for calling the same copy of verses both *μέλος* and *ἔλεγείον*. The Examiner replies, that by the different cast of his head, he should have reasoned just the other way, and have inferred something in favour of the letters. First, he says, a Sophist would not have confounded the words. True, a learned Sophist would

not have written such sorry Epistles, as a judicious man would not have published them: but our mock Phalaris is a Sophist of that size, that no kind of blunder is below his character. But a prince, says Mr B. might not think himself obliged to write with all the exactness of a scholar. This is just the second part of his compliment to queen Elizabeth: he's resolved, it seems, to stand up for princes, and maintain for them a royal prerogative of speaking improperly. But let Mr B. be as good a courtier as he pleases; I am now to consider him only in his capacity of a critic. I shall proceed therefore to his next remark, that Phalaris called it an *ἔλεγίον*, when he asked it of Stesichorus, and knew not what measure it would be in: but when he had it, and saw it was lyric, he then called it *μέλος*. Who can deny now, but this is sharply observed? but there's one inconvenience in't, that while he's careful of the prince's reputation, he betrays the poet's. For if an elegy in the proper sense of the word (as this excuse supposes) was bespoken of Stesichorus; why should he make a lyric poem instead on't? This had been just like the sign-painter, that whatsoever was bespoken of him,

whether a lion or a dolphin, always painted a rose. But Mr B. will prove that *ἔλεγος* and *ἐλεγείον* had a looser sense than what the grammarians put upon them ; because Dion Chrysostome calls heroic verses on Sardanapalus's tomb *ἐλεγείον*. But there's a figure of rhetoric here, called self-contradiction, that's very frequent in our Examiner's reasonings. For he had newly said, a sophist could not mistake *ἐλεγείον*, the distinct sense of which was so well settled before his time by the grammarians : and now he produces Dion Chrysostome, (who, as he tells us, was as errant a Sophist and declaimer as ever was) employing it in a looser meaning than what the grammarians put upon it. But to let this pass ; what he teaches us here about the distinct sense that the grammarians settled upon't, is but a cast of his own loose and unsettled sense. For the grammarians knew well enough, that *ἐλεγείον* was taken for epitaph, even without a pentameter in't. They could learn that out of Herodotus, among others, when he tells 'em, that the people of Ios τὸ ἐλεγείον τόδε ἐπέγραψαν, wrote this elegy on Homer's tomb—

*ἐνθάδε τὴν ἱερὴν κεφαλὴν κατὰ γαῖα καλύπτει  
ἀνδρῶν ἡρώων κοσμήτορα δῖον Ὀμηρον.*

And Suidas, one of those grammarians, could not be ignorant of this; for he cites the very same epitaph, and calls it *ἐλεγίον*. The case is no more than this: in the old times they generally made their epitaphs in a single distich, hexameter and pentameter; whence in process of time an epitaph at large came to be called *ἐλεγίον*. The ancients, says the Scholiast upon Apollonius Rhodius, used *ἐλεγεία* for inscriptions upon tombs. *Τὰ ἐλεγεία*, says Lycurgus the orator, *τὰ ἐπιγεγραμμένα ἐν τοῖς μνημείοις*. But what advantage is this now to Mr B. and his Phalaris? An *ἐλεγίον* of all hexameters is as remote from a lyric song, as if it was mixed with pentameters. So that *ἐλεγίον* and *μέλος* cannot yet be used for the same copy of verses, but by that privilege of making solecisms, that Mr B. would vindicate to princes.

But his next proof perhaps may be better; for a nightingale, he says, in Aristophanes's *AVES*, is said to sing *ἔλεγοι*, and by and by those very *ἔλεγοι* are called *μέλη*. This indeed carries both surprise and demonstration along with it. What a strange reach of fancy has our Examiner? Who but he could ever have



thought on this pretty argument from a nightingale? Let us put it into a syllogism—A nightingale sings *μέλη*, a nightingale sings *ἔλεγοι*, ergo *μέλη* and *ἔλεγοι* are the same. Very quaint indeed, and out of the common way! But it has one little fault, that if a nightingale can sing more tunes than one, his syllogism must then be hushed. Mr B. seems to bring this argument with a very serious air; as if because the poet metaphorically calls the singing of a bird by the several names of human music, we may infer that all those names may signify one and the same thing. But in the very same page Aristophanes says, that the *urupa*, which we call the hoopoe, no very melodious bird, chanted a *μέλος*—

*οὐποψ μελωδεῖν αὐ παρασκευάζεται.*

Mr B. therefore, by the very same reasoning, may give us another syllogism—The nightingale sings a *μέλος*, the hoopoe sings a *μέλος*, ergo the hoopoe sings like the nightingale. And by the same argument black-birds will sing like them, for their notes too are *μέλη*—

*κόσσυφοι ἀχεῦσιν ποικιλότραυλα μέλη.*

And so the cicada too—

*ξουθᾶν ἐκ πτερόγων ἄδῃ κρέκουσα μέλος.*

Nay the very frogs will croak like nightingales—

*ταῖς νύμφαισι δ' ἔδοξεν ἄει τὸν βάτραχον ἕδειν.  
τῷ δ' ἐγὼ οὐ φθονέοιμι, τὸ γὰρ μέλος οὐ καλὸν ἕδει.*

But what is still more extraordinary, the same nightingale in Aristophanes a little after begins to chant a lesson of anapæsts—

*ὕμνων σύντροφ' ἀηδοῖ,  
ἄρχου τῶν ἀναπαίστων.*

So that by Mr B.'s powerful argument, both μέλη, and ἔλεγχοι, and ἀνάπαιστοι, may be all used in the same signification. And if Mr B. had but produced some anapæsts of nightingales to confute my observation about the measures of that verse, they might have done him perhaps much better service than those of Æschylus and Seneca.

I had declared, that I suspected all to be a cheat, about the friendship between Phalaris and Stesichorus; because the poet himself never mentioned it, nor any other writer; though several, had it been true, had fair

occasion to speak of it. Now the Examiner accounts for Lucian's silence; because he had said enough, in naming Pythagoras, and to have added Stesichorus's name, would have made the piece look stiff and unnatural. Wonderfully nice and exact: he can tell you to a single word, when a treatise will be stiff; like the gardener that could determine to a minute, when his melons were ripe. How many have I saved, says Phalaris in Lucian, who plotted against me, and were convicted, as Acanthus that stands here, and Timocrates, and Leogoras his brother? Now according to the letters, Stesichorus too was taken plotting, and yet the tyrant saved his life, and made him his friend. But, says Mr B., if Lucian here had added Stesichorus to the other three, that single name would have made the discourse as stiff as any buckram. And yet allowing that Lucian himself had as nice a sensation of stiffness as Mr B. appears to have, and therefore would not put down four names, but three only, yet methinks, he might have spared one of those three, and put Stesichorus in his room; unless Mr B. will shew that Timocrates or Leogoras (whom nobody ever heard of) were as famous as Stesichorus, and their examples

as memorable. But Mr B. adds further, that “if Lucian’s silence be an exception to Stesichorus’s acquaintance with Phalaris, it is to Abaris’s too: which yet our critic has before, for the sake of Aristotle and Jamblichus, been graciously pleased to allow.” Now without the Examiner’s telling us, we might guess, that he was not awake sometimes in his work; for surely the man that writ this must have been fast asleep, or else he could never have talked so wildly. There is not one word in that place that his margin refers to, about Phalaris’s friendship with Abaris. And how could I allow it for the sake of Aristotle, who says not the least syllable of it, or if I should allow it for the sake of Jamblichus, what would that be to Lucian? for according to Jamblichus, the tyrant was killed by Abaris’s means upon their first acquaintance; how then could Phalaris in Lucian have magnified himself to the Delphians upon the past friendship of that Hyperborean? If Lucian had believed the story, as Jamblichus tells it, that the tyrant was deposed by Pythagoras and Abaris at their first visit; his mentioning Abaris or Pythagoras in Phalaris’s speech at Delphi, had been very absurd.

But Stesichorus had been a proper instance, if the letters be true; for he was twelve years the tyrant's friend, and died too before him. So that Lucian's not mentioning him, shews he knew nothing of the Epistles; as on the contrary his mentioning Pythagoras, shews he knew nothing of that story of his deposing Phalaris.

In the next place, Mr B. accounts for Plato's silence about the friendship of Stesichorus and Phalaris; because Plato mentions nothing there of the acquaintance between Pythagoras and Phalaris. An admirable account indeed! Plato, says Mr B., might omit the mention of Stesichorus's friendship with Phalaris, and yet might believe it true; because he mentions not another friendship, that in all probability is as mere a fiction as that. Which is as just as if he reasoned thus, the ancients in their accounts of Æsop, say nothing of his ugliness, and yet they might believe it: because they say nothing neither of Xanthus the philosopher with his company of scholiastics. But, says Mr B., the Pythagoreans all agree that their master and Phalaris were acquainted; and Dr B. grants it. I granted they were contemporaries; and

by a familiar sleight of hand, he turns the word into acquaintance ; as he once did before. But how knows he that all the Pythagoreans agree, when the only men that speak a word of it are Lucian and Jamblichus ; and they were neither of them Pythagoreans ? or, suppose the Pythagorean story true, as Jamblichus reports it, that Phalaris blasphemed the gods, despised philosophy, and designed to murder Pythagoras ; would this have been as proper and domestic an instance for Plato, as the twelve years friendship with Steasichorus ? What a master of decency is Mr B. and what a relish has he of dexterous management, who goes about to excuse Plato for not numbering Phalaris's and Pythagoras's enmity (for so it's represented by those Pythagoreans he speaks of) among the celebrated friendships of learned men with tyrants ?

As for the argument from the silence of Pindar, he will not attempt to answer it ; which is a better sign of discretion, than he usually shews. However, he'll put me in mind of one false colour that I have given to my argument : for I said, Pindar exhorts Hiero to be kind to poets and men of letters : but, says he, there's not a word of that in the verses

themselves, whatever guess the Scholiast may make at their remote meaning. So that the Doctor might as well prove his point from *ἄριστον μὲν ὕδωρ*. What shall we say now to such a hardy writer as this is; who can deny with such an air of confidence, what everybody's eyes can witness to be true? The very words of Pindar immediately preceding the passage I cited, are—

*καὶ λόγοις καὶ αἰδοῖς,*

which, by the nicest translation, means men of letters, and poets. And to be kind to such the poet exhorts Hiero in the paragraph just before—

*εὐανθεὶ δ' ἐν ὀργῇ παρμένων,  
εἴπερ τι φιλεῖς ἀκοῶν ἀδείαν ἄ-  
εὶ κλύειν, μὴ κάμνε λίαν δαπάναις.*

That is, continue your generous temper, and if you desire immortal fame, do not be weary of being bountiful.

After he has denied that to be in Pindar, which is evidently and expressly there; the next and last advance he makes is to deny that to be in the letters, which he himself once knew to be there, if it was he

that translated them. "The letters," he says, "do not imply that there was any extraordinary dearness between Stesichorus and Phalaris; there's no proof from them, that Stesichorus loved him; his friendship was desired, and he only out of prudence did not stand off." This is spoken with a good measure of assurance; let us see with what measure of truth. The tyrant declares, that though he gave Stesichorus twelve years of life, yet still he was in debt to him; for he alone of all mortals gave him courage, and taught him to despise death; and that for the sake of Stesichorus, he's ready to encounter certain destruction. And the fame of Phalaris's kindness to him was so great, that the Tauromenites applied to Stesichorus to intercede with the tyrant, that he would remit the price of their captives. Stesichorus dies before he could do it for them; but he leaves it in command to his daughters to ask that favour in his name. The tyrant upon the first notice of the request immediately returns the money, with this protestation, that he would not only do that for his sake, ἀλλ' εἰ καὶ τι καὶ τῶν ἀδυνάτων ἐστὶ μᾶλλον, but any thing else, though 'twere more than impossible. And yet it appears, from another letter, that



the sum he remitted here was no less than a hundred talents, or eighteen thousand pounds sterling, the greatest sum by much that appears in the whole set of Epistles, and six times as much as, in another letter, he was forced to borrow for himself. This, I presume, is a pretty good token of an extraordinary dearness on Phalaris's side: and this alone would be argument enough, to prove Stesichorus was not insensible on his part; for Mr B. surely will not make such a ninny of his Sicilian prince, as to suppose him so prodigal of his highest favours without suitable returns of friendship. But besides this, the very letters are as express for Stesichorus's love as for Phalaris's. For as the Tauromenites addressed to Stesichorus, to obtain favours of the tyrant; so Pelopidas, and Nicocles apply themselves to the tyrant to get favours of Stesichorus, which in his way were copies of verses. And the argument that Phalaris uses to persuade the poet to do that favour, is, to confirm the received opinion that the world had of their friendship. And he tells us both there and once more, that Stesichorus desired leave to celebrate him in his poems. But the tyrant begs he would not do it, *πρὸς ἑταίρειόν Διὸς καὶ*

*κοινῆς ἐστίας*, by such obtestations as are used among the dearest friends and relations. And it's sufficient, he says, for him to be written ἐν αὐτῷ Στησιχόρῳ, in Stesichorus's own heart. Now if these do not imply a friendship on Stesichorus's part, as well as Phalaris's, let the reader be judge: and at the same time let him reflect, what an odd-sighted Examiner I have to deal with; that at some times can see in books what never was there; but at other times cannot see the plainest things, not only in other men's books, but even in his own.

## ABBREVIATIONS

- S. (followed by a Roman numeral), Swift's Prose Works, ed. Temple Scott. The numeral indicates the volume.
- T. iii., Temple's Works (1814), Vol. III.
- Craik (not followed by a numeral), Craik's Selections from Swift (1892), Vol. I.
- Craik (followed by a Roman numeral), Craik's Life of Swift (1894), 2 vols. The numeral indicates the volume.
- N.E.D., New English Dictionary, ed. Murray.
- D.N.B., Dictionary of National Biography.
- Courtenay, Courtenay's Memoirs of Sir William Temple (1836), 2 vols.
- Unless otherwise stated the references to the following notes are to the pages of this book.

## NOTES

### THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS

P. lxiii. *The Bookseller to the Reader*; this account of the Ancient and Modern Learning Controversy was probably written just before the *Battle of the Books* was published (see note on l. 13, below). It is generally agreed that it was not written by Swift. In this preface the story of the quarrel is carried down to the year 1699: in the *Battle* itself the account ends with Boyle's attack on Bentley and Wotton (1698).

P. lxiii., l. 3. *the former*, the *Tale of a Tub*. The *Tale* and the *Battle* were first published in 1704, and appeared in one volume, along with *A Discourse Concerning the Mechanical Operation of the Spirit*.

P. lxiii., l. 3. *I mean the year 1697*, as reference to the dates of the pamphlets published in the controversy will show, the years 1698 and 1699, rather than 1697, were those in which the 'dispute was on foot' (see Bibliography). Swift wished to make it appear that the 1704 volume was written long before publication (cf. p. xxxviii.), and the dates he gives are everywhere as early as possible. In this case, of course, he may not have been responsible for the text; but he would almost certainly see it before publication.

P. lxiii., l. 6. *The essay of Sir William Temple's* is that on

*Ancient and Modern Learning*, which appeared in the second part of his *Miscellanea* (1690): the answer of *W. Wotton* is his *Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning* (first edn. 1694: second edn. with Bentley's *Dissertation upon the Epistles of Phalaris*, &c. 1697: third edn. with Wotton's *Defence of the Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning*, 1705): the *Appendix by Dr Bentley* is the *Dissertation* just mentioned as having appeared in the second edn. of Wotton's book: the *new edition of Phalaris* is that published by Charles Boyle in 1695: *Mr Boyle replied at large* in Dr Bentley's *Dissertations . . . Examin'd by the Honourable Charles Boyle, Esq.* (first edn. 1698: second edn. with the addition of a *Short Account of Dr Bentley, by way of Index*, same year; third edn. with the addition of a few remarks occasioned by John Milner's *View of the Dissertation upon the Epistles of Phalaris*, 1699: the *Doctor voluminously rejoined* in his *Dissertation upon the Epistles of Phalaris. With An Answer to the Objections of the Honourable Charles Boyle, Esquire* . . . 1699.

P. lxiii., l. 13. *the Honourable Charles Boyle* became Earl of Orrery in 1703: the *Battle* was published in 1704.

P. lxiv., l. 6. *St James's Library*. The Royal Library was in St James's Palace. Bentley was appointed Librarian in 1694 (see p. xxi.).

P. lxiv., l. 9. *the manuscript by injury of fortune or weather*. The lacunae in the *Battle* were probably not due to the cause here alleged. In the course of the *Tale* and the *Battle* there are nine such gaps (*Tale*, S. i. 52, 118, 138: *Battle*, pp. (of this edn.) 30, 31, 34, 35, 37; see also p. 47). In the fifth edition of the *Tale* and *Battle* (1710) the following note is added at the occurrence of the first hiatus: "Here is pretended a defect in the manuscript, and this is very frequent with our author,

either when he thinks he cannot say anything worth reading, or when he has no mind to enter on the subject, or when it is a matter of little moment, or perhaps to amuse his reader (whereof he is frequently very fond), or lastly, with some satirical intention."

In the *Battle* it will be noticed that the lacunae occur at points where the narrative is in danger of becoming monotonous—a thing very likely to happen in the description of a series of combats. Another reason has been suggested for the existence of the gaps at p. 30, l. 20, and p. 31, l. 2: see the note on the first mentioned. Cf. S. i. 23 and 25.

On the question of the authorship of the notes quoted, see pp. xlviiii.—ix.

P. lkv., l. 11. *There is a brain* seems to refer to Wotton, though the phrase *wit without knowledge* is ludicrously inapplicable to him. It may, of course, be a grim joke at Wotton's expense (cf. S. i. 24).

P. lxvi., l. 2. *a sort of cream, &c.* Curiously enough there is a similar metaphor in de Callière's *Histoire poétique* (see p. xlv. of this vol.), p. 74, ed. 1688.

P. 1, l. 2. *the Annual Records of Time*, almanacks. The reference, given by Swift, to the *Ephem. de Mary Clarke* has caused some difficulty. Scott (following Hawkesworth) added to it the explanation 'now called Wing's Sheet Almanack, and printed by J. Roberts, for the Company of Stationers.'

Swift referred, in fact, to the sheet almanack prepared by Vincent Wing and 'printed by Mary Clark for the Company of Stationers.' I have only been able to get a copy of this almanack for the year 1690. It contains in columns the calendar for the year, with weather prognostications, and other entries. In the top left hand corner is printed a

figure showing the signs of the Zodiac, and beside it is printed the following rhyme:

War begets Poverty.  
 Poverty Peace:  
 Peace maketh Riches flow,  
 (Fate ne'er doth cease:)  
 Riches produceth pride,  
 Pride is War's ground,  
 War begets Poverty, &c.  
 (The World) goes round.

Beneath the figure and the rhyme is put:

*Omnium rerum Vicissitudo*: All things change.

In the right hand corner is another figure with another rhyme.

The contraction *Ephem.* in Swift's note stands for *Ephemeris* or *Ephemerides*, that is, *almanack*. The *Opt. Edit.* to which he refers, is, presumably, that for the current year.

It may be mentioned that a rhyme similar to that just given is to be found in FitzGerald's *Polonius*, under the heading *War*:

War begets Poverty—Poverty, Peace  
 Peace begets Riches—Fate will not cease  
 Riches beget Pride—Pride is War's ground  
 War begets Poverty—and so the world goes round.  
 Old Saw.

In his *Essay on Poetry* (T. iii. 438) Temple remarks that 'plenty begets wantonness and pride.'

With the general sentiment of the opening of the *Battle* one may compare the following from *Gulliver's Travels*,

'poor nations are hungry, and rich nations are proud; and pride and hunger will ever be at variance' (S. viii. 255).

P. 2, l. 4. *to speak in the phrase, &c.*, perhaps a reference to Hobbes, who, like other philosophers, occasionally refers to the animals for illustrations of human policy, e. g. *Leviathan*, Part II. Chap. 17.

P. 3, l. 16. *somewhere or other*. In the original editions a very large number of words and phrases are printed in italics, as well as the speeches of the Spider, the Bee, and the others: it would be contrary to modern usage to keep the italics in all these cases; but most editions italicise this phrase and the others so printed in this edition. The words were probably inserted that Swift might avoid saying in so many words whether he favoured the Ancients or the Moderns. (Cf. p. lxiv., ll. 10, 11.)

P. 4, l. 6. *especially towards the East*. According to Temple the Ancients obtained their knowledge from Eastern countries (cf. p. 55).

P. 4, l. 9. *summit*. (Lat. *summitas*), an obsolete form of *summit*. Sandys in his *Relation of a Journey* (1615) speaks of 'the summit of a hill.' (N.E.D.)

P. 5, last line. *engine*, contrivance.

P. 6, l. 3. *engineer*, the contriver of the *engine*.

Cf. " . . . nor did he [Vulcan] escape  
By all his *engines*, but was headlong sent  
With his industrious crew, to build in Hell."

P.L. I. 749-51.

"The dreadfull engineer of phrases instead of thunderboltes."—G. Harvey. *Pierce's Supererogation*. (N.E.D.)

P. 6, l. 7. *the Grecians after an engagement, &c.* Cf. Thucydides l. 54 (Battle of Sybota), ll. 92, &c. Swift was reading



Hobbes' tr. of Thucydides about the time when he was writing the *Battle* (see Craik, l. 72).

P. 7, l. 6. *In these books is wonderfully instilled, &c.* Cf. "books . . . do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them" (Milton, *Areopagitica*, ed. Hales, p. 5).

P. 7, l. 8. *to inform them*, to animate them.

Cf. "A fiery soul, which working out its way,  
Fretted the pigmy body to decay  
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay."  
(Dryden: Absalom and Achitophel, ll. 156-8.)

P. 7, l. 12. *brutum hominis*. The origin of this phrase is not known. A well-known Scholastic authority writes, 'It is evidently the expression of one who holds a plurality of formal principles in the essence of man. Thus the *brutum hominis* I should understand to mean practically *anima belluina*.' See also Craik's note on the phrase (Craik, p. 421).

P. 8, l. 3. *Scotus* (1265?-1308), the famous medieval theologian: his chief works are commentaries on the Bible, on Aristotle, and on the *Sentences* of Lombard. He was hostile to the teaching of *Aristotle*, but he is mentioned here as his pupil probably because of his use of the Aristotelian logic. *Plato* had been deposed by the theologians in favour of Aristotle long before the time of Duns Scotus.

P. 9, l. 10. *the King's Library*, see note on p. lxiv., l. 6.

P. 9, l. 15. *the urgent importunity of my friends, &c.* Swift is fond of ridiculing this sort of affectation. Cf. S. i. 90, ". . . my said several readings (which perhaps the world may one day see, if I can prevail on any friend to steal a copy, or on certain gentlemen of my admirers to be very

importunate) . . .". Both before and after Swift's time there was supposed to be something discreditable in publishing a book, particularly for profit: hence the excuses alleged in Prefaces and Dedications.

P. 9, l. 18. *The guardian of the Royal Library*, Dr Bentley (see pp. xx. and xxi.).

P. 9, l. 19. *chiefly renowned for his humanity*, a reference to the last paragraph but one of Boyle's Preface to his edition of Phalaris (see p. 94). Bentley himself translated *humanitas* as *humanity* (see pp. 115-6).

The following note appears in the 5th Edn.: 'The Honourable Mr Boyle, in the Preface to his edition of Phalaris, says he was refused a Manuscript by the Library-keeper *pro solita humanitate sua*.'

P. 9, l. 22. *two of the Ancient chiefs*, Phalaris and Æsop (see pp. xxvii.-ix.).

P. 10, l. 17. *there was a strange confusion*, &c. Boyle wrote in the *Examination* (1698), p. 14: "Another [learned man] that was desirous to have a sight of the Alexandrian MS, and applied himself to Dr Bentley very earnestly for it, met with no other answer to his request but that the Library was not fit to be seen . . ."

To the latter part of this accusation Bentley replied in his *Dissertation* (1699), pp. lxx.-vi.: ". . . I will own that I have often said and lamented that the Library was not fit to be seen. . . . If the room be too mean and too little for the books; if it be much out of repair; if the situation be inconvenient; if the access to it be dishonourable; is the Library-keeper to answer for it?"

P. 11, l. 7. *Descartes next to Aristotle: Descartes is mentioned* because he was put forward by the advocates of the

Moderns as a philosopher worthy to rank with the Ancients (see for example Fontenelle's *Pluralité des Mondes*, 1st dialogue, ed. 1686, pp. 23-4; Temple's *Essay*, p. 58 of this vol.; Wotton's *Reflections*, Chapters XIV. and XXVII.).

P. 11, l. 8. *Hobbes*. For the mention of Hobbes compare Temple's *Essay*, p. 58 of this vol.

*the Seven Wise Masters* (for an account of the book see Brewer's *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*). Swift probably mentions the *Seven Wise Masters* as a sort of modern equivalent to the Seven Sages of the Ancients (cf. T. iii. pp. 458, 494. Of course the *Seven Wise Masters* has nothing to do with the 'wise men of Gotham').

P. 11, ll. 9, 10. *Vergil . . . Dryden . . . Withers*. Vergil and Dryden are mentioned together on account of Dryden's tr. of Vergil's works (1697). *George Wither* (or *Withers*, as Swift spells the name: cf. Pope, *Dunciad* i. 296) (1588-1667), is now chiefly remembered for his *Shepherd's Hunting*, a pastoral. It is for this poem, probably, that he is mentioned with Vergil. Wither was regarded as a typically bad poet in Swift's time. Recently his reputation has revived, and a new edn. of his poetical works has been published by Mr F. Sidgwick.

P. 11, ll. 17, 18. *light-horse*, lyrical poets; at p. 23 of the *Battle* the *heavy-armed foot* are said to be mercenaries; they are the historians; *the mercenaries* should logically be those authors who write for gain, and this may be Swift's meaning. Craik suggests that they are writers 'who have little interest in the points of the struggle, but, from the accident of their date, fight on the side of the Moderns' (Craik, 423).

P. 11, l. 20. *their horses large*, refers evidently to the light-horse.

P. 12, l. 11. *the Moderns were much the more ancient of the two.* Cf. Bacon, *Advancement of Learning* (ed. Pollard), p. 198, 'These times are the ancient times, when the world is ancient, and not those which we account ancient *ordine retrogrado*, by a computation backward from ourselves': Fontenelle, *Pluralité des Mondes* ed. 1686, p. 350, 'les anciens étaient jeunes auprès de nous': and Perrault's *Parallèles* (1st dialogue), 'notre siècle est postérieur à tous les autres et par conséquent le plus ancien de tous.'

P. 13, l. 10. *Temple*, see pp. xiv. and foll. of Introduction: it was Temple who introduced the Ancient and Modern Learning Controversy into England.

P. 13, l. 19. *Things were at this crisis, &c.* The apologue of the Spider and the Bee is an expansion of one of Temple's arguments (see pp. 53-5 of Appendix).

P. 14, l. 3. *all after the Modern way of fortification.* The advocates of the Moderns claimed that in this art the Ancients had been excelled: cf. the fifth dialogue of Perrault's *Parallèles*.

P. 14, l. 22. *Beelzebub*, the god of flies.

P. 16, l. 18. *opposite*, opponent. Cf. *Hamlet*, V. ii. 60-2:

'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes  
Between the pass and fell incensed points  
Of mighty opposites.

P. 17, l. 6. *to shew my improvements in the mathematics.* Mathematics was a subject in which it was claimed that the Moderns had excelled the Ancients. Cf. Wotton's *Reflections*, Chap. XIV. and pp. 77-86 of Appendix to this vol. Improvements in fortification were supposed to be a result of increased mathematical knowledge. Cf. T. iii. 470, 1.

Swift hated mathematics and lost no opportunity of deriding mathematicians: see for example *Gulliver's Travels*, Part III. Chap. II.

P. 17, l. 8. *the materials altogether extracted, &c.* Cf. Descartes, *Discours de la Méthode*, end of first chapter.

P. 17, l. 9. *I am glad, &c.* The bee's answer bears some resemblance to the following passage in Temple's *Essay on Poetry* (T. iii. 417): "[Bees] must range through fields as well as gardens, choose such flowers as they please, and by properties and scents they only know and distinguish: they must work up their cells with admirable art, extract their honey with infinite labour, and sever it from the wax with such distinction and choice as belongs to none but themselves to perform or to judge."

P. 19, l. 8. *Æsop.* Bentley had shown that the Fables attributed to Æsop were spurious. Cf. p. xxix. of Introduction.

P. 19, l. 14. *he tried all his arts, &c.* Cf. *Georg.* IV., 440-2.

P. 21, l. 6. *For anything else of genuine.* Cf. Temple's *Essay*, pp. 75-6 of Appendix.

P. 22, l. 6. *consults, consultations.* Cf. *Paradise Lost*, Book I., last line.

P. 22, l. 11. *the horse* are the epic poets.

P. 22, l. 14. *Cowley*, author among other works of certain Pindaric Odes, which Swift in his youth admired and imitated. According to the well-known story (related in Johnson's *Life of Swift*) it was on reading one of Swift's Pindaric Odes that Dryden exclaimed "Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet!", whence arose, according to the same story, Swift's unending hatred of Dryden.

*Despréaux, i. e.* Boileau. As Boileau was one of the strongest supporters of the Ancients, it has been suggested that the name Despréaux is a mistake for Desportes. But it is more likely that Boileau is intended as he was put forward as a sort of Modern Horace. Cf. T. iii. 489: and Wotton's *Reflections*, Chapter IV.

P. 22, l. 14. *the bowmen*, the philosophers.

P. 22, l. 15. *Gassendi*, Pierre Gassendi (1592-1655) was a French philosopher and mathematician, and an opponent of Descartes.

Descartes, Gassendi, and Hobbes are mentioned together in Wotton's *Reflections*, Chapter XX.

P. 22, l. 18. *like that of Evander*. Swift is referring to the arrow of Aestes (*Aen.* v. 525-8).

P. 22, l. 19. *Paracelsus*, Theophrastus Bombastus von Hohenheim (1493-1541), was a philosopher, chemist, and physician. He is mentioned by Swift because of the changes which he introduced into medical science in opposition to the theories of Galen and other ancient physicians. Cf. T. iii. 515.

P. 22, l. 20. *stink-pot-flingers*, a reference to the chemical experiments of the Paracelsians.

P. 22, l. 21. *Rhaetia*. Paracelsus was a native of Switzerland.

P. 22, l. 22. *dragoons*, writers on medical subjects.

P. 22, l. 23. *Harvey* (1578-1657), the discoverer of the circulation of the blood. Cf. Temple, p. 53 of Appendix, and Wotton's *Reflections*, Chap. XVIII.

*Aga*; an aga is a commander or chief officer in the Ottoman Empire. Cf. Robert Curzon, *Monasteries in the Levant*, 'He did not care for a monk, and not much for an agou-

menos, but he felt small in the presence of a mighty Turkish aga.'

P. 23, l. 3. *white powder*. It was formerly believed that a white gunpowder existed, which exploded without noise.

P. 23, l. 5. *heavy-armed foot, all mercenaries*, these are the historians. Cf. note on p. 11, l. 18.

P. 23, l. 6. *Guicciardini* (1483-1540), an Italian historian, who wrote a history of Italy, and other works.

*Davila* (1576-1623), another Italian historian: he wrote a *History of the Civil Wars in France, 1558-1598*. For the mention of his name see Temple, p. 70 of Appendix, and Wotton's *Reflections*, Chap. III. ad. fin.

*Polydore Vergil* (1470-1555), an Italian who was sent to England by the Pope in 1501 as sub-collector of Peter's Pence. He became a naturalised Englishman in 1510, and wrote a History of England, (see pp. 152-6 of H. A. L. Fisher's *History of England, 1485-1547* (1906)).

*Buchanan* (1506-1582), the great Scottish humanist: he is now chiefly known for his Latin paraphrase of the Psalms and his History of Scotland. He had a European reputation for his skill in Latin Verse. Cf. Temple, III. 467-8.

*Mariana* (1536-1624), a Spanish historian: he wrote in Latin a History of Spain and translated it into Spanish; and a book (*De Rege et Regis Institutione*) in which he defended tyrannicide.

*Camden* (1551-1623), the English antiquary and historian.

P. 23, l. 8. *the engineers*, are the mathematicians.

*Regiomontanus*, Johann Müller (1436-1476). Regiomontanus was the name given him from the name of his birth-place, Königsberg. He was a German mathematician and astronomer.

P. 23, l. 9. *Wilkins*, John (1614–1672), Bishop of Chester, an English mathematician and one of the founders of the Royal Society. He wrote *The Discovery of a New World*; or *a Discourse tending to prove that 'tis probable there may be another Habitable World in the Moon* (1638), with an addition in 1640 of a *Discourse concerning the Possibility of a Passage thither*. In 1668 he produced his *Essay towards a Real Character ana a Philosophical Language*, which contains a chapter on Phonetics. Both these books are referred to slightly by Temple (T. iii. 475 and 517).

*Aquinas* (1226–1274), the greatest of the Schoolmen. His chief work is his *Summa Theologiae*.

*Bellarmino* (1542–1621), a famous apologist for the Roman Catholic Church against the Protestants. In the *Tale* (S. i. 56) Swift names him as one of the Schoolmen, although in fact his work was quite different from theirs.

P. 23, l. 13. *calones*, camp-followers.

The following note appears in the 5th Edn.: 'These are pamphlets, which are not bound or covered.'

*L'Estrange*, Sir Roger (1616–1704), wrote a large number of pamphlets, chiefly against the Whigs and Dissenters, as well as translations and other works.

P. 23, l. 20. *Hippocrates* (fl. 400 B.C.), the famous Greek physician.

*Vossius*, John Gerard (1577–1649), the Dutch classical scholar and theologian.

P. 24, l. 10. *Momus*, 'named as the presiding deity of the Moderns, probably on account of the superiority claimed for them in works of humour.' (Scott.)

It seems more probable that *Momus* is named because he is the typical carping critic, and the Moderns were



supposed to excel in criticism (cf. Section III. of the *Tale of a Tub*).

P. 25, l. 1. *light nimble gods, menial servants to Jupiter*, cf. *Iliad* viii. 19 (and see Leaf's note upon the passage).

P. 25, last line. *At her right hand*, &c. Cf. Temple (p. 51 of Appendix), 'sufficiency . . . the worst composition out of the pride and ignorance of mankind.' This phrase seems to have annoyed Wotton (*Reflections*, Chaps. I. and IV.). By making Criticism the child of Pride and Ignorance Swift turns the phrase against him, for Wotton and Bentley are regarded as typical critics.

In the *Tale* (S. i. 71) every true critic is said to be the descendant of Momus and Hybris (Folly and Insolence).

P. 26, l. 10. *her eyes turned inward*. The inhabitants of Laputa, (*Gulliver's Travels*, Part III. Chap. II.) had 'one of their eyes turned inward, and the other directly up to the zenith' (S. viii. 163).

P. 26, l. 21. *who . . . will . . . sacrifice*, &c. Cf. Verg. *Aen.* i. 48, 9.

P. 27, l. 3. *Momus . . . stayed not for an answer*. Cf. the opening of Bacon's Essay on Truth, "'What is truth,' said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer."

P. 27, l. 8. *by me children grow wiser*, &c. Cf. Temple, p. 69 of Appendix, 'A boy at fifteen,' &c. There does not seem to be any particular person aimed at in this remark, unless it is Wotton, who was only 28 when he ventured to criticise Temple. On the other hand Boyle was only 18 when he produced his *Phalaris*.

P. 28, l. 9. *Gresham and Covent Garden*. Gresham College (Gresham's house in Bishopsgate Street) was the meeting-place of the Royal Society until 1710: by Covent Garden is

meant Wills' Coffee-house (1, Bow St., Covent Garden). For the mention of Gresham, cf. Temple, p. 69 of Appendix.

P. 28, l. 13. *now desart, but once inhabited, &c.* Presumably the virtuosoes were fighting for the Moderns. The word *virtuoso* was a term of contempt—see for example the *Tatler*, Nos. 216 and 236, particularly the first mentioned.

P. 28, l. 19. *W-it-n*, Wotton, see p. xvii. of Introduction.

P. 29, l. 16. *B-nl-y*, Bentley, see p. xxvii. of Introduction.

P. 30, l. 7. *She vanished in a mist.* Cf. *Aen.* i. 412.

P. 30, l. 11. *I must . . . petition, &c.* Cf. *Iliad* ii. 489, and *Aen.* vi. 625.

P. 30, ll. 16, 17. *Paracelsus . . . Galen.* The single combat between these authors is apparently suggested by the following passage in Temple's *Thoughts upon Reviewing the Essay of Ancient and Modern Learning*: ' . . . till the new philosophy had gotten ground . . . there were but few that ever pretended to exceed or equal the ancients; those that did were only some physicians, as Paracelsus and his disciples, who introduced new notions in physic and new methods of practice, in opposition to the Galenical.' (T. iii. 488.)

P. 30, l. 20. 'The blank is left probably because Swift neither felt inclined nor qualified to discuss the relations between the different medical authorities of recent times' (Craik, p. 428).

P. 31, l. 1. *the wounded Aga.* Cf. note on p. 22, l. 23. Swift follows Temple (pp. 58-9 of Appendix) in his doubtful treatment of Harvey.

P. 31, l. 3. *Aristotle . . . Bacon.* Bacon was bitterly hostile to the later developments of the Aristotelian philosophy. Temple had named Bacon as one of the greatest of the Moderns (p. 74 of Appendix) and it is noticeable that he

is not wounded. For the mention of Descartes, see note on p. 11, l. 7.

P. 31, l. 11. *into his own vortex*, refers to Descartes' theory of vortices to explain the movements of the heavenly bodies.

P. 32, l. 3. *Gondibert*. With the exception of the *Seven Wise Masters* (see note on p. 11, l. 8), this is the only book named in the *Battle*. Temple said that under certain circumstances he would yield that *Gondibert* might have excelled Homer (p. 70 of Appendix). Swift very possibly took *Gondibert* for the name of an author.

*Gondibert* (1650) was written by Sir William D'Avenant.

P. 32, l. 6. *his docility in kneeling*. Cf. *Hudibras*, I. i. 437-40.

P. 32, l. 9. *Madman, who had never once seen, &c.* Presumably this means that D'Avenant had not read Homer—at least not in Greek.

P. 32, l. 13. *Denham*, Sir John (1615-1669), is best known as the author of *Cooper's Hill*. Swift evidently had some regard for his work.

The following note appears in the 5th Edn.: 'Sir John Denham's Poems are very unequal, extremely good, and very indifferent, so that his detractors said, he was not the real author of *Cooper's Hill*.'

P. 32, l. 18. *W-s-l-y*, Samuel (1662-1735), the father of John and Charles Wesley, wrote some poems, which are now forgotten, on religious subjects.

P. 32, ll. 19, 20. *Perrault* . . . *Fontenelle*, see pp. xi.-xiv. of Introduction.

P. 32, l. 22. *Vergil* . . . *Dryden*. Dryden published his translation of Vergil in 1697.

P. 33, l. 6. *upon a sorrel gelding, &c.* Cf. *Hudibras*, Part I.

Canto I. ll. 419-456. Butler was one of Swift's favourite authors. (Craik, I. 138, note.)

P. 33, l. 20. *like the lady in a lobster*, a name given by the fisher-folk to an internal part of the lobster. Cf. Herrick *The Fairie Temple: or Oberon's Chappell*:

The Saint, to which the most he prays  
And offers Incense Nights and dayes,  
The Lady of the Lobster is . . .

P. 34, l. 1. *Dryden in a long harangue*, &c., a reference to the preliminary dissertations in Dryden's *Vergil*.

P. 34, l. 8. *his was of gold*, &c. Cf. *Iliad* vi. 234-6.

P. 34, l. 18. *Bl-ckm-re*, Sir Richard Blackmore (c. 1650-1729), a writer of immense and unreadable epics (hence the present of *spurs*), and a famous physician (hence the mention of Aesculapius). For the mention of *spur* and *bridle*, cf. *Tale*, Sect. VIII. (S. i. 110).

P. 35, l. 10. *Creech*, Thomas (1650-1700), a translator of Horace and Lucretius.

P. 35, l. 15. *Ogleby* [or *Ogilby*], John (1600-1676), began life as a dancing-master, taught himself Greek and Latin, translated Homer and Vergil, and finally became a printer. His translations were painstaking but dull.

P. 35, l. 17. *Oldham*, John (1653-1683), a poet and satirist. He is here mentioned for his Pindarics.

P. 35, l. 18. *Afra the Amazon* (cf. Verg. *Aen.* vii. 803-11), Mrs Aphra Behn (1640-1689), novelist, dramatist and poetess. Her works are not remarkable for decency (see the story in Chap. LIV. of Lockhart's *Life of Scott*). She wrote a number of Pindarics: hence the mention of her name here.

P. 35, l. 18. *never advancing, &c.*, an allusion to the involved and difficult style of Pindar's *Odes*.

P. 35, l. 21. *Cowley*, Abraham, see note, p. 22, l. 14.

P. 36, l. 9. *that scarce a dozen cavaliers, &c.* Cf. *Iliad* v. 302-4.

P. 36, l. 14. *the shield that had been given him, &c.*, refers to Cowley's love poems.

P. 37, l. 2. *your carcass, &c.* Cf. *Iliad* xxii. 335.

P. 37, l. 9. *This Venus took.* 'I do not approve the author's judgment in this, for I think Cowley's Pindarics are much preferable to his *Mistress*.' (Note in 5th Edn.)

P. 37. *Episode of Bentley and Wotton*, see p. xliii. of Introduction.

P. 38, l. 2. *a thousand incoherent pieces.* Bentley's critics sneered at his numerous quotations (which they said he got from Lexicons) and at his studies of the fragments of the Greek poets. Cf. Boyle's *Examination*, p. 145; the Preface to Anthony Alsop's edn. of *Æsop's Fables* which refers to Bentley as *quendam Bentleium, virum in volvendis Lexicis satis diligentem*; and p. 133, l. 10, of the Appendix to this vol.

P. 38, l. 5. *Etesian wind*, a north or north-east wind. The name is derived from *Æros*, a year, and was given because this wind blows every summer in the Mediterranean.

P. 38, l. 11. *In his right hand.* 'The person here spoken of is famous for letting fly at everybody without distinction, and using mean and foul scurrilities.' (Note in 5th Edn.)

P. 38, l. 18. *his crooked leg.* Cf. Homer's description of Thersites, *Iliad* ii. 217 and foll.

P. 39, l. 5. *He humbly gave.* This speech is a parody of Bentley's style in controversy.

P. 39, l. 13. *beaten out of the field.* The footnote refers to

*Iliad* ii. 212-264: but Thersites does not make any such boast as that in the text.

P. 39, l. 19. *Scaliger*, Joseph Justus (1540-1609), the younger of the two great classical scholars of that name.

P. 40, l. 1. *thy study of humanity*. The word *humanity* is here used to mean classical literature.

P. 40, l. 13. *With him . . . he took . . . Wotton*, refers to the fact that Bentley's first *Dissertation* appeared in the second edition of Wotton's *Reflections*, see pp. xxvii.-ix. of this vol.

P. 40, l. 19. *Aldrovandus's tomb*. Ulisse Aldrovandi (1522-1605) was an Italian naturalist who wrote an immense work on natural history. The *tomb* is, presumably, the book on which he spent his life and eyesight.

P. 41, l. 1. *As when two mongrel curs, &c.*, a parody of the Epic style.

P. 41, l. 6. *the conscious moon*. The word *conscious* is used of inanimate things as though they were privy to, or witnesses of, human actions or secrets. (N.E.D.) Cf. *Aen.* iv. 519 and Denham's *Cooper's Hill*.

Thence to the coverts, and the conscious groves,  
The scene of his past triumphs and his loves.

P. 41, l. 22. *Phalaris* and *Æsop*, see pp. xxvii.-ix. of Introduction.

P. 42, l. 6. *For Phalaris was . . . dreaming*. 'This is according to Homer, who tells the dreams of those who were killed in their sleep.' (Note in 5th Edn.)

P. 42, l. 10. *A wild ass broke loose*. Boyle complained that Bentley had called him an ass (cf. Boyle's *Examination*, pp. 219, 220, and the note to p. 197, l. 3, below).

P. 42, l. 18. Helicon was a range of mountains, where sprung the fountains of the Muses, Aganippe and Hippocrene.

P. 43, l. 3. *he drew up nothing but mud, &c.* Cf. Horace, *Satires*, l. i. 60.

P. 43, l. 11. *the one he could not distinguish*, Charles Boyle.

P. 44, ll. 1, 2. *Oh! mother.* Wotton's mother was Criticism (p. 28, last line).

P. 44, l. 6. *The first part of his prayer*, that is, that he might strike Temple. Wotton's *Reflections* were published and thus this part of his prayer was answered. As Temple was not harmed by the book, the second part of his prayer was lost. Temple, in fact, was deeply hurt at Wotton's attack (cf. p. liii. of Introduction).

P. 44, l. 13. *hizzing*, hissing. Cf. Shakespeare, *Lear* III. vi. 17, 'to have a thousand with red burning spits Come hizzing in upon 'em' (Quarto, 1605).

P. 44, l. 21. *in the shape of —*, Atterbury.

P. 45, l. 2. *Boyle, clad in a suit of armour, &c.*, refers to the help given to Boyle in preparing his answer to Bentley. Cf. E. Budgell, *Memoirs of the . . . Boyles* (1732), pp. 194-5.

P. 45, l. 14. *Philomela*, the nightingale.

P. 45, l. 16. *W-it-n heavy armed.* Wotton was extremely learned, but dull.

P. 45, l. 21. *Phalaris, his friend*, refers to Boyle's edn. of the Epistles of Phalaris (1695).

P. 46, l. 3. *And as a woman, &c.* 'This is also after the manner of Homer; the woman's getting a painful livelihood by spinning, has nothing to do with the similitude, nor would be excusable without such an authority.' (Note in 5th Edn.)

P. 47, l. 2. *W-tt-n* . . . going to sustain his . . . friend, appears to refer to the fact that Bentley's Dissertation appeared in Wotton's *Reflections*, but see pp. xliii.-iv. of Introduction.

### TEMPLE'S ESSAY UPON ANCIENT AND MODERN LEARNING

P. 49, l. 8. *Juvat antiquos accedere fontes*: slightly altered by the substitution of *antiquos* for *integros* from Lucretius. *De Rer. Nat.* I. 927 and IV. 2.

P. 49, l. 13. *story, history*.

P. 50, l. 11. *one in English upon the Antediluvian world*, Thomas Burnet's *Sacred Theory of the Earth*. There were four books of the *Sacred Theory*: Temple seems to refer to the first two, published, in English, in 1684. These deal with the Deluge and Paradise.

P. 50, l. 13. *the Plurality of Worlds*, Fontenelle's *Entretiens sur la Pluralité des Mondes* (1686), see p. xii. of Introduction.

P. 50, l. 20. *a small piece concerning poetry*, Fontenelle's *Poésies Pastorales* (1688), see p. xii. of Introduction.

P. 50, l. 23. *could not end, &c.*, refers apparently to Chapter IX. of Book II. of the *Sacred Theory*.

P. 51, l. 3. *the censure of the old poetry*, in the *Digression and Discours sur l'Eglogue*.

P. 51, l. 17. *the similitude of a dwarf's standing, &c.* Rigault quotes this simile in his analysis of Fontenelle's *Digression*. It does not occur in any edition of the *Digression* which I have seen. In any case the idea is an old one (see Bartlett's *Dictionary of Quotations*). Newton is said to have compared himself to a dwarf standing on the shoulders of the ancients.



Mr Bernard Shaw uses the simile in *First Aid to Critics* (Barbara's Return to the Colors).

P. 51, l. 19. *as to wit or genius*, Fontenelle, *Digression*, ed. 1698, p. 195. "Toute la question de la prééminence entre les Anciens et les Modernes étant une fois bien entendue, se réduit à savoir si les arbres, qui étaient autrefois dans nos campagnes, étaient plus grands que ceux d'aujourd'hui. En cas qu'ils l'aient été, Homère, Platon, Démosthène, ne peuvent être égalés dans ces derniers siècles, mais si nos arbres sont aussi grands que ceux d'autrefois, nous pouvons égarer Homère, Platon, et Démosthène."

P. 54, l. 13. *Delphos*. Temple always uses this spelling, see pp. 136, 137 and 205-8 of this vol. : and compare S. i. 112.

P. 55, l. 1. *cotemporaries*. Boyle used this form in his *Examination* (1698): see pp. 200-1 of the Appendix to this vol.

P. 55, l. 14. *There is nothing more agreed, &c.* Temple's idea that Greek learning came from the East is to be found in Burnet's *Sacred Theory*, Book II. p. 191, and IV. 103, 151 (ed. 1697), and in Fontenelle.

P. 55, ll. 22, 23. *Orpheus, Musaeus, &c.* Macaulay in his Essay on Sir William Temple ridicules Temple's lists of ancient philosophers and their voyages. Temple's work does not seem to have been much below the standard of his time. Burnet was at least the equal, in learning, of most of the scholars of his day; and he mentions all the names Temple puts forward, and speaks quite seriously of the travels of Orpheus and Pythagoras. (*Sacred Theory*, III. p. 10, ed. 1697).

P. 58, l. 14. *the new French author*, Fontenelle (see above).

P. 58, l. 16. *than by his own poems, see p. xii. of Introduction.*

P. 59, l. 20. *certain notes, &c.* According to the story, a monk of Arezzo invented the staff notation, taking for the names of the notes the initial syllables of six lines of a hymn to St John the Baptist; Ut, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La.

P. 60, l. 5. *What have we remaining of Magic?* Burnet treats Magic and the replies of the Oracles quite seriously (*Sacred Theory*, II. pp. 206-7, ed. 1697).

P. 61, l. 23. *invention, discovery.*

P. 62, l. 1. *the loadstone, the compass.*

P. 62, l. 14. *surrounded, circumnavigated.*

P. 64, l. 3. *the lands of Yedso.* Cf. 'In this manner I departed from Kamschatka, and passing the latitude of 52°52', entered the channel of the Kurile Isles, commonly called Jedso.' (Rochon's *Voyage to Madagascar*, in Pinkerton, Vol. 16, p. 782.)

P. 64, l. 13. *New Holland. Australia.*

P. 68, l. 4. *how the voice of man is framed, a reference to Part III. Chapter XIV. of Wilkins' Essay towards a Real Character and a Philosophical Language (1668), in which he explains how speech-sounds are formed. Cf. note on p. 23, l. 10.*

The rest of the paragraph refers to Copernicus, Newton, and other astronomers and philosophers.

P. 69, l. 20. *Gresham College, the Royal Society, see note on p. 28, l. 9.*

P. 70, l. 2. *Strada (1572-1649), author of Prolesiones (see Guardian, Nos. 115, 119, 122) and Historia de Bello Belgico.*

P. 70, l. 3. *Sleyden, Johannes Sleidanus (1506-56), wrote a Latin history of Charles V.*

P. 70, l. 9. *the plays in Moorfields*. Wrestling matches and other sports were held in Moorfields. There are several references to them in Pepys' *Diary*.

P. 70, l. 11. *the pyramid in London*. Temple refers to the Monument erected as a memorial of the Great Fire of London. Marvell's poem, *Hodge's Vision from the Monument*, begins:

'A country clown called Hodge went up to view  
The pyramid; . . .'

P. 71, l. 23. *Politian*, Angelo Ambrogini, called Politianus from his birth-place (Montepulciano), (1454-1494), a brilliant classical scholar.

P. 73, l. 12. *the little treatise of Minutius Felix*, the *Octavius*, a dialogue on Christianity (for an account of it see Mackail's *Latin Literature*, pp. 249-50).

P. 73, l. 20. *The great wits*. Macaulay has ridiculed Temple's list on the ground that it does not include Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Tasso, Lope de Vega, Calderon, Pascal, Bossuet, Molière, Corneille, Racine, Boileau, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, or Milton. Of these all but two (Pascal and Bossuet) are poets rather than prose writers: and Temple expressly omitted poetry (see p. 70): the other two are excluded as Temple 'mentions nothing of what is written upon the subject of divinity' (see p. 74).

P. 74, l. 7. *Bussy's Amadis de Gaule* Bussy-Rabutin (1618-1693) did not write *Amadis de Gaule* but the *Histoire amoureuse des Gaules* (1666).

*Amadis de Gaule* was translated into Spanish from a Portuguese original (now lost) at some time about 1508. A French version was made later.

P. 74, l. 11. *doubt, fear*.

P. 75, l. 9. *his last Portugal expedition*: Alva's expedition against Portugal started in 1581, and Alva died in 1582.

P. 76, l. 18. *Alphonsus, King of Arragon*. Cf. Bacon's *Apothegms*, No. 97.

### WOTTON'S REFLECTIONS (Chapter VIII)

P. 77, last line. *Diogenes Laertius*, who probably lived in the second century after Christ, wrote the Lives of the Philosophers.

P. 78, l. 2. *Menagius' calculation*. Giles Menage (1613-1692) produced an edition of Diogenes Laertius in 1663, and another improved edition in 1692.

P. 78, l. 11. *Graccia mendax*, Juvenal, *Sat. X.* 174.

P. 78, l. 16. *Zaleucus*, lived 160 years before Pythagoras, and gave laws to the Epizephyrian Locrians (see Bentley's *Dissertation*, 1699, pp. 334-58).

*Charondas*, lawgiver of Catana, said by some to have been a disciple of Pythagoras (see Bentley's *Dissertation*, 1699, pp. 358-77).

P. 79, l. 22. *Hermippus and Aristoxenus*, two very considerable writers of Pythagoras his life [Wotton].

P. 79, l. 23. *Porphyry* (233-305 or 6 A.D.), a Neoplatonist, and antagonist of Christianity. He wrote Lives of Pythagoras, Plotinus, &c.

*Jamblichus* (d. before 333 A.D.), a Neoplatonist, who wrote on the philosophy of Pythagoras.

P. 80, l. 11. *Van Dalen* (1638-1708), a Dutch scholar, wrote two *Dissertations de Oraculis Ethnicorum* (1683). Fontenelle translated and abridged Van Dalen's work in his *Histoire des Oracles*.

P. 80, l. 19. *Samos, Polycrates*. Polycrates (d. 522 B.C.) was tyrant of Samos.

P. 83, l. 14. *Dr Barrow* (1630-1677), preceded Newton as Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge (1663-1669). He had before been Professor of Greek in the same University.

P. 83, l. 23. *Censorinus*, wrote *De Die Natali* (A.D. 238).

*Aristides*, Quintilianus, author of a treatise on music. The 3rd book deals with the numerical ratios which define musical intervals, and their connection with physical and moral science.

P. 84, l. 22. *Dr Harvey's*, in his *Exercitationes de Generatione Animalium* (1651).

P. 85, l. 19. *who were so learned, &c.* This passage is omitted from the selections given in this volume from Temple's Essay. It is to be found in T. iii. p. 459.

P. 86, l. 9. *Euphorbus*. Cf. 'That [Thales] improved . . . the Geometry which he learnt of the Egyptians with many propositions of his own, is confirmed by Laertius [I. i. 25], who saith that he much advanced those things, the invention whereof Callimachus in his Iambics ascribes to Euphorbus the Phrygian . . .' (Stanley's *History of Philosophy* (1655), Vol. I. p. 16).

*Nice*, exact.

P. 87, l. 9. *Aratus's Diosemeia*. Aratus (fl. B.C. 270) wrote two astronomical poems, *Phaenomena* and *Diosemeia*, the latter an account of prognostics of weather, with an account of its effects on animals.

P. 88, l. 2. *flea'd*, flayed. Cf. *Tom Jones*, Book III. Chap. II. 'He was content to be flea'd rather than betray his friend.'

P. 88, l. 3. *Etesian winds*, see note on p. 38, l. 5.

## BOYLE'S PHALARIS

P. 90, l. 2. *Thomas Fazellus*, i.e. Fazelli (1490-1570), an Italian historian: author of *De Rebus Siculis*.

*Jacques Cappel* (1570-1624), a French Protestant theologian and classical scholar.

P. 90, l. 4. *With the latter, &c.* The passage which follows is a paraphrase of that printed at pp. 71-2 of this vol.

P. 90, l. 20. *Politian*, see note on p. 71, l. 23.

*Lilio Giraldi* (1479-1552), an Italian poet and scholar.

*Bourdelot*, i. e. Jean Bourdelot (d. 1638), produced editions of Lucian, and other classical writers.

P. 91, l. 1. *two speeches of Lucian*, two declamations on the subject of Phalaris, attributed very doubtfully to Lucian.

P. 93, l. 6. *the destruction of Naxos*. Naxos was destroyed (B.C. 403) by Dionysius the Elder (not the Younger). (See Bentley's second *Dissertation* (1699), p. 187.)

P. 93, l. 16 and foll. For the various editions of Phalaris see pp. 305-8 of this vol.

P. 97, last line. *Siceliotae*, Greek settlers in Sicily.

P. 98, l. 18. *Paurolos*, son of Phalaris and Erythia.

## BENTLEY'S FIRST DISSERTATION (1697)

P. 107, ll. 1, 2. *the very matter and business*. Cf. Temple, pp. 71-2 of Appendix.

P. 108, l. 10. *sprinkles a little aust*, Vergil, *Georg.* IV. 87.

P. 110, l. 9. *Astypalaea*. Bentley showed that Astypalaea was not a city in Crete, as Boyle's edn. stated (p. 157), but an island of the Sporades (see Bentley's first *Dissertation* (1697), pp. 44-5: and second *Dissertation* (1699), pp. 323-9).

P. 110, l. 16. *putid*, Lat. *putidus*, affected, disgusting.

P. 111, l. 15. *asinus ad lyram*, an ass at the lyre, a clumsy fellow.

P. 112, l. 21. *our Sophist*, the unknown rhetorician whom Bentley supposes to have written the *Epistles*.

P. 114, ll. 21-2. *if a great person*, 'Temple.

P. 114, l. 23. *fardel*. Cf. *Winter's Tale*, IV. iv. 728, and *Hamlet*, III. i. 76.

P. 116, l. 10. *my friend, Wotton*, see p. xxvii. of Introduction.

P. 117, l. 8. *in the very College*, Christ Church, Oxford.

P. 117, l. 23. *in some private conversation*, see pp. 194-5 of Appendix.

P. 118, ll. 1, 2. *Hinc illae lacrimae*, Terence, *Andria*, I. i. 99.

P. 118, ll. 12-3. *that young gentleman*, Charles Boyle.

#### BOYLE'S EXAMINATION

P. 119. It was said by Pope that 'Boyle wrote only the narrative of what passed between him and the Bookseller, which too was corrected for him; . . .' (*Letters from a Late Eminent Prelate* [Warburton] *to one of his Friends* [Hurd], 2nd Edn. (1809), p. 11).

P. 122, l. 21. *punctually*, exactly.

P. 123, l. 14. *Dr King of the Commons*, William King (1663-1712), was educated at Westminster and Christ Church. He was admitted as an advocate in Doctors' Commons (for which see *David Copperfield*, Chaps. XXIII. and XXVI.) by Tillotson in 1692. He wrote *Dialogues of the Dead* (1699) against Bentley; *A Journey to London* (1698) (see

the note upon p. 187, l. 2); and some other prose and poetical works.

P. 123, l. 19. *presently*, immediately.

P. 124, l. 23. *to Westminster*. Until he obtained apartments in St James's Palace (as he did at the beginning of 1696) Bentley lived in Park Street, Westminster, with Stillingfleet.

P. 129, l. 6. *Rochefoucauld*. The reference is apparently to the *Maximes* of la Rochefoucauld, 'Nous pardonnons souvent à ceux qui nous ennuient, mais nous ne pouvons pardonner à ceux que nous ennuyons' (*Maximes*, ed. 1666, No. CCCIV.).

P. 131, l. 1. *correspondence with foreign professors*, see p. 118.

P. 132, l. 6. *I cannot but observe*, &c. As Sir William Temple lamented the 'scorn of pedantry' (pp. 74-5 of Appendix), this attack upon Bentley is a little surprising.

P. 133, l. 8. *my Lord Roscommon* (1633-85) wrote a poetical *Essay on Translated Verse*, which was published in 1681.

P. 133, l. 10. *Dr Bentley's scraps of Callimachus*, see p. 203; and Jebb's *Bentley*, pp. 33-5.

P. 133, l. 15. *Baralipton*, one of the mnemonic vocables in the verses *Barbara, Celarent*, &c. to be found in the sections dealing with the Syllogism in any manual of Logic (e.g. Welton).

P. 134, footnotes. The references in the footnotes are to the pages of the first *Dissertation* (1697).

P. 135, last line. *Solinus*, C. Julius (fl. c. 238 A.D.), author of a geographical compendium. An edn. was published by Salmasius in 1689.

P. 136, l. 7. *Delphos for Delphi*. It is remarkable that neither Shakspeare nor Milton is quoted for the use of the form *Delphos*. Shakspeare uses it in the *Winter's Tale* (e. g. II.



i. 183), though in this he is merely following Greene's *Dorastus and Fawnia* (e. g. p. 17 of Prof. P. G. Thomas's edn.): Milton uses it in the *Hymn on the Nativity* (l. 178), and in *Paradise Regained* (l. 458).

P. 137, l. 16. *perhaps in a thira edition*, Wotton retained the remark (p. 55 of 3rd Edn. of the *Reflections* (1705)).

P. 138, l. 10. *Dr Bentley's brisk censure*, Bentr. Ep. ad Millium in fine Malalae, p. 26 [Boyle]: see Jebb's *Bentley*, p. 14.

P. 138, l. 14. *if he had known it himself*, Modeste et circumspecte de tantis viris pronuntiandum est, ne forte (quod plerisque accidit) damnent quae non intelligunt. *Quint.* [Boyle]. The reference is to *Inst. Or.* X. i. 26.

P. 138, l. 15. *Castelvetro* (1505-1571), an Italian critic. Denounced as a heretic by Annibale Caro, he fled to Switzerland in 1561 (see pp. 210-3 of Appendix).

P. 138, l. 16. *Balzac*, Jean Louis Guez de (1594-1654), is now remembered chiefly for his *Lettres sur divers sujets*.

P. 139, l. 6. *de Méziriac*, Claude-Gaspard Bachet (1581-1638), wrote a life of Æsop, and other works.

P. 139, l. 9. The 3rd Edn. has: the unknown authors Diodorus and Lucian transcribed.

P. 139, l. 18. *a passage in Bruyère*. The reference is to the passage in Chap. I. of la Bruyère's *Caractères* (1688), beginning, 'Il y a des esprits . . . inférieurs et subalternes. . .'

P. 141, l. 21. The 3rd Edn. has: . . . Plutarch tells us, by the advice of the oracle, endeavoured. . .

P. 142, ll. 13-15. In the 1st Edn. the quotation is given in Latin: in the 3rd it is translated. The present text here follows the 3rd Edn.

P. 143, l. 3. *Cuperus*, Gilbert (1644-1716), a Dutch

classical scholar and archæologist. His *Apotheosis seu consecratio Homeri*, which is here referred to, appeared in 1683.

P. 145, ll. 17, 18. *in another language*. Bentley's antagonists appear to have felt aggrieved that he wrote his *Dissertation* in English (cf. p. xxviii. of Introduction).

P. 147, l. 6. *Bochart*, Samuel (1599-1667), a French theologian and classical scholar.

P. 148, l. 7. *I agree with the Doctor, &c.* This is probably intended to suggest that Bentley would have met Boyle's wishes about the MS. of Phalaris, if a present had been offered him. Cf. p. 40 of Boyle's *Examination*, and p. 329 of Bentley's second *Dissertation*.

P. 148, ll. 19-23. This passage is apparently a sneer at Bentley as an upstart (cf. p. 223 of Boyle's *Examination* and pp. lxxviii.-ix. of Bentley's second *Dissertation*).

P. 150, l. 15. *Dion Chrysostome*, 30-117 A.D., a Greek orator and sophist.

P. 150, ll. 19, 20. The lines from the *Biras* are printed in Boyle's *Examination* as they are given here. They are ll. 217-8 of Rogers' edn.

P. 151, ll. 5, 6. See note on p. 150, ll. 19, 20. The lines quoted are 212-3 of Rogers' edn.

### BENTLEY'S SECOND DISSERTATION (1699)

P. 158. *which I did in these words*, as will be seen by reference to the text printed at pp. 115-8, Bentley made some slight alterations (e.g. p. 160, l. 9. *days* for *weeks*) in copying out this part of his first *Dissertation*. Similar alterations are to be found in his reproduction of the other parts of the book.

P. 161, l. 12. *the very same evening*. In the Appendix to *A Short Account of Dr Bentley's Humanity and Justice* (see pp. xxxiii.-iv. of Introduction) the date of Bentley's letter is said to have been Jan. 26, 1694. Bentley evidently knew (see p. lxxviii. of second *Dissertation*) that copies of the book had been distributed on New Year's day. He knew also that his letter to Boyle had been preserved (see p. 162 of this vol.).

P. 161, l. 22. *ingenuity, candour*.

P. 162, l. 8. *which he has thus published*, see p. 19 of Boyle's *Examination*.

P. 166, l. 6. *one cannot but suspect*, see pp. liv.-vi. of Introduction.

P. 171, l. 2. *the Patent Office*, "one of the many offices through which letters patent under the Great Seal had to pass before the grant was complete. . . . Pepys mentions in his *Diary* a 'Patent Office in Chancery Lane' under date March 12, 1668-9" (Wheatley, *London Past and Present* (1891), Vol. III. pp. 36-7).

P. 171, l. 18. *St James's School*, in Westminster. See Walcott's *Handbook for St James's, Westminster* (1850), p. 53.

P. 171, l. 21. *Mr Justell*, see p. xix. of Introduction.

P. 175, l. 15. *I have been informed, &c.* In the Appendix to the *Short Account* (pp. 99-100), Bennet replied to Bentley ". . . there is not a single word, in my relation, that does in the least imply me to have thought the Doctor library-keeper, the whole time I asked him for the MS. I applied to him as a friend very conversant in these things, who lived not far from the Royal Library, had an interest there, and could procure the MS. for me; but whether or no I had so early heard the rumour of the Doctor's standing fair

for that office (though it is probable I had) yet I cannot be positive in it: sure I am, that upon my application to him he promised readily, and as near as I can remember, in these very words, "that he would help me to it;" without intimating in the least that I asked him a thing which was out of his power.'

P. 182, l. 22. *It had been more to the purpose, &c.* Bennet replied in the Appendix to the *Short Account* (p. 126) that Gibson was 'corrector of a press, [who] could allow no part of his days from that laborious service; and which is more, Dr Bentley knew it too; for it was what I then urged to him to excuse the collator's delay, and to procure a further term; and it was so much insisted upon by me at that time, that I cannot think it possible for the Doctor to have forgotten it.'

P. 184, l. 6. *for at that time I lived*, see note on p. 124, l. 23.

P. 185, l. 21. *a great person*, Robert Boyle, founder of the Boyle Lectures. Cf. S. i. pp. 331-4.

P. 187, l. 2. *his buffoonery upon the learned Dr Lister*. King's *Journey to London* (see note on p. 123, l. 14) was a travesty upon Martin Lister's *Journey to Paris in the year 1698*.

P. 188, l. 12. *To account, then, &c.* Bennet's reply to the charge made here by Bentley is to be found in the Appendix to the *Short Account* (pp. 114-8). Bentley's reply to Bennet's defence is in Whateley's *Answer to a late Book written against . . . Dr Bentley . . . 1699* (pp. 199-207).

P. 191, l. 3. *prolling, proll* is an older form of *prowl*. Cf. Chaucer: *The Chanouns Yemannes Tale* (859): 'Though ye prolle ay, ye shul it never finde.'

P. 191, l. 13. *English Polyglot*, the *Biblia Sacra Polyglotta*,

was published in six vols. in 1657. The Alexandrian MS. was presented to Charles I. in 1628.

P. 192, l. 2. *Humty Dumty*, in a postscript to his *Journey to London* King gives a catalogue of liquors, "humtie-dumtie, three-threads, four-threads, old Pharaoh, knockdown, hugmetee," &c. (*King's Works* (1776), Vol. I. p. 207).

King never forgave Bentley's ridicule. (See Jebb's *Bentley*, p. 84.)

P. 194, l. 9. *The bookseller once asked me, &c.* Bennet replied that he had nothing to do with the printing of Boyle's *Phalaris*, and that he only had fifty copies to sell at first, and a few more some years after. He continues, 'if the reader can believe after this that I told Dr Bentley I had a concern in the impression, he must believe me to be out of my wits and that I love to tell lies to no manner of purpose, and where 'tis in everybody's power to trace me' (Appendix to the *Short Account*, pp. 119, 120). See also Whateley's *Answer*, pp. 192-5.

P. 194, l. 14. in . . . *Essays*, *Temple's Essays*. The name was omitted because Temple died in the January preceding the publication of Bentley's second *Dissertation*.

P. 195, l. 8. *Si hoc peccare est, fatcor.* Terence, *Andria*, V. iii. 25.

P. 197, l. 3. *Leucon and his ass*, see pp. 11, 94, 197, 219 of Boyle's *Examination* and p. lxxv. of Bentley's second *Dissertation*.

P. 197, l. 11. *only here he says*, Boyle quoted the phrase in the margin (p. 94 of *Examination*).

P. 200, l. 6. *Sir Henry Spelman* (1564?-1641), historian and antiquary, author of the *History and Fate of Sacrilege* (1598), and compiler of the *Glossarium Archaeologicum*, which was completed by his son and Dugdale.

P. 200, l. 12. *who it was that distinguished his style*, &c. Robert Boyle (see the article on *ignore* in the N.E.D.).

P. 201, l. 19. *Sermons against Atheism*, Bentley's Boyle Lectures of 1692 (see p. xx. of Introduction).

P. 203, l. 1. *Epistle about Jo. Antiochensis*, Bentley's Letter to Mill (see p. xx. of Introduction).

The *Notes on Callimachus* appeared in *Callimachi hymni . . . ex recensione Theodori J. G. F. Graevii. Accedunt . . . R. Bentleyii . . . annotationes*, &c., 1697.

P. 204, l. 10. *one small mistake*. Bentley mentioned in his first *Dissertation* (p. 52), as a proof of the late origin of the *Epistle of Phalaris*, the word "προδεδωκότα, *having given before*, never used by the ancients in that sense, but always for *having betrayed*." In Boyle's *Examination* (p. 62) instances of the use of προδίδωμι to mean *to give before* are quoted from St. Paul [Rom. xi. 35], Xenophon, and Demosthenes.

P. 204, l. 14. *in all those instances*, &c. As will be seen on reference to pp. 134-5 of this edn., Bentley makes Boyle refer to fourteen out of fifteen examples, when in fact he referred only to eight.

P. 205, l. 1. *The learned Cluverius (1580-1623)*, a German geographer and antiquarian. He wrote especially on the ancient geography of Italy and Sicily.

P. 205, l. 10. *to . . . against*, as before (p. 194, l. 14) the dots represents the name of Temple.

P. 206, l. 5. *Sir Richard Pace (1482?-1536)*. Bentley gives the Latin version in a footnote, as follows: *Paceus: De fructu, qui ex doctrina percipitur. Basil. 1517. p. 80. Quidam indoctus Sacrificus Anglus per annos triginta Mumpsimus legere solitus est loco Sumpsimus; et quum moneretur a docto, ut errorem emendaret, respondit, Se*

nolle mutare suum antiquum *Mumpsimus* ipsius novo *Sumpsimus*.

P. 206, l. 19. *Asson and Mileton*, Act. Apost. xx. 14, 15.

P. 207, l. 8. *exploded*, hissed off.

P. 207, l. 12. *the old translation of Vergil*. Bentley refers to Phaer and Twyne's translation of 'The whole xiii books of the Aeneidos of Virgill' (1573). The 13th book was that added by Maphaeus Vegius Laudensis.

P. 208, l. 6. *Bishop of Lichfield*, Dr William Lloyd: see the *Epistle to the Reader* in Wilkins' *Real Character* (for which see note on p. 23, l. 10).

P. 208, l. 12. *Mr Stanley*, Stanley's *History of Philosophy* (to which Bentley refers) was published 1655-61.

P. 209, l. 13. *his Director*. Boyle said in the Preface to his *Examination*, "I think myself . . . obliged to declare that whatever the faults of *Phalaris* are, they are mine; and I alone am answerable for them. There is a very deserving gentleman indeed who had a little before been the Director of my studies, and was then my particular friend, to whom I have acknowledgements to make on this occasion. I consulted him upon any difficulty, because I thought it not proper for one of my age to offer anything to the public without consulting somebody. I wish I had advised oftener with him, for then my book would have been much more correct." The Director to whom he refers was, apparently, John Freind (Jebb's *Bentley*, p. 60).

P. 209, ll. 14, 15. *my brisk censure*, see Boyle's *Examination*, pp. 158-60; and Bentley's second *Dissertation*, pp. 132-44.

P. 211, l. 5. *Henricus Stephanus* (1528-98), a great French classical scholar.

P. 211, l. 19. *Annibal Caro* (1507-66), an Italian poet (see Garnett's *Italian Lit.*, pp. 192-3).

P. 212, last line. *Defendit numerus*, *Ūc.*, Juvenal, *Sat.* II. 46.

P. 215, l. 20. *occasionally*, in passing.

P. 215, last line. *Mr. Dodwell* (1641-1711), Camden Professor of History at Oxford, 1688-91. (See also p. 304.)

P. 216, l. 12. *Mr B.'s performance upon Æsop*, see p. xxix. of Introduction.

P. 216, l. 19. *διδάσκω*, see p. 52 of Bentley's first *Dissertation*, and pp. 63-5 of Boyle's *Examination*. Bentley's slip was similar to that about *προδίδωμι* (see note on p. 204, l. 10).

P. 216, l. 21. *Babrius's Verses*, see pp. 243-6 of Boyle's *Examination*.

P. 217, l. 1. *Neveletius . . . Camerarius*, see pp. 247 and foll. of Boyle's *Examination* for the first, and p. 273 for the second of these charges.

P. 217, l. 3. *Vixzanius*, see pp. 54-60 of Boyle's *Examination*, pp. 383-9 of Bentley's second *Dissertation*, and pp. 9-11 of Warburton's *Letters* (referred to in note on p. 119).

P. 217, l. 4. *grimace about Socrates*, see pp. 279-82 of Boyle's *Examination*.

P. 217, l. 5. *that Dr B. cannot be the author*. One section of Boyle's *Examination* (pp. 184-201) was a burlesque upon Bentley's methods, in which it was shown, from considerations of style and matter, that the works attributed to him could not be genuine. This part of the *Examination* was said by Warburton to have been written by Dr King; and Bentley to judge by the reference to a *tavern* put it down to him (see note on p. 192, l. 2). But Smalridge is now generally credited with its authorship (see Jebb's *Bentley*, p. 60, and Monk's *Bentley* (1833), I. 105 (note)).



P. 219, l. 16. *he assures the reader, &c.*, p. 33 of Boyle's *Examination*.

P. 220, l. 10. *three-threads, &c.*, see note on p. 192, l. 2.

P. 220, l. 16. *Sir Edward Sherburn*, see pp. 15-16 of Boyle's *Examination*, pp. xliii.-lvi. and lx.-lxiii. of Bentley's second *Dissertation* (1699), pp. 27-8 and p. 134 of the *Short Account*, and p. 207 of Whateley's *Answer*.

P. 220, l. 21. *in the imperious style of Festus*. Acts xxv. 12.

P. 221, l. 14. *thoroughly*. Cf. *Hamlet*, IV. 5. 136.

P. 222, l. 10. *a view of the Doctor's picture*, see pp. 80 and 59 of Jebb's *Bentley*.

P. 223, l. 4. *miseranda vel hosti*, Ovid, *Met.* vi. 276.

P. 224, l. 23. *Thomas Magister* (fl. c. 1310) a rhetorician and grammarian. He appears to have been a native of Thessalonica and to have lived at the court of Andronicus Palaeologus I.

P. 228, l. 4. *Gruter, Inscriptiones Antiquae totius orbis Romani* (1602-3): edited by Gruter.

P. 229, l. 10. *I would ask him, &c.*, see p. 144 of Boyle's *Examination*.

P. 230, l. 3. *as I have proved already*, see note on p. 110, l. 9.

P. 232, l. 16. *Diogenianus*, writer of a Greek Lexicon, of which part is still extant.

P. 232, l. 18. *Polyaenus*, author of a work, still extant, on *Stratagems in War*.

P. 232, l. 20. *Diodorus Siculus*, author of a universal history, of which a large part is still extant.

P. 235, l. 2. *Zaleucus*, see p. 338 of Bentley's second *Dissertation* (1699).

P. 237, l. 7. *compliment to Queen Elinabeth*, see p. 160 of Boyle's *Examination*.

P. 238, ll. 22-3. ἐνθάδε κ.τ.λ. Herod., *Vita Homeri* [Bentley].

P. 240, l. 15. οἰποψ κ.τ.λ. *Birds*, l. 226.

P. 240, last line. κόσσυφοι κ.τ.λ. Theoc., *Erig.* v. 10.

P. 241, l. 2. ξουθᾶν κ.τ.λ. *Anthol. P.* vii. 192.

P. 241, ll. 4-5. ταῖς νύμφαισι κ.τ.λ. Moschus, *Id.* iii. 107-8.

P. 241, ll. 9-10. ὕμων κ.τ.λ. *Birds*, 679 and 684.

P. 241, l. 14. *to confute my observation*, see note on p. 209, ll. 14-15.

P. 246, l. 9. καὶ λογίους κ.τ.λ. *Pyth.* i. 94.

P. 246, ll. 13-15. εὐανθεῖ κ.τ.λ. *Pyth.* i. 89-91.



## TEXTUAL NOTES

THE following notes give the more important variants of the 1st (1704), 3rd (1704), 5th (1710), and 6th (1724) edd. of the *Battle of the Books*.

- P. 1 note. *Clarke*, 1, 3, 5; *Clark*, 6.
- P. 4, l. 9. summity, 1, 5, 6; summit, 3.
- P. 5, ll. 2, 3. as to the levelling, 5, 6; as to levelling, 1, 3.
- P. 14, l. 3. turn-pikes, 1, 3; turk-pikes, 5, 6.
- P. 15, l. 1. his, 5, 6; this, 1, 3.
- P. 15, l. 14. Is it, 5, 6; It is, 1, 3.
- P. 15, ll. 15, 16. Could not you, 5, 6; Could you not, 1, 3.
- P. 17, l. 12. my flights and my music, 5, 6; my flights and music, 1, 3.
- P. 17, l. 13. have bestowed on me, 5, 6; have bestowed me, 1, 3.
- P. 17, last line. and I hope, 1, 5, 6; and hope, 3.
- P. 18, l. 18. at all, 3, 5, 6; at last, 1.
- P. 18, ll. 14-21. All the edd. have 'whether is the nobler being of the two, that which by a lazy contemplation of four inches round; by an overweening pride, which feeding and engendering on itself, turns all into excrement and venom; producing nothing at all [last; see above], but fly-bane and a cobweb: or that, which, by an universal

range, with long search, much study, true judgement, and distinction of things, brings home honey and wax ? '

The passage can be corrected either by omitting *which* before *feeding*, or by changing *producing* to *produces*.

P. 22, l. 4. farther, 5, 6; further, 1, 3.

P. 26, ll. 9, 10. her teeth fallen out before, 1, 3, 5, 6.

P. 27, ll. 4, 5. resentment, 5, 6; resentments, 1, 3.

P. 27, l. 19. dare oppose me, 5, 6; dare to oppose me, 1, 3.

P. 29, l. 19. of this day, 5, 6; of the day, 1, 3.

P. 35, l. 9. 3 and 5 have the line as printed; 6 fills up the line with asterisks.

P. 37, l. 12. and (first word in line) omitted in 1, which reads 'the ends turned . . .'; 3, 5, 6 as printed.

P. 37, l. 14. In 1, 3 the line is filled; 5, doubtful; 6 apparently leaves a space, as printed.

P. 41, l. 11. the t'other, 3; t'other, 1, 5, 6.

P. 42, ll. 10, 11. wild ass broke loose (with no comma after 'ass'), 1, 3, 5, 6.

P. 47, ll. 8, 9. Charon will, 1, 3; Charon would, 5, 6.

## EDM. GIBSON'S LETTER.

MS. BALLARD. 5. fol. 84. (BODLEIAN LIBRARY.)

[First page of a letter from Dr. Edm. Gibson (afterwards Bishop of London) to Dr. Charlett. Endorsed 'Dr Gibson 1694 . . .']

HONOR'D SIR,

Of late I have had a lazy sort of indisposition upon me, which has made me less punctual in writing than I us'd to be. It still sticks by me, and there is some fear it may end in an Ague. The frosty weather put us a fortnight back in our business ; but in three or four days we shall be able to work through it. I know not how to have access to my Lord, but either by Mr Martin or Dr Wall ; nor how to come at them, but by the assistance of a Letter from you. Mr Bently, about 3 months agoe, seem'd uneasie to have the Phalaris return'd ;<sup>1</sup> but I little dreamt he'd have carry'd it soe far as to oblige Mr Boyle to make such a publick Resentment. I found from the beginning Mr Pepys was mighty tender and reserv'd in y<sup>e</sup> matter ; for what reason, is a mystery to me as much as to you. I press'd him to Particulars, more perhaps than became one in my circumstances ; hoping that the cause of the publick might in some measure excuse the indecency.

The Saxon Types . . . [the rest of the letter is not concerned with the Phalaris controversy].

<sup>1</sup> The MS. was lent in May 1694 (see pp. xxii.-iii. of this vol.). Either the endorsement of the letter is wrong, or Dr Gibson's memory failed him as to the date of Bentley's 'uneasiness.'

MS. BALLARD. 5. fol. 88.

Letter from George Gibson to his cousin Dr. Edm. Gibson afterwards Bishop of London].

London April 2. 95.

Good Cousin,

The Answer to your's (of 31. Mar.) relating to Phalaris is, That a good while ago (how long I can't tell) Mr Bennet (a Bookseller in S. Paul's Church-yard) brought me a Printed Phalaris, desiring me to go to Sion-College-Library, to collate it with a MS. y<sup>t</sup> I should find there. Whither, accordingly I went, and acquainted the Library-keeper with my business. But he told me, he was sure, there was no such MS. in y<sup>t</sup> Library. I added; That I was directed thither by the Vice-chancellor (I think 'twas) of Oxford.<sup>1</sup> To which he courteously replied, That perhaps before the dreadful Fire of London, there might be such a one, but since y<sup>t</sup> time there has been no such MS. and to demonstrate it [to me],<sup>2</sup> he took me into the place where all their MSS. are closetted, which we examined; and then I was fully satisfied also, That it was not there. Whereupon I deliver'd Mr Bennet his Phalaris agen: but some time after he sends it me back with a MS. y<sup>t</sup> was borrowed of y<sup>e</sup> Library-keeper (I think) of S. James's, desiring me withall to collate it with all the speed I could. I forthwith went about it, and (if I be not very much mistaken) laid all other business aside; but by that time I had compar'd 20 or 30 pages, or thereabouts, Mr Bennet's man comes posthaste for the foresd MS. for Mr

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Aldrich was Vice-Chancellor from 1692 to 1695.

<sup>2</sup> The words *to me* have been deleted.

GEO. GIBSON'S LETTER 295

(or Dr) Bently, who stay'd at their Shop for't. I told the Messenger how little I had done (not in respect of the time I had it;) and desir'd him to tell the Library-keeper, That I would continue in making<sup>1</sup> all the haste I could [with it],<sup>2</sup> and carefully return him his MS. as soon as I had done with it. I cannot be positive whether or no<sup>3</sup> I forced the Messenger to come twice for't: but this I'm sure of, That I could have no rest, till I had sent back not only the MS,<sup>4</sup> but the *printed Book*,<sup>5</sup> and also the *Variations*<sup>6</sup> I had set down in convenient slips of Paper, but which I intended to transcribe before any body should see y<sup>m</sup>. I also sent this message along with them, *That they would easily see how far I had<sup>7</sup> gone; I would make what haste I could with the rest:*<sup>8</sup> and bid the Messenger be sure to bring me my Corrections again: all which he promis'd to do. But I never saw any of 'em since, and had forgotten the Book, had I not one day been told of the Complement the Publisher of y<sup>e</sup> foresd Epistles had given the Library-keeper for his Civility. This is all I know of this matter. but any one may easily suppose the Library-keeper was sufficiently acquainted, how far I had gone, seeing y<sup>e</sup> MS. and printed book, with y<sup>e</sup> Corrections on a sheet of paper folded in 16°. lengthways, put in [the]<sup>9</sup> it,

<sup>1</sup> The words *continue in* have been crossed through; they have then been underlined, and a row of dots has been put below them. The *ing* of *making* has been crossed through, and the letter *e* has been put above it.

<sup>2</sup> The words *with it* have been deleted.

<sup>3</sup> The words *or no* have been inserted above the line.

<sup>4, 5, 6, 8</sup> The words in italics are underlined in the MS.

<sup>7</sup> The word *had* has been substituted for *was*.

<sup>9</sup> The word *the* has been deleted.



where I left off were carried all together to Mr B's shop.<sup>1</sup> But of this Mr Bennet, to be sure, is able to satisfy you fully. I've not time, nor room, for any other business, and therefore by Thursday's post you may expect another Letter from your affectionate Cousin

GEO: GIBSON.

<sup>1</sup> The words *were carried . . . shop* have been inserted above the line.

## BIBLIOGRAPHY

*Note* :—Wherever possible the British Museum Press-marks are given.

### I

#### ANNOTATED EDITIONS OF THE 'BATTLE OF THE BOOKS'

(1) Swift, Selections from his works edited . . . by Henry Craik. . . . Vol. I. . . . 1892. [12269. dd. 6.]

[Contains, *inter alia*, the text of the *Battle of the Books*, an introduction to it, and a commentary.]

(2) The Battle of the Books. . . . Edited, with an introduction and notes, by C. Egerton. . . . 1890. [12316. h. 25.]

(3) The prose works of Jonathan Swift, D.D., edited by Temple Scott. . . . Vol. I. A Tale of a Tub and other early works. . . . 1900. [2504. k. 13.]

[pp. 155-187 contain the text of the *Battle of the Books*, a short introduction, and a commentary.]

### II

THE ANCIENT AND MODERN LEARNING CONTROVERSY IN ENGLAND [based upon the list in Dyce's ed. of Bentley's Works (1836-8)]

(1) Miscellanea. The Second Part. In Four Essays. I. Upon Ancient and Modern Learning. II. Upon the Gardens of Epicurus. III. Upon Heroick Virtue. IV. Upon Poetry. By

Sir William Temple, Baronet.—*Juvat antiquos accedere Fontes.*  
The Second Edition. London. 1690. [Not in B. M.]

[This title is copied from Dyce, who remarks, "I have not met with any earlier impression of this Miscellany."

The earliest ed. in the B. M. has a similar title-page, but for 'The Second Edition' is substituted 'The Third Edition, Corrected and Augmented by the Author.' The date is 1692. A note printed at the beginning of the book explains that the first two edd. of these *Essays* were published "without the author's taking any further notice of them, than giving his consent to a friend who desired it . . . he has been since prevailed with, both to review this third edition, and augment it with several large periods. . . ."

In Arber's *Term Catalogues* (II. p. 337) there is given the following advertisement which appeared in the Michaelmas Term of 1690: 'Miscellanea, the Second Part, in Four Essays. 1. Upon ancient and modern Learning. 2. Upon the Gardens of Epirus [so in Arber]. 3. Upon heroick Virtues [so in Arber]. 4. Upon Poetry. By Sir William Temple, Baronet. Octavo. Printed for Ri., and Ra., Simpson at the Sign of the Harp in St. Paul's Churchyard.'

Possibly this refers to the first ed. The same book-sellers' names are given on the title-page of the third ed.]

(2) Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning. By William Wotton, B.D. Chaplain to the Right Honourable the Earl of Nottingham. London. MDCXCIV. [8409. b. 32.]

(3) ΦΑΛΑΡΙΔΟΣ ΑΚΡΑΓΑΝΤΙΝΩΝ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΥ ΕΠΙΣΤΟΛΑΙ.  
PHALARIDIS AGRIGENTINORUM TYRANNI EPIS-  
TOLAE. Ex MSS Recensuit, VERSIONE, ANNOTATION-

IBUS, & VITA insuper AUTHORIS Donavit CAR. BOYLE  
 ex *Æde Christi*. Εκ ΘΕΑΤΡΟ ἔν ΟἴΟΝΙΑ, Ἐρεὶ φχρη [1695].  
 Excudebat Johannes Crooke. [682. b. 7.]

(4) Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning. By  
 William Wotton, B.D. Chaplain to the Right Honourable the  
 Earl of Nottingham. The Second Edition, with Large Additions.  
 With a Dissertation upon The Epistles of Phalaris, Themistocles,  
 Socrates, Euripides; &c. and Æsop's Fables. By Dr. Bentley.  
 . . . MDCXCVII. [833. c. 14 (1).]

(5) Fabularum Æsopicarum Delectus. [Edited by A. Also; ;  
 with additional fables in Hebrew and Latin, in Arabic and  
 Latin, and in Latin alone.]

Oxoniz, E Theatro Sheldoniano : 1698. [637. i. 13 (2).]

[See Introduction to this vol., p. xxix.]

(6) Dr Bentley's Dissertations on the Epistles of Phalaris,  
 and the Fables of Æsop, Examined by the Honourable Charles  
 Boyle, Esq :

—Remember Milo's End ;

Wedg'd in that Timber, which he strove to rend.

Roscomm. Ess. of Transl. Vers.

. . . . 1698.

[1088. m.]

(7) A View of the Dissertation upon the Epistles of Phalaris,  
 Themistocles, &c. Lately Publish'd by the Reverend Dr  
 Bentley ; Also of the Examination of that Dissertation by the  
 Honourable Mr Boyle, In order to the Manifesting the Incertitude  
 of Heathen Chronology. . . . 1698. [699. h. 4. 1.]

[Written by John Milner, a man of no ordinary learning,  
 and author of various publications. He was Vicar of  
 Leeds and Prebendary of Ripon ; but when the Revolution

took place, having lost his preferments for nonjurancy, he retired to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he continued till his death in 1702. *Dyce.*]

(8) A Free but Modest Censure on the late Controversial Writings and Debates

of { The Lord Bishop of Worcester and Mr Locke :  
Mr Edwards and Mr Locke :  
The Honble Charles Boyle, Esq ; and Dr Bentley.

Together with Brief Remarks on Monsieur Le Clerc's *Ars Critica*.  
By F. B., M.A. of Cambridg. . . . 1698. [4374. aa. 2.]

(9) *Examen Poeticum Duplex : sive Musarum Anglicanarum Delectus Alter ; Cui subjicitur Epigrammatum seu Poematum Minorum Specimen Novum.* Londini. . . . MDCXCVIII.

[1213. g. 1.]

[The following poems contain references to Bentley :

(1) *Articuli Pacis* (by Ed. Ivy of Christ Church) ; (2) *Intellectus agens illuminat phantasmata. Ad R. B. bibliothecarium philocriticum* ; (3) *Forma ultima est specifica. Ad Eundem. De conversione Malela seu Malala nominis Syriaci in Malelas nomen Graecum.*]

(10) An Essay, concerning Critical and Curious Learning : In which are contained some Short Reflections on the Controversie betwixt Sir William Temple and Mr Wotton ; and that betwixt Dr Bentley and Mr Boyl. By T. R. Esq ; London, 1698. [579. c. 40 (2).]

[By Thomas Rymer, author of *The Tragedies of the last Age considered*, and *A Short View of Tragedy*, and compiler of the *Fœdera.*]

(11) An Answer to a late pamphlet called An Essay concerning Critical and Curious Learning ; In which are contained Some

short Reflections on the controversie betwixt Sir W. Temple and Mr Wotton and that betwixt Dr Bentley and Mr Boyle. London. . . . 1698. [1087. c. 37.]

(12) A Vindication of an Essay concerning Critical and Curious Learning. . . . In Answer to an Oxford Pamphlet. By the Author of that Essay. . . . 1698. [1088. h. 4.]

(13) A Dissertation upon the Epistles of Phalaris. With An Answer to the Objections of the Honourable Charles Boyle, Esquire. By Richard Bentley, D.D. Chaplain in Ordinary and Library-Keeper to his Majesty. . . . 1699. [673. b. 16.]

(14) The Epistles of Phalaris. Translated into English from the Original Greek by J. S. Together with an appendix of some other Epistles lately discovered in a French MS. . . . 1699. [10905. bb. 17.]

[See the notes on 15 and 17 below.]

(15) The Epistles of Phalaris Translated into English from the Original Greek. By S. Whately, late of Magdalen Colledge in Oxford, M.A. To which is added Sir W. Temple's Character of the Epistles of Phalaris. Together with an Appendix of some other Epistles lately Discovered in a French MS. . . . London 1699. [Not in B. M.]

[This title is copied from Dyce, who says that he has not seen the work : 'but (he continues) from a minute account of it with which I have been favoured by the Rev. B. H. Kennedy it appears to be either a different edition of the volume just noticed [that is, 14 above], or the same edition with a new title-page and a few additions.' See also the note on 17 below.]

(16) A Short Account of Dr Bentley's Humanity and Justice, To those Authors who have written before him : With

an Honest Vindication of Tho. Stanley, Esquire, and his Notes on Callimachus. To which are added, Some other Observations on that Poet. In a Letter to the Honourable Charles Boyle, Esq; With a Postscript, in Relation to Dr Bentley's late Book against him. To which is added an Appendix, by the Bookseller; wherein the Doctor's Mis-Representations of all the Matters of Fact wherein he is concern'd, in his late Book about Phalaris's Epistles, are modestly consider'd; with a Letter from the Honourable Charles Boyle, Esq; on that Subject.

—quum repetitum venerit una  
 Grex avium plumas, risum Cornicla movebit,  
 Furtivis nudata Coloribus—

When all the Birds shall claim their own,  
 And every borrow'd Feather's flown,  
 How mean the Jackdaw looks, for all is gone ! } }

. . . 1699.

[1086. i. 2 (2).]

[See Jebb's *Bentley*, pp. 76-7.]

(17) An Answer to a late Book written against the Learned and Reverend Dr Bentley, relating to some Manuscript Notes on Callimachus. Together with an Examination of Mr Bennet's Appendix to the said Book. . . . 1699. [699. h. 5 (1).]

[On the page following the *Preface to the Reader* is an Advertisement, "Lately publish'd the Epistles of Phalaris, translated into English from the Original, by the Author of this *ANSWER*." Solomon Whateley is supposed to have written this book (Monk's *Bentley* (ed. 1833), Vol. I. p. 131). If he wrote the first of the two translations of Phalaris mentioned above (14), it would be interesting to know why

the initials J. S. (which, of course, would now suggest the name Jonathan Swift) were put on the title-page. More than one 'J. S.' was writing at this time. See the indexes to Arber's *Term Catalogues*.]

(18) A Letter to the Reverend Dr Bentley upon the Controversie Between Him and Mr Boyle. . . . MDCXCIX.

[11826. cc. 8.]

(19) A Chronological Account of the Life of Pythagoras, and of other Famous Men His Contemporaries. With an Epistle to the Rd Dr Bentley, about Porphyry's and Jamblichus's Lives of Pythagoras. By the Right Reverend Father in God, William, Ld Bp of Coventry and Lichfield. . . . 1699. [10605. c. 22.]

[See Jebb's *Bentley*, p. 79.]

(20) Dialogues of the Dead. Relating to the present Controversy concerning the Epistles of Phalaris. By the Author of the Journey to London. . . . 1699. [By Dr. King.]

[1086. c. 37 (1).]

(21) A Short Review of the Controversy between Mr Boyle, and Dr Bentley. With Suitable Reflections upon it. And the Dr's Advantagious Character of himself at full length. Recommended to the serious perusal of such as propose to be considered for their Fairness, Modesty, and good Temper in Writing. . . . 1701.

[T. 723 (2).]

[By Atterbury: see Jebb's *Bentley*, pp. 79-81.]

(22) Miscellanea. The Third Part. Containing—I. An Essay on Popular Discontents. II. An Essay upon Health and Long Life. III. A Defence of the Essay upon Antient and Modern Learning. With some other Pieces. By the late Sir William Temple, Bar. Published by Jonathan Swift, A.M. Prebendary of St Patrick's Dublin. . . . 1701. [12352. f. 29.]



(23) *Exercitationes duae* : prima, de aetate Phalarid secunda, de aetate Pythagorae Philosophi. Ab Henr Dodwello. . . . Londini. . . . MDCCIV.

[92. c. 25.]

(24) *A Tale of a Tub*. Written for the Universal Improvement of Mankind. Diu multumque desideratum. To which added, An Account of a Battel between the Ancient and Modern Books in St James's Library. . . . MDCCIV. [1079. m. 1

(25) *Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning*. which is now added A Defense Thereof, In Answer to the Objections of Sir W. Temple, and Others. With Observatic upon the Tale of a Tub. By William Wotton, B.D. Also, Dissertation Upon the Epistles of Themistocles, Socrat Euripides, &c. and the Fables of Aesop. By R. Bentley, D. Third Edition Corrected. . . . MDCCV. [833. c. 15.]

[In this ed. that part of Bentley's first *Dissertation* which related to the *Epistles of Phalaris* is omitted, because its publication separately in 1699 : see No. 13.]

(26) *A Complete Key to the Tale of a Tub*. With some account of the authors, The Occasion and Design of Writing and Mr Wotton's Remarks examin'd.

London : Printed for Edmund Curll. . . . 1710. . . .

Where may be had A Meditation upon a Broomstick and somewhat beside, utile dulci ; by one of the Authors the Tale of a Tub. [1080. i. 66.]

[See the Introduction to this vol. p. xl., note.]

(27) *A Tale of a Tub*. Written for the Universal Improvement of Mankind. Diu multumque desideratum. To which added, An Account of a Battel between the Ancient and Modern Books in St James's Library. . . . The Fifth Edition : Wi

the Author's Apology and Explanatory Notes. By W. W—tt—n, B.D. and others. London. . . . MDCXC.

[Not in B. M.]

(28) *Memoirs of the Life and Character of the late Earl of Orrery, and of the Family of the Boyles. . . . With a Short Account of the Controversy between the late Earl of Orrery and the Reverend Doctor Bentley ; and some Select Letters of Phalaris, the famous Sicilian Tyrant. Translated from the Greek. By Eustace Budgell, Esq. . . . MDCXXXII. [614. g. 27.]*

(29) *A Discourse on Ancient and Modern Learning. By the late Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq ; Now first published from an Original Manuscript of Mr. Addison's, Prepared and Corrected by himself. The Ninth Edition. . . . MDCXXXIX. [616. k. 17 (1).]*

[This is the earliest ed. in the B. M. The first ed. is said to have been published in the same year (D.N.B., art. *Addison*).]

### III

THE PRINCIPAL PRINTED EDITIONS AND TRANSLATIONS OF THE  
'EPISTLES OF PHALARIS' [See also under II]

(1) *Begin : Ihesus. Francisci Arhetini in Phalaridis Tyranni arigentini epistulas prohemium. [A Latin version of the Epistles of Phalaris by Franciscus, Accoltus, Aretinus.]*

*Girardus Lisa : Tarvisii, 1471. [C. 1. a. 23.]*

(2) *Begin : Proemio di B. Fontio . . . nella traduzione delle epistole de Phalari. End : Phalaridis epistolarum opus . . . a B. Fontio Florenteno a latino in vulgarem sermonem traductam feliciter finit. 1471. [I. A. 36757.]*

(3) [The Epistles of Phalaris translated by J. A. Ferabos from the Latin of F. Accoltus.] Begin : Fratre Joanne Andrea ferabos Karmelitano alo Illustrissimo Signore Don A. Centelles, etc. [Fol. 1 verso :] El proemio de Frãncisco Aretino i le epte de phalari, etc. (Naples, 1475 ?). [I. A. 29368.]

(4) [The spurious Epistles of Phalaris, the Epistles of Apollonius Tyaneus and Marcus Junius Brutus. Edited by Bartholomæus Justinopolitanus.] Begin : Bartholomæus Justinopolitanus Petro Contareno patritio veneto S.

Ex œdibus Bartholomæi Justinopolitani, Gabriellis Brasichelensis. Joannis Bissoli et Benedicti Mangii carpensium : [Venice,] 1498. [I. A. 24702.]

(5) Epistolæ [Edited by Aldus Manutius Romanus]. 1499. [C. 1. a. 21.]

[Contains, *inter alia*, a Greek text of the *Epistles of Phalaris*.]

(6) Le bellissime e sententiose lettere di Falari . . . di nuovo tradotte dalla Greca nella favella Toscana. [Edited by F. Sansovino]. Vinegia. 1545.

[According to the B. M. Catalogue 'the first few letters are after the tr. of B. Fonzio ; the others deviate considerably from it.']

(7) L'Epistole di Phalaride . . . tradotte dalla lingua Greca nella volgare Italiana. Vinegia. 1545. [246. g. 9.]

(8) Epistolarum Laconicarum atque selectarum farragines duæ : quarum prima è Græcis tantú conversas : altera Latinorum tam veterum quàm recentium elegantiores aliquot complectitur : Gilberti Cognati . . . opera . . . olim collectæ, et nunc rursum magna accesionem locupletatæ. etc. [Three pts. in two vols.]

Basileæ, 1554.

[1084. b. 1.]

- [Vol. I. pp. 217-342 contains Phalaridis Agrigentorum Tyranni epistolæ. The tr. is that of (2) above, revised.]  
 [Cognatus is the Latinised form of Cousin.]
- (9) Epistres de Phalaris . . . nouvellement traduities de Grec en François [by G. Gruget]. 1556. [246. a. 19.]
- (10) Phalaridis . . . Epistolæ. Græcæ ac Latine. T. Naogorgo interprete.  
 Per Ioannem Oporinum : Basileæ, 1558. 8°. [1082. b. 3.]
- (11) Φαλαριδος Ἀκραγαντινων Τυραννου Ἐπιστολαι πανθυμασσαι. Phalaridis . . . Epistolæ . . . in quibus optimi & sapientissimi Imperatoris idea proponitur. Jam primum in Germania editæ [by E. Lubin].  
 Typis S. Myliandri : Rostochii, 1597. 8°. [10905. bb. 10.]
- (12) Phalaridis Epistolæ Græcolatinæ in usum scholarum Societatis Jesu.  
 Apud Elizabetham Angermariam : Ingolstadii, 1614.  
 [1083. a. 1.]
- [See p. 56 of Jebb's *Bentley*.]
- (13) The Epistles of Phalaris, the Tyrant of Agrigentum in Sicily. Translated into English by W. D. London. . . . 1634.  
 [10905. b. 21.]
- (14) The Epistles of Phalaris, Translated from the Greek. To which are added, Some Select Epistles of the most eminent Greek Writers. By Thomas Francklin. . . . London. . . . 1749.  
 [10905. g. 15.]
- [See pp. 81-2 of Jebb's *Bentley*.]
- (15) Φαλαριδος Ἐπιστολαι. Phalaridis Epistolæ. Quas Latinas fecit et interpositis C. Boyle notis, commentario illustravit J. D. a Lennep. Mortuo Lennepio finem operi imposuit, præfationem, et adnotationes quasdam præfixit L. C. Valckenaer.

(R. Bentleii dissertatio de Phalaridis, Themistoclis, Socratis, Euripidis, aliorumque epistolis, et de fabulis Æsopi. Necnon eiusdem responsio qua dissertationem de epistolis Phalaridis vindicat a censura C. Boyle. *Omnia* ex Anglico in Latinum sermone convertit J. D. a Lennepe.)

Groningae, 1777.

[831. i. 1.]

(16) ΦΑΛΑΡΙΔΟΣ ΕΠΙΣΤΟΛΑΙ. Phalaridis Epistolae.

Hercher, R. Epistolographi Græci. pp. 409-459. Paris, 1873. [2046. c.]

#### IV

BOOKS CONTAINING REFERENCES TO THE 'BATTLE OF THE BOOKS,'  
OR TO THE ANCIENT AND MODERN LEARNING CONTROVERSY

[See also Jebb's *Bentley*, pp. 76-85]

(1) The Epistolary Correspondence, Visitation Charges, Specches, and Miscellanies of the Right Reverend Francis Atterbury. . . . London. . . . 1783-90. [5 vols.] [90. b. 2-6.]

[Vol. 2, pp. 21-3, Letter X. Mr. Atterbury to Mr. Boyle (see p. xxx. of Introduction to this vol.)]

(2) Letters of Wit, Politicks, and Morality. . . . Done into English, By the Honourable H—H— Esq; Tho. Cheek, Esq; Mr. Savage; Mr. Boyer, &c. . . . 1701. [93. c. 5.]

[See pp. 218-9 and 228-9.]

(3) Sermons and Discourses on Several Subjects and Occasions by Francis Atterbury. London. 1723. [4455. g. 10.]

[Vol. 2, pp. 1-3, contains A Sermon Preached in the Cathedral-Church of St. Paul at the Funeral of Mr. Tho. Bennett. Aug. 30, 1706. (See p. xxiv., note, of Introduction to this vol.)]

(4) *Memoirs of the life and negotiations of Sir W. Temple, Bar.* . . . London. 1714. [G. 14140.]

[By A. Boyer : see pp. 388-408.]

(5) *Remarks on the Life and Writings of Dr. Jonathan Swift* . . . [by] John Earl of Orrery. . . . London. 1752.

[C. 45. e. 13.]

[See pp. 309-11 and 321-3.]

(6) *An Essay upon the Life, Writings, and Character of Dr Jonathan Swift.* . . . By Deane Swift, Esq ; . . . 1755.

[633. f. 23.]

[See Chap. IV., and Chap. VI. p. 117.]

(7) *Lives of the English Poets*, by Samuel Johnson, LL.D., edited by George Birkbeck Hill. . . . [3 vols.] . . . Oxford . . . 1905. [2096. b.]

[See Vol. III. pp. 7 and 11 : Johnson's *Life of Swift* first appeared in 1781.]

(8) *The life of the Rev. Dr. Jonathan Swift*, . . . by Thomas Sheridan, . . . 1784. [1202. g. 4.]

[See Section I; Section II. pp. 45 and 47-51 ; and Conclusion, pp. 525-8.]

(9) *Memoirs of Richard Cumberland.* . . . London. . . . 1806.

[841. m. 10.]

[See Jebb's *Bentley*, p. 82. See p. 85.]

(10) *Letters from a Late Eminent Prelate to One of his Friends* (Second Ed.). . . . London. 1809. [1086. f. 20.]

[Letters from Warburton to Hurd. See pp. 9-11.]

(11) *Quarrels of authors* . . . by the author of "Calamities of authors" . . . [Isaac Disraeli] . . . [3 vols.] . . . 1814.

[91. a. 18.]

[See Vol II. pp. 125-69.]

- (12) *The History and Antiquities of the Collegiate and Cathedral Church of St. Patrick*. . . . Dublin. . . . 1820. [579. k. 10.]  
[By William Monck Mason. See Book II. Chapter V. Sect. I.]
- (13) *The Works of Jonathan Swift* . . . with Notes, and a life of the author, by Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Second Ed. 1824. [2042. b.]  
[Vol. I. contains Scott's *Life of Swift* : see pp. 82-91.]
- (14) *Life of Richard Bentley, D.D.* . . . by James Henry Monk, D.D. . . . Second Edition. . . . [2 vols.] . . . London. 1833. [4903. gg. 20.]  
[See Vol. I. Chapters IV.-VI.]
- (15) *The Works of Richard Bentley*, collected and edited by the Rev. A. Dyce. [3 vols.] London. 1836-8. [833. e. 2-4.]
- (16) *Memoirs of the life, works, and correspondence of Sir William Temple, Bart.*, by . . . Thomas Peregrine Courtenay. [2 vols.] . . . London. 1836. [2406. e. 1.]  
[See Vol. II. Chapter XXXIII.]
- (17) *Life and Writings of Sir William Temple*, by T. B. Macaulay. [K. T. C. 103. b. 1.]  
[Appeared first in the *Edinburgh Review* for October 1838.]
- (18) *Bentley's Correspondence*, edited by C. Wordsworth. [2 vols.] London. 1842. [1209. h. 23.]  
[See pp. 64-6, 164, 167-8, 430-1.]
- (19) *Francis Atterbury*, by T. B. Macaulay. [K. T. C. 103. b. 1.]  
[Appeared first in the 8th edn. of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 1853.]
- (20) *Histoire de la querelle des anciens et des modernes*. [Vol. I. of *Œuvres complètes* of H. Rigault. Paris. [1859.] [830. f. 21.]  
[See pp. 295-374.]

- (21) Richard Bentley, by Thomas De Quincey.  
 [Appeared first as two articles in *Blackwood's Magazine* for Sept. and Oct. 1830, as a review of the 1st edn. of Monk's *Life of Bentley*. Revised in 1857. Vol. 6 of Works. Edinburgh. 1862.] [2041. a.]
- (22) Richard Bentley. Eine Biographie von Jacob Machly.  
 . . . Leipzig. . . . 1868. [4902. g. 1.]  
 [See pp. vi. and vii. of Jebb's *Bentley*.]
- (23) The life of Jonathan Swift, by John Forster. Vol. I.  
 . . . 1875. [2408. f. 6.]  
 [See pp. 90-5 and 141-4.]
- (24) Great Scholars . . . Bentley, &c., by Henry James Nicoll.  
 Edinburgh. 1880. [10602. aaa. 22.]  
 [See pp. 35-90.]
- (25) Swift, by Leslie Stephen. . . . 1882. [2326. b. 35.]  
 [See Chapter III.]
- (26) Dr. Richard Bentley's Dissertations upon the Epistles of Phalaris. . . . Edited, with an introduction and notes, by Wilhelm Wagner. . . . London. 1883. [2500. e. 15.]  
 [In Bohn's Classical Library: a reprint of the ed. published at Berlin in 1874.]
- (27) Bentley, by R. C. Jebb. . . . 1889. [2326. b. 35.]  
 [A new ed. of the book first published in the English Men of Letters Series in 1882. See Chapters IV. and V.]
- (28) Dean Swift and his Writings, by Gerald P. Moriarty. . . .  
 London. . . . 1893. [10855. f. 17.]  
 [See pp. 18-21.]
- (29) Jonathan Swift . . . by John Churton Collins. . . .  
 London. 1893. [10856. df. 12.]  
 [See pp. 40-3.]



- (30) *The Life of Jonathan Swift . . .* by Henry Craik  
(Second Ed., 2 vols.) . . . 1894. [4902. f. 30.]  
[See Vol I. Chapter III.]
- (31) *A history of criticism . . .* by George Saintsbury . . .  
1900-1904. [3 vols.] [2308. f. 17.]  
[See Vol. II. pp. 320-2 ; 401-2 ; 450-1, 503 and foll.]
- (32) *The Orrery Papers, edited by the Countess of Cork and  
Orrery.* [2 vols.] . . . 1903. [09917. d. 5.]  
[See Vol. I. pp. 19-21 : the footnote 2 to p. 19 is inaccurate :  
Charlett was Master of University College, Oxford.]
- (33) *Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century . . .* Edited  
by J. E. Spingarn . . . [2 vols.] . . . 1908. [11850. pp. 16.]  
[See Vol. I. pp. lxxxviii.-cvi.]



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